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PLUTARCH

PLUTARCH. A famous Greek biographer and essayist. Born at Chæronea in Bœotia about 46 A.D. He officiated many years as a priest of Apollo, apparently at Delphi. Author of "Parallel Lives" of notable Greeks and Romans, "The Education of Children," "The Right Way of Hearing," "The Pythian Responses," "The Retarded Vengeance of the Deity," "The Dæmon of Socrates," "Political Counsels," "On Superstition," "On Isis and Osiris," "On the Face of the Moon's Disk," "On the Opinions Accepted by the Philosophers."

"Plutarch's Lives" form inspiring as well as highly instructive reading. Emerson well says: "Go with mean people, and you think life is mean. Then read Plutarch, and the world is a proud place, peopled with men of positive quality, with heroes and demigods standing around us."

(From "THE LIFE OF ALEXANDER")

BUT to return to Alexander. After he had reduced all Asia on this side the Euphrates, he advanced towards Darius, who was coming down against him with a million of men. In his march, a very ridiculous incident happened. The servants who followed the camp, for sport's sake, divided themselves into two parties, and named the commander of one of them Alexander, and of the other Darius. At first they only pelted one another with clods of earth, but presently took to their fists, and at last, heated with the contention, they fought in good earnest with stones and clubs, so that there was much ado to part them; till Alexander, upon hearing of it, ordered the two captains to decide the quarrel by single combat, and himself armed him who bore his name, while Philotas did the same to Darius. The whole army were spectators of this encounter, willing from the event of it to derive an omen of their own future success. After they had fought stoutly a pretty long while, at last he who was called Alexander had the better, and for a reward of his prowess, had twelve villages given him, with leave to wear the Persian dress. So we are told by Eratosthenes. But the great battle with Darius was fought, not, as most writers tell us, at

Arbela, but at Gaugamela, which, in their language, signifies the Camel's House, forasmuch as one of their ancient kings having escaped the pursuit of his enemies on a swift camel, in gratitude to his beast, settled him at this place, with an allowance of certain villages and rents for his maintenance. It so happened that the moon of the month Boëdromion, about the beginning of the feast of Mysteries at Athens, was eclipsed: on the eleventh night after which, the two armies being now in view of one another, Darius kept his men in arms, and by torch-light took a general review of them; and Alexander, while his soldiers slept, spent the night before his tent, with his diviner Aristander, performing certain mysterious ceremonies, and sacrificing to the god Fear. In the meanwhile the oldest of his commanders, and chiefly Parmenio, when they beheld all the plain between Niphates and the Gordyæan mountains shining with the lights and fires which were made by the barbarians, and heard the uncertain and confused sound of voices out of their camp, like the distant roaring of a vast ocean, were so amazed at the thoughts of such a multitude, that after some conference among themselves, they concluded it an enterprise too difficult and hazardous for them to engage so numerous an enemy in the day, and therefore meeting the king as he came from sacrificing, recommended him to attack Darius by night, that the darkness might conceal the danger of the ensuing battle. To this he gave them the celebrated answer, "I will not steal a victory," which though some at the time thought a boyish and inconsiderate speech, as if he played with danger, others however, regarded as an evidence that he confided in his present condition, and acted on a true judgment of the future, not wishing to leave Darius, in case he were worsted, the pretext of trying his fortune again, which he might suppose himself to have, if he could impute his overthrow to the disadvantage of the night, as he did before to the mountains, the narrow passages, and the sea. For while he had such numerous forces and large dominions still remaining, it was not any want of men or arms that could induce him to give up the war, but only the loss of all courage and hope upon the conviction of an undeniable and manifest defeat.

After they were gone from him with this answer, he laid him-

self down in his tent and slept the rest of the night more soundly than was usual with him, to the astonishment of the commanders, who came to him early in the morning, and were fain themselves to give order that the soldiers should breakfast. But at last, time not giving them leave to wait any longer, Parmenio went to his bedside, and called twice or thrice by his name, till he waked him, and then asked him *how it was possible when he was to fight the most important battle of all, he could sleep as soundly as if he were already victorious.* "And are we not so, indeed," replied Alexander, smiling, "since we are at last relieved from the trouble of wandering in pursuit of Darius through a wide and wasted country, hoping in vain that he would fight us?" And not only before the battle, but in the height of the danger, he showed himself great, and manifested the self-possession of a just foresight and confidence. For the battle for some time fluctuated and was dubious. The left wing, where Parmenio commanded, was so impetuously charged by the Bactrian horse that it was disordered and forced to give ground, at the same time that Mazæus had sent a detachment round about to fall upon those who guarded the baggage, which so disturbed Parmenio, that he sent messengers to tell Alexander that the camp and baggage would be all lost unless he immediately relieved the rear by a considerable reinforcement from the front. This message being brought to him just as he was giving the signal to those about him for the onset, he bade them tell Parmenio that he *must have surely lost the use of his reason, and had forgotten in his alarm, that soldiers, if victorious, become masters of their enemies' baggage; and if defeated, instead of taking care of their wealth or their slaves, have nothing more to do but to fight and die with honor.* When he had said this, he put on his helmet, having the rest of his arms on before he came out of his tent, which were a coat of the Sicilian make, girt close about him, and over that a breastpiece of thickly quilted linen, which was taken among other booty at the battle of Issus. The helmet, which was made by Theophilus, though of iron, was so well wrought and polished, that it was as bright as the most refined silver. To this was fitted a gorget of the same metal, set with precious stones. His sword, which was the weapon he most used in fight, was given him by the king of the Citieans, and

was of an admirable temper and lightness. The scarf which also he wore in all engagements, was of much richer workmanship than the rest of his armor. It was a work of the ancient Helicon, and had been presented to him by the Rhodians, as a mark of their respect to him. So long as he was engaged in drawing up his men, or riding about to give orders or directions, or to view them, he spared Bucephalas, who was now growing old, and made use of another horse; but when he was actually to fight, he sent for him again, and as soon as he was mounted, commenced the attack.

He made the longest address that day to the Thessalians and other Greeks, who answered him with loud shouts, desiring him to lead them on against the barbarians, upon which he shifted his javelin into his left hand, and with his right lifted up towards heaven, besought the gods, as Callisthenes tells us, that if he was of a truth the son of Jupiter, they would be pleased to assist and strengthen the Grecians. At the same time the augur Aristander, who had a white mantle about him, and a crown of gold on his head, rode by and showed them an eagle soaring just over Alexander's head, and flying straight towards the enemy; which much animated the beholders; and after mutual encouragements and exhortations, the horse charged at full speed, and were followed in a mass by the whole phalanx of the foot. But before they could well come to blows with the first ranks, the barbarians gave way, and were hotly pursued by Alexander, who drove those that fled before him into the middle of the battle, where Darius himself was in person, whom he saw from a distance over the foremost ranks, conspicuous in the midst of his life-guard, a tall and fine-looking man, drawn in a lofty chariot, defended by an abundance of the best horse, who stood close in order about it, ready to receive the enemy. But Alexander's approach was so terrible, forcing those who gave back upon those who yet maintained their ground, that he beat down and dispersed the greater part of them. Only the bravest and valiantest remained, and, being slain in front of their king, thus impeded the pursuit from reaching him, falling in heaps upon one another, and lying mingled and struggling in the pangs of death among the horses. Darius, seeing the danger close at hand, that those who were placed to defend him

were broken and beat back upon him, that he could not turn or disengage his chariot without great difficulty, the wheels being clogged and entangled among the dead bodies, which lay in such heaps as not only stopped, but almost covered the horses, and made them rear and grow so unruly, that the frighted charioteer could govern them no longer, in this extremity was glad to quit his chariot and his arms, and mounting, it is said, upon a mare that had been taken from her foal, betook himself to flight. But he had not escaped so either, if Parmenio had not sent fresh messengers to Alexander, to desire him to return and assist him against a considerable body of the enemy which yet stood together, and would not give ground. For indeed Parmenio is in general accused of having been sluggish and unserviceable in this battle, whether age had impaired his courage, or that, as Callisthenes says, he secretly disliked and envied Alexander's growing greatness and majesty. Alexander, though he was not a little vexed to be so recalled and hindered from pursuing his victory, yet concealed the true reason from his men, and causing a retreat to be sounded, as if it were too late in the day to continue the slaughter any longer, marched back towards the place of danger, and by the way met with the news of the enemy's total overthrow and flight.

This battle, thus ended, seemed to put a period to the Persian empire; and Alexander, who was now proclaimed king of Asia, returned thanks to the gods in magnificent sacrifices, and rewarded his friends and followers with great sums of money, and places, and governments of provinces. And eager to gain honor with the Grecians, he wrote to them that he would have all tyrannies abolished, that they might live free according to their own laws, and specially to the Platæans, that their city should be rebuilt, because their ancestors had permitted their countrymen of old to make their territory the seat of the war, when they fought with the barbarians for their common liberty. He sent also part of the spoils into Italy, to the Crotoniats, to honor the zeal and courage of their citizen Phayllus, the wrestler, who, in the Median war, when the other Grecian colonies in Italy disowned Greece, that he might have a share in the danger, joined the fleet at Salamis with a vessel equipped at his own charge. So affectionate was Alexander to all kind

of valor, and so desirous to preserve the memory of laudable actions.

From hence he marched through the province of Babylon, the whole of which immediately submitted to him, and in Ecbatana was much surprised at the sight of the place where fire issues in a continuous stream, like a spring of water, out of a cleft in the earth, and at the stream of naphtha, which, not far from this spot, flows out so abundantly as to form a sort of lake. This naphtha, in other respects resembling bitumen, is so subject to take fire, that before it touches the flame, it will kindle at the very light that surrounds it, and often inflame the intermediate air also. The barbarians, to show the power and nature of it, sprinkled the street that led to the king's lodgings with little drops of it, and when it was growing dusk, stood at the further end with torches, which being applied to the moistened places, the first at once taking fire, instantly, as quick as a man could think of it, it caught from one end to another, and the whole street was one continued flame. Among those who used to wait on the king and find occasion to amuse him when he anointed and washed himself, there was one Athenophanes, an Athenian, who desired him to make an experiment of the naphtha upon Stephanus, who stood by in the bathing place, a youth with a ridiculously plain face, though with a talent for singing. "For," said he, "if it take hold of him and is not put out, it must undeniably be allowed to be of the most invincible strength." The youth, as it happened, readily consented to undergo the trial, and as soon as he was anointed and rubbed with it, his whole body broke out into such a flame, and was so seized by the fire, that Alexander was in the greatest perplexity and alarm for him, and nothing could have prevented his being consumed by it, if by good chance there had not been people at hand with a great many vessels of water for the service of the bath, with all which they had much ado to extinguish the fire; and his body was so burned all over, that he suffered for some time after. And thus it is not without some plausibility that they endeavor to reconcile the fable to truth, who say this was the drug in the tragedies with which Medea anointed the crown and robe. For neither the things themselves could kindle nor fire break out of its own accord, but some flame

chancing to be brought near them, imperceptibly they attracted and caught it. For the rays and emanations of fire at a distance have no other effect upon some bodies than bare light and heat, but in others, where they meet with airy dryness, or an abundant rich moisture, they collect themselves and soon kindle and create a transformation. The manner, however, of the production of naphtha admits of a diversity of opinion . . . or whether this liquid substance that feeds the flame does not rather proceed from a soil that is unctuous and productive of fire, as that of the province of Babylon is, where the ground is so very hot, that oftentimes the grains of barley leap up, and are thrown out, as if the violent inflammation had made the earth throb; and in the extreme heats the inhabitants are wont to sleep upon skins filled with water. Harpalus, who was left governor of this country, and was desirous to adorn the palace gardens and walks with Grecian plants, succeeded in raising all but ivy, which the earth would not bear, but constantly killed. For the plant loves a cold soil, and the temper of this hot and fiery earth would not suit it. But such digressions as these the impatient reader will only pardon, if they are kept within a moderate compass.

At the taking of Susa, Alexander found in the palace forty thousand talents in money ready coined, besides an unspeakable quantity of other furniture and treasure. As, for example, he tells us there was five thousand talents' worth of Hermionian purple, that had been laid up there a hundred and ninety years, and yet kept its color as fresh and lively as at first. The reason of which, they say, is that in dyeing the purple they made use of honey, and of white oil in the white tincture, both which after the like space of time preserve the clearness and brightness of their luster. Dinon also relates that the Persian kings had water fetched from the Nile and the Danube, which they laid up in their treasuries as a sort of testimony of the greatness of their power and of their universal empire.

The entrance into Persia was through a most difficult country, and was now guarded by the noblest of the Persians, Darius himself having escaped further. Alexander, however, found a guide, a man speaking the two languages, born of a Lycian father and a Persian mother, who led him into the country,

by a circuit, just as had been told him beforehand, when he was yet a boy, by the Pythian priestess, whose words were that a *Lycus should lead him into Persia.* Here a great many of the prisoners were put to the sword, as he himself gives the account, saying he considered it would be for his advantage. Nor was the money found here less, he says, than at Susa, besides other movables and treasure, as much as ten thousand pair of mules and five thousand camels could well carry away. He happened to observe a large statue of Xerxes thrown carelessly down to the ground in the confusion of soldiers pressing into the palace. And standing still, and accosting it as if it had been alive, "Shall we," said he, "pass you by here prostrate on the ground, because you once invaded Greece, or shall we erect you again in consideration of your other greatness of mind and virtues?" At last, after he had paused some time, and silently considered, he went on without further notice of it. In this place, it being now winter, he stayed four months to refresh his soldiers. It is related that the first time he sat on the royal throne, under the canopy of gold, Demaratus the Corinthian, who was much attached to him, and had been one of his father's friends, wept, in an old man's manner, and deplored the misfortune of those Greeks whom death had deprived of the satisfaction of seeing Alexander seated on the throne of Darius.

From hence, designing to march against Darius, before he set out, he diverted himself with his officers at an entertainment of drinking and other pastimes, and indulged so far as to let the women also to whom his companions were attached, sit by and drink with them. The most celebrated of these was Thais, an Athenian, whom Ptolemy, afterward king of Egypt, had with him. She, partly as a sort of well-turned compliment to Alexander, partly out of sport, as the drinking went on, at last was carried so far as to utter a saying, not misbecoming her native country's character, though somewhat too lofty for her own condition. She said it was indeed some recompense for the toils she had undergone in following the camp all over Asia, that she was that day treated in, and could insult over, the stately palace of the Persian monarchs. *But,* she added, *it would please her much better, if while the king looked on, she might in sport, with her own hands, set fire to the house of that Xerxes*

who burnt down the city of Athens, that so it might be recorded to posterity, that the women who followed Alexander had taken a severer revenge on the Persians for the wrongs of Greece, than all their famed commanders had done by sea or land. As soon as she had said this, such a general clapping and cheering followed, and such appeals were made to him, and so much desire displayed, that the king was drawn into it, and leapt up from his seat, and with a chaplet on his head, and a lighted torch in his hand, led the way, while they went after him dancing and making loud cries; and when others of the Macedonians heard of it, they also in great delight ran up with torches; for they hoped that this burning and destruction of the royal palace was an argument that he looked homeward, and had no design to reside among the barbarians. Thus some writers give the account, while others say it was done deliberately; however, all agree that he soon repented of it, and gave orders to put out the fire.

Alexander was naturally most munificent, and grew more so as his fortune increased, and he accompanied his gifts with those marks of kindness and good-will which are required to make a benefit really obliging. I will give a few instances. Ariston, the commander of the Pæonians, having killed an enemy, brought his head to show him, and told him that *in his country they recompensed such a present with a cup of gold.* "With an empty one," said Alexander, laughing, "but I give it you full of wine." Another time, as one of the common soldiers was driving a mule laden with some of the king's treasure, the beast grew tired, and the soldier took it upon his own back, and began to march with it, till Alexander, seeing the man so overcharged, asked what was the matter; and when he was informed, just as he was ready to lay down his burden for weariness, "Do not faint now," said he to him, "but finish the journey, and carry what you have there to your own tent for yourself." He was always more displeased with those who would not accept what he gave, than with those who begged of him. Thus he wrote to Phlocion, that *he would not own him for his friend any longer if he refused his presents.* Thus too he had never given anything to Serapion, one of the youths that played at ball with him, because he did not ask of him, till one

day Serapion, when he came to play, still threw the ball to others, and when the king asked him why he did not send it to him, "Because you do not ask for it," said Serapion; upon which he laughed and gave him a large present. One Proteas, a pleasant companion for jesting and drinking, thinking he had incurred his displeasure, got his friends to intercede for him, and begged his pardon himself with tears; Alexander declared he was friends with him. "Then," said Proteas, "give me something as a pledge of it;" and the king ordered five talents to be given him. How magnificent he was in enriching his friends, and those who attended on his person, appears by a letter which Olympias wrote to him, where she tells him he should reward and honor those about him in a more moderate way, "For now," said she, "you make them all equal to kings, you give them power and opportunity of making many friends of their own, and in the meantime you leave yourself destitute." She often wrote to him to this purpose and he never communicated her letters to anybody, unless it were one which he opened when Hephæstion was by, whom he permitted, as his custom was, to read it along with him; but as soon as he had done, he took off his ring, and set the seal upon Hephæstion's lips. Mazæus, who had been the greatest man in Darius's court, had a son who was already governor of a province. Alexander added another and larger one; he, however, modestly refused, and told him, *instead of one Darius, he went the way to make many Alexanders.* To Parmenio he gave Bagoas's house, in which they say he found a wardrobe of apparel worth more than a thousand talents. He wrote to Antipater commanding him to keep a life-guard about him for the security of his person against conspiracies. To his mother he sent many presents, but would never suffer her to meddle with matters of state or war, not indulging her busy temper, and when she reproached him upon this account, he bore her ill-humor very patiently. Once after reading a long letter from Antipater, full of accusations against her, *Antipater,* he said, *did not know that one tear of a mother would efface a thousand such letters as these.*

But when he perceived his favorites grow so luxurious and extravagant in their way of living and expenses, that Hagnon the Teian wore silver nails in his shoes, that Leonnatus em-

ployed several camels, only to bring him powder out of Egypt to use when he wrestled, and that Philotas had hunting nets a hundred furlongs in length, that more used precious ointment than plain oil when they went to bathe, and that they carried about servants everywhere to rub them and wait upon them in their chambers, he reproved them in gentle and reasonable terms, telling them he wondered that they who had been engaged in so many signal battles did not know by experience, that those who labor sleep more sweetly and soundly than those who are labored for, and could fail to see by comparing the Persians' manner of living with their own, that it was the most abject and slavish condition to be voluptuous, but the most noble and royal to labor. *How was it possible*, he asked, *for any one, either to look well after his horse, or to keep his armor bright and in good order, who had ceased to let his hands be serviceable to what was nearest to him, his own body?* "Are you still to learn," he said, "that the end and perfection of our victories is to avoid the habits of those whom we subdued?" And to strengthen his precepts, he was more active than ever in his own person, both in war and in hunting, embracing opportunities of hardship and danger. A Lacedæmonian, who was there on an embassy to him, and was present when he struck down a huge lion, told him he had fought gallantly with the beast, *which of the two should be king.* Craterus had a representation made of this adventure, consisting of the lion and the dogs, of the king engaged with the lion, and himself coming in to his assistance, all in figures of brass, some by Lysippus, and the rest by Leochares; and had it dedicated in the temple at Delphi.

But while he was thus exposing himself to danger, with the object of inuring himself, and inciting others to the performance of brave and virtuous actions, his followers, who were grown rich and proud, and wanted to live in pleasure and idleness, did not conceal their dislike to the marches and expeditions, and at last went on so far as to revile and slander him. All which at first he bore with the greatest patience, saying, *it became a king well to do good to others, and be evil spoken of.* Meantime the most trifling incidents were occasions for his displaying his affection and honor for his friends. Hearing

Peucestes was bitten by a bear, he wrote to him, that he took it unkindly he should send others notice of it, and not make him acquainted with it; "But now," said he, "since it is so, let me know how you do, and whether any of your companions forsook you when you were in danger, that I may punish them." He sent Hephæstion, who was absent about some business, word how while they were fighting for their diversion with an ichneumon, Craterus was by chance run through both thighs with Perdiccas's javelin. And upon Peucestes's recovery from a sickness, he sent a letter of thanks to his physician Alexippus. When Craterus was ill, he saw a vision in his sleep, after which he offered sacrifices for his health, and bade him to do so likewise. He wrote also to Pausanias the physician, who was about to purge Craterus with hellebore, partly out of anxiety, and partly to advise him how he used that medicine. He put Ephialtes and Cissus, who brought him the first news of Harpalus's flight, under arrest, as if they had falsely accused him. When he sent the old and infirm soldiers home, Eurylochus, a citizen of Ægæ, got his name enrolled among the sick, and when it was found out that there was nothing the matter with him, he confessed he was in love with a young woman named Telesippa, and wanted to go along with her to the seaside. Alexander inquired to whom the woman belonged, and being told she was a free woman of those who followed the army, "I will assist you," said he to Eurylochus, "if your mistress is to be gained either by presents or persuasions; but we must use no other means, because she is free-born."

It is surprising also upon what slight occasions he would write letters to serve his friends. As when he wrote to give order to search for a youth who attended on Seleucus, who had run away into Cilicia; and in another thanked and commended Peucestes for apprehending Nicon, a slave of Craterus; and in one to Megabyzus, about his servant who had taken sanctuary, gave direction not to meddle with him while he was there, but if he could entice him out by fair means, then he gave him leave to seize him. It is related of him that when he first sat in judgment upon capital causes, he would lay his hand upon one of his ears while the accuser spoke, to keep it free and unprejudiced in behalf of the party accused. But afterwards such a

multitude of accusations were brought before him, and so many proved true, that he lost his tenderness of heart, and gave credit to those also that were false; and especially when anybody spoke ill of him, he would be transported out of his reason, and show himself cruel and inexorable, valuing his glory and reputation beyond his life or kingdom. He now, as we said, set forth to seek Darius, expecting another battle, but heard he was taken and secured by Bessus, upon which news he sent home the Thessalians, and gave them a largess of two thousand talents over and above the pay that was due to them. This long and painful pursuit of Darius (for in eleven days he marched thirty-three hundred furlongs) harassed his soldiers so, that most of them were ready to give it up, chiefly for want of water. While they were in this distress, it happened that some Macedonians who had fetched water in skins upon their mules from a river, came about noon to the place where Alexander was, and seeing him almost choked with thirst, presently filled an helmet and offered it him. He asked them to whom they were carrying the water; they told him, to their children, *but if his life were saved, it was no matter, they would find other children*, though these all perished. Then he took the helmet into his hands, and looking round about, when he saw all the horsemen who were about him stretching their heads out and looking after the drink, he returned it with thanks without tasting it, "For," said he, "if I alone should drink, the rest will be out of heart." And the horsemen seeing his temperance and magnanimity, one and all cried out to him to lead them forward boldly, and began whipping on their horses. For *whilst they had such a king*, they said, *they defied both weariness and thirst, and looked upon themselves to be little less than immortal.*

But though they were all equally cheerful and willing, yet not above sixty of them were able, it is said, to keep up, and to fall in with Alexander upon the enemy's camp; where they rode over abundance of gold and silver that lay scattered about, and passing by a great many chariots carrying women and children and wandering hither and thither for want of drivers, they pressed forward to overtake the foremost of those that fled, in hopes to meet with Darius among them. And at last, after much trouble, they found him lying in a chariot, wounded all

over with darts, just at the point of death. However, he desired they would give him some drink, and when he had drunk a little cold water, he told Polystratus, who gave it him, that *this was the last extremity of his ill fortune, to receive benefits and not be able to return them.* "But Alexander," said he, "whose kindness to my mother, my wife, and my children I hope the gods will recompense, will doubtless thank you for your humanity to me. In token of my acknowledgment, I give him, through you, this right hand." With which words he took hold of Polystratus's hand and died. When Alexander came up to them, he showed manifest tokens of sorrow, and taking off his own cloak, threw it upon the body to cover it. And sometime afterwards, when Bessus was taken, he ordered him to be torn in pieces in this manner. They fastened him to a couple of trees which were bound down so as to meet, and then being let loose, with a great force returned to their places, each of them carrying that part of the body along with it that was tied to it. Darius's body was laid in state, and sent to his mother with pomp suitable to his quality. His brother Exathres Alexander received into the number of his immediate companions.

. . . . . .

Noticing also, that among his chief friends and favorites, Hephæstion most approved all that he did, and complied with and imitated him in his change of habits, while Craterus continued strict in the customs and fashions of his own country, he made it his practice to employ the first in all transactions with the barbarians, and the latter, when he had to do with the Greeks or Macedonians. And in general he showed more affection for Hephæstion, and more respect for Craterus; *Hephæstion,* as he used to say, *being Alexander's, and Craterus the king's friend.* And so these two friends always bore in secret a grudge to each other, and at times quarreled openly, so much so, that once in India they drew upon one another, and were proceeding in good earnest, with their friends on each side to second them, when Alexander rode up and publicly reproved Hephæstion, calling him *fool and madman,* not to be sensible that without his favor he was nothing. He rebuked Craterus also, in private severely, and then causing

them both to come into his presence, he reconciled them, at the same time swearing by Ammon and the rest of the gods, that *he loved them two above all other men, but if ever he perceived them fall out again he would be sure to put both of them to death, or at least the aggressor.* After which they neither ever did or said anything, so much as in jest, to offend one another.

There was scarcely any one who had a greater repute among the Macedonians than Philotas, the son of Parmenio. For besides that he was valiant and able to endure any fatigue of war, he was also, next to Alexander himself, the most munificent, and the greatest lover of his friends, one of whom asking him for some money, he commanded his steward to give it him; and when he told him he had not wherewith, "Have you not any plate then," said he, "or any clothes of mine to sell?" But he carried his arrogance and his pride of wealth and his habits of display and luxury to a degree of assumption unbecoming a private man: and affecting all the loftiness without succeeding in showing any of the grace or gentleness of true greatness, by this mistaken and spurious majesty he gained so much envy and ill-will, that Parmenio would sometimes tell him, "My son, be not quite so great." For he had long before been complained of, and accused to Alexander. When Darius was defeated in Cilicia, and the great booty taken at Damascus, among the many prisoners brought into the camp there was one Antigone of Pydna, a handsome woman, who fell to Philotas's share. The young man in his cups, in the vaunting, outspoken, soldier's manner, used to tell his mistress, that the great actions were performed by him and his father, the glory and benefit of which, he said, together with the title of king, *the boy Alexander* reaped and enjoyed by their means. She could not hold, but disclosed what he had said to one of her acquaintance, and he, as is usual in such cases, to another, till at last the story came to Craterus, who brought the woman secretly to the king. Alexander heard her, and commanded her to continue her visits to Philotas, and to give him an account from time to time of all that should fall from him.

He, thus unwittingly brought into a snare, to gratify sometimes a fit of anger, sometimes a mere love of vainglory, let himself utter numerous foolish, indiscreet speeches against the

king in Antigone's hearing, of which though Alexander was informed and convinced by strong evidence, yet he would take no notice of it at present, whether it was that he confided in Parmenio's affection and loyalty, or that he apprehended their great name and influence in the army. But about this time one Limnus, a Macedonian of Chalastra, conspired against Alexander's life, and communicated his design to a youth of whom he was fond, named Nicomachus, inviting him to be of the party. But he not relishing the thing, revealed it to his brother Balinus, who immediately addressed himself to Philotas, requiring him to introduce them both to Alexander, to whom they had something of great and urgent importance to impart. He, for what reason is uncertain, did not bring them to the king, who he said was engaged with affairs of more moment. And this he did again a second time. Upon which, finding themselves slighted by Philotas, they applied to another, by whose means being admitted into Alexander's presence, they first told about Limnus's conspiracy, and by the way let Philotas's negligence appear, who had twice disregarded their application to him. Alexander was greatly incensed, and on finding that Limnus had defended himself, and had been killed by the soldier who was sent to seize him, he was still more discomposed, thinking he had thus lost the means of detecting the plot. As soon as his displeasure against Philotas appeared, at once all Philotas's old enemies showed themselves, and said openly, *the king was too easily imposed on*, to imagine that one so inconsiderable as Limnus, a Chalastrian, should of his own head undertake such an enterprise; that in all likelihood he was but subservient to the design, an instrument that was moved by some greater spring; that *those ought to be more looked to whose interest it had been to conceal it.* When they had once gained the king's ear for insinuations of this sort, they went on to show a thousand grounds of suspicion against Philotas; till at last they prevailed to have him seized and put to the torture, which was done in the presence of the principal officers, Alexander himself being placed behind some tapestry. Where when he heard in what a miserable tone, and with what abject submissions Philotas applied himself to Hephæstion, he broke out, it is said, in this manner: "Are you so mean-spirited

and effeminate, Philotas, and yet could engage in so great a design?" After his death, he immediately sent into Media, and put also Parmenio, his father, to death, who had done great service under Philip, and was the only man, of his older friends and counsellors, who had encouraged Alexander to invade Asia. Of three sons whom he had had in the army, he had already lost two, and now was himself put to death with the third. These actions rendered Alexander an object of terror to many of his friends, and chiefly to Antipater, who, to strengthen himself, sent messengers privately to treat for an alliance with the Ætolians, who stood in fear of Alexander, because they had destroyed the town of the Œniadæ; on being informed of which, Alexander had said the children of the Œniadæ need not revenge their fathers' quarrel, for he would himself take care to punish the Ætolians.

Not long after this happened the death of Clitus, which to those who simply hear the matter-of-fact, may seem more inhuman than that of Philotas; but if we take the story with its circumstance of time, and consider the cause, we find the act to have been done not on purpose, but through an unhappy chance of the king's, whose anger and over-drinking offered an occasion to the evil genius of Clitus. The king had a present of Grecian fruit brought him from the sea-coast, which was so fresh and beautiful, that he was surprised at it, and called Clitus to him to see it, and to give him a share of it. Clitus was then sacrificing, but he immediately left off and came, followed by three sheep, on whom the drink-offering had been already poured preparatory to sacrificing them. Alexander, being informed of this, told his diviners, Aristander and Cleomantis the Lacedæmonian, and asked them what it meant; on whose assuring him it was an ill omen, he commanded them in all haste to offer sacrifices for Clitus's safety, forasmuch as three days before he himself had seen a strange vision in his sleep, of Clitus sitting with Parmenio's dead sons, all of them in black clothes. But the sacrifices had not yet been finished, when Clitus came to supper with the king, who had sacrificed to Castor and Pollux. And when they had drunk pretty hard, some of the company began to sing the verses of one Pranichus, or as others say, of Pierion, which were made in ridicule of those

captains who had been lately worsted by the barbarians. This gave offense to the older men, and they upbraided both the author and the singer of the verses, though Alexander and the younger men about him were much amused to hear them, and encouraged them to go on, till at last Clitus, who had drunk too much, and was besides of a hot and wilful temper, was so nettled that he could hold no longer, saying, *it was not well done to expose the Macedonians so before the barbarians and their enemies,* since though it was their unhappiness to be overcome, yet they were much better men than those who laughed at them. And when Alexander said *Clitus was pleading his own cause; giving cowardice the name of misfortune,* Clitus started up; "This cowardice, as you are pleased to term it," said he, "saved the life of a son of the gods, when in flight from Spithridates's sword; and it is by the expense of Macedonian blood, and by these wounds, that you are now raised to such a height, as to be able to disown your father Philip, and call yourself the son of Ammon."

"Thou base fellow," said Alexander, who was now thoroughly exasperated, "dost thou think to utter these things everywhere of me, and stir up the Macedonians to sedition, and not be punished for it?" "We are punished already," answered Clitus, "if this be the recompense of our toils, and we must esteem theirs a happy lot, who have not lived to see their countrymen scourged with Median rods, and forced to sue the Persians to have access to their king." While he talked thus at random, and those near Alexander got up from their seats and began to revile him in turn, the elder men did what they could to compose the disorder. Alexander in the meantime turning to Xenodochus the Cardian, and Artemius the Colophonian, asked them *if they were not of opinion that the Greeks, in comparison with the Macedonians, behaved themselves like so many demigods among wild beasts.* But Clitus would not give over, desiring Alexander *to speak out if he had anything more to say, or else why did he invite men who were free-born and accustomed to say their minds openly without restraint, to sup with him; he had better live and converse with barbarians and slaves who would not scruple to bow the knee to his Persian girdle and his white tunic.* Which words so provoked Alexander, that not

able to suppress his anger any longer, he threw one of the apples that lay upon the table at him, and hit him, and then looked about for his sword. But Aristophanes, one of his life-guard, had hid that out of the way, and others came about him and besought him, but in vain. For breaking from them, he called out aloud to his guards in the Macedonian language, which was a certain sign of some great disturbance in him, and commanded the trumpeter to sound, giving him a blow with his clenched fist for not instantly obeying him; though afterwards the same man was commended for disobeying an order which would have put the whole army into tumult and confusion. Clitus still refusing to yield, was with much trouble forced by his friends out of the room. But he came in again immediately at another door, very irreverently and confidently declaiming the verses out of Euripides's Andromache, —

In Greece, alas! how ill things ordered are!

Upon this, at last, Alexander, snatching a spear from one of the soldiers, met Clitus as he was coming forward and was putting by the curtain that hung before the door, and ran him through the body. He fell at once with a cry and a groan. Upon which the king's anger immediately vanishing, he came perfectly to himself, and when he saw his friends about him all in a profound silence, he pulled the spear out of the dead body, and would have thrust it into his own throat, if the guards had not held his hands, and by main force carried him away into his chamber.

There all that night and the next day he wept bitterly, till being quite spent with lamenting and exclaiming, he lay as it were speechless, only fetching deep sighs. His friends apprehending some harm from his silence, broke into the room, but he took no notice of what any of them said, till Aristander putting him in mind of the vision he had seen concerning Clitus, and the prodigy that followed, as if all had come to pass by an unavoidable fatality, he then seemed to moderate his grief. They now brought Callisthenes the philosopher, the near relation of Aristotle, and Anaxarchus of Abdera, to him. Callisthenes used moral language, and gentle and soothing means, hoping to find access for words of reason, and get a hold upon the passion. But Anaxarchus, who had always taken a course

of his own in philosophy, and had a name for despising and slighting his contemporaries, as soon as he came in, cried out aloud, "Is this the Alexander whom the whole world looks to, lying here weeping like a slave, for fear of the judgment and blame of men, to whom he himself ought to be a law and measure of equity, if he would use the right his conquests have given him as supreme lord and governor of all, and not be the victim of a vain and idle opinion? Do not you know," said he, "that Jupiter is represented to have Justice and Law on each hand of him, to signify that all the actions of a conqueror are lawful and just?" With these and like speeches Anaxarchus indeed allayed the king's grief, but withal corrupted his character, rendering it in many respects more audacious and lawless than hitherto.

EDGAR ALLAN POE

Edgar Allan Poe. Born in Boston, January 19, 1809; died in Baltimore, Maryland, October 7, 1849. Author of ten volumes, edited by E. C. Stedman and Professor George Woodberry, published in Chicago, 1895. These comprise various works separately issued: "Tamerlane and Other Poems," "Narrative of Arthur Gordon Pym, of Nantucket," "Tales of the Grotesque and Arabesque," "The Raven, and Other Poems," "Mesmerism: In Articulo Mortis," "Eureka, a Prose Poem," "Tales of Mystery, Imagination, and Humor," and "Poems."

Characterized by a weird imagination in dark, and often morbid, spiritual experiences, and by exquisite beauty in his lyrical compositions, Poe has achieved a great reputation, especially in France and Germany. Incredible as it may seem, by many Europeans Poe is regarded as our greatest poet! In point of purely artistic construction his poems are indeed noteworthy. His technical skill is wonderful, but he rarely moves the heart. He has been called a "conjurer with words."

THE FALL OF THE HOUSE OF USHER

Son cœur est un luth suspendu;
Sitôt qu'on le touche il résonne.

— De Beranger.

During the whole of a dull, dark, and soundless day in the autumn of the year, when the clouds hung oppressively low in

the heavens, I had been passing alone, on horseback, through a singularly dreary tract of country; and at length found myself, as the shades of the evening drew on, within view of the melancholy House of Usher. I know not how it was — but, with the first glimpse of the building, a sense of insufferable gloom pervaded my spirit. I say insufferable; for the feeling was unrelieved by any of that half-pleasurable, because poetic, sentiment, with which the mind usually receives even the sternest natural images of the desolate or terrible. I looked upon the scene before me — upon the mere house, and the simple landscape features of the domain — upon the bleak walls — upon the vacant, eye-like windows — upon a few rank sedges — and upon a few white trunks of decayed trees — with an utter depression of soul which I can compare to no earthly sensation more properly than to the after-dream of the reveler upon opium — the bitter lapse into everyday life — the hideous dropping off of the veil. There was an iciness, a sinking, a sickening of the heart — an unredeemed dreariness of thought which no goading of the imagination could torture into aught of the sublime. What was it — I paused to think — what was it that so unnerved me in the contemplation of the House of Usher? It was a mystery all insoluble; nor could I grapple with the shadowy fancies that crowded upon me as I pondered. I was forced to fall back upon the unsatisfactory conclusion, that while, beyond doubt, there *are* combinations of very simple natural objects which have the power of thus affecting us, still the analysis of this power lies among considerations beyond our depth. It was possible, I reflected, that a mere different arrangement of the particulars of the scene, of the details of the picture, would be sufficient to modify, or perhaps to annihilate its capacity for sorrowful impression; and, acting upon this idea, I reined my horse to the precipitous brink of a black and lurid tarn that lay in unruffled luster by the dwelling, and gazed down — but with a shudder even more thrilling than before — upon the remodeled and inverted images of the gray sedge, and the ghastly tree stems, and the vacant and eye-like windows.

Nevertheless, in this mansion of gloom I now proposed to myself a sojourn of some weeks. Its proprietor, Roderick Usher, had been one of my boon companions in boyhood; but

many years had elapsed since our last meeting. A letter, however, had lately reached me in a distant part of the country — a letter from him — which, in its wildly importunate nature, had admitted of no other than a personal reply. The Ms. gave evidence of nervous agitation. The writer spoke of acute bodily illness — of a mental disorder which oppressed him — and of an earnest desire to see me, as his best, and indeed his only, personal friend, with a view of attempting, by the cheerfulness of my society, some alleviation of his malady. It was the manner in which all this, and much more, was said — it was the apparent *heart* that went with his request — which allowed me no room for hesitation; and I accordingly obeyed forthwith what I still considered a very singular summons.

Although, as boys, we had been even intimate associates, yet I really knew little of my friend. His reserve had been always excessive and habitual. I was aware, however, that his very ancient family had been noted, time out of mind, for a peculiar sensibility of temperament, displaying itself, through long ages, in many works of exalted art, and manifested, of late, in repeated deeds of munificent yet unobtrusive charity, as well as in a passionate devotion to the intricacies, perhaps even more than to the orthodox and easily recognizable beauties, of musical science. I had learned, too, the very remarkable fact, that the stem of the Usher race, all time-honored as it was, had put forth, at no period, any enduring branch; in other words, that the entire family lay in the direct line of descent, and had always, with very trifling and very temporary variation, so lain. It was this deficiency, I considered, while running over in thought the perfect keeping of the character of the premises with the accredited character of the people, and while speculating upon the possible influence which the one, in the long lapse of centuries, might have exercised upon the other — it was this deficiency, perhaps, of collateral issue, and the consequent undeviating transmission, from sire to son, of the patrimony with the name, which had, at length, so identified the two as to merge the original title of the estate in the quaint and equivocal appellation of the "House of Usher" — an appellation which seemed to include, in the minds of the peasantry who used it, both the family and the family mansion.

I have said that the sole effect of my somewhat childish experiment — that of looking down within the tarn — had been to deepen the first singular impression. There can be no doubt that the consciousness of the rapid increase of my superstition — for why should I not so term it? — served mainly to accelerate the increase itself. Such, I have long known, is the paradoxical law of all sentiments having terror as a basis. And it might have been for this reason only, that, when I again uplifted my eyes to the house itself, from its image in the pool, there grew in my mind a strange fancy — a fancy so ridiculous, indeed, that I but mention it to show the vivid force of the sensations which oppressed me. I had so worked upon my imagination as really to believe that about the whole mansion and domain there hung an atmosphere peculiar to themselves and their immediate vicinity — an atmosphere which had no affinity with the air of heaven, but which had reeked up from the decayed trees, and the gray wall, and the silent tarn — a pestilent and mystic vapor, dull, sluggish, faintly discernible, and leaden-hued.

Shaking off from my spirit what *must* have been a dream, I scanned more narrowly the real aspect of the building. Its principal feature seemed to be that of an excessive antiquity. The discoloration of ages had been great. Minute *fungi* overspread the whole exterior, hanging in a fine tangled web-work from the eaves. Yet all this was apart from any extraordinary dilapidation. No portion of the masonry had fallen; and there appeared to be a wild inconsistency between its still perfect adaptation of parts, and the crumbling condition of the individual stones. In this there was much that reminded me of the specious totality of old woodwork which has rotted for long years in some neglected vault, with no disturbance from the breath of the external air. Beyond this indication of extensive decay, however, the fabric gave little token of instability. Perhaps the eye of a scrutinizing observer might have discovered a barely perceptible fissure, which, extending from the roof of the building in front, made its way down the wall in a zigzag direction, until it became lost in the sullen waters of the tarn.

Noticing these things, I rode over a short causeway to the house. A servant in waiting took my horse, and I entered the Gothic archway of the hall. A valet, of stealthy step, thence

conducted me, in silence, through many dark and intricate passages in my progress to the *studio* of his master. Much that I encountered on the way contributed, I know not how, to heighten the vague sentiments of which I have already spoken. While the objects around me — while the carvings of the ceilings, the somber tapestries of the walls, the ebon blackness of the floors, and the phantasmagoric armorial trophies which rattled as I strode, were but matters to which, or to such as which, I had been accustomed from my infancy — while I hesitated not to acknowledge how familiar was all this — I still wondered to find how unfamiliar were the fancies which ordinary images were stirring up. On one of the staircases I met the physician of the family. His countenance, I thought, wore a mingled expression of low cunning and perplexity. He accosted me with trepidation and passed on. The valet now threw open a door and ushered me into the presence of his master.

The room in which I found myself was very large and lofty. The windows were long, narrow, and pointed, and at so vast a distance from the black oaken floor as to be altogether inaccessible from within. Feeble gleams of encrimsoned light made their way through the trellised panes, and served to render sufficiently distinct the more prominent objects around; the eye, however, struggled in vain to reach the remoter angles of the chamber, or the recesses of the vaulted and fretted ceiling. Dark draperies hung upon the walls. The general furniture was profuse, comfortless, antique, and tattered. Many books and musical instruments lay scattered about, but failed to give any vitality to the scene. I felt that I breathed an atmosphere of sorrow. An air of stern, deep, and irredeemable gloom hung over and pervaded all.

Upon my entrance, Usher arose from a sofa on which he had been lying at full length, and greeted me with a vivacious warmth which had much in it, I at first thought, of an overdone cordiality — of the constrained effort of the *ennuyé* man of the world. A glance, however, at his countenance, convinced me of his perfect sincerity. We sat down; and for some moments, while he spoke not, I gazed upon him with a feeling half of pity, half of awe. Surely, man had never before so terribly altered, in so brief a period, as had Roderick Usher! It was with diffi-

culty that I could bring myself to admit the identity of the wan being before me with the companion of my early boyhood. Yet the character of his face had been at all times remarkable. A cadaverousness of complexion; an eye large, liquid, and luminous beyond comparison; lips somewhat thin and very pallid, but of a surpassingly beautiful curve; a nose of a delicate Hebrew model, but with a breadth of nostril unusual in similar formations; a finely molded chin, speaking, in its want of prominence, of a want of moral energy; hair of a more than web-like softness and tenuity; these features, with an inordinate expansion above the regions of the temple, made up all together a countenance not easily to be forgotten. And now in the mere exaggeration of the prevailing character of these features, and of the expression they were wont to convey, lay so much of change that I doubted to whom I spoke. The now ghastly pallor of the skin, and the now miraculous luster of the eye, above all things startled and even awed me. The silken hair, too, had been suffered to grow all unheeded, and as, in its wild gossamer texture, it floated rather than fell about the face, I could not, even with effort, connect its arabesque expression with any idea of simple humanity.

In the manner of my friend I was at once struck with an incoherence — an inconsistency; and I soon found this to arise from a series of feeble and futile struggles to overcome an habitual trepidancy — an excessive nervous agitation. For something of this nature I had indeed been prepared, no less by his letter, than by reminiscences of certain boyish traits, and by conclusions deduced from his peculiar physical conformation and temperament. His action was alternately vivacious and sullen. His voice varied rapidly from a tremulous indecision (when the animal spirits seemed utterly in abeyance) to that species of energetic concision — that abrupt, weighty, unhurried, and hollow-sounding enunciation — that leaden, self-balanced and perfectly modulated guttural utterance, which may be observed in the lost drunkard, or the irreclaimable eater of opium, during the periods of his most intense excitement.

It was thus that he spoke of the object of my visit, of his earnest desire to see me, and of the solace he expected me to afford him. He entered, at some length, into what he con-

ceived to be the nature of his malady. It was, he said, a constitutional and a family evil, and one for which he despaired to find a remedy — a mere nervous affection, he immediately added, which would undoubtedly soon pass off. It displayed itself in a host of unnatural sensations. Some of these, as he detailed them, interested and bewildered me; although, perhaps, the terms, and the general manner of the narration had their weight. He suffered much from a morbid acuteness of the senses; the most insipid food was alone endurable; he could wear only garments of certain texture; the odors of all flowers were oppressive; his eyes were tortured by even a faint light; and there were but peculiar sounds, and these from stringed instruments, which did not inspire him with horror.

To an anomalous species of terror I found him a bounden slave. "I shall perish," said he, "I *must* perish in this deplorable folly. Thus, thus, and not otherwise, shall I be lost. I dread the events of the future, not in themselves, but in their results. I shudder at the thought of any, even the most trivial, incident, which may operate upon this intolerable agitation of soul. I have, indeed, no abhorrence of danger, except in its absolute effect — in terror. In this unnerved — in this pitiable condition — I feel that the period will sooner or later arrive when I must abandon life and reason together, in some struggle with the grim phantasm, FEAR."

I learned, moreover, at intervals, and through broken and equivocal hints, another singular feature of his mental condition. He was enchained by certain superstitious impressions in regard to the dwelling which he tenanted, and whence, for many years, he had never ventured forth — in regard to an influence whose supposititious force was conveyed in terms too shadowy here to be restated — an influence which some peculiarities in the mere form and substance of his family mansion had, by dint of long sufferance, he said, obtained over his spirit — an effect which the *physique* of the gray walls and turrets, and of the dim tarn into which they all looked down, had, at length, brought about upon the *morale* of his existence.

He admitted, however, although with hesitation, that much of the peculiar gloom which thus afflicted him could be traced to a more natural and far more palpable origin — to the severe

and long-continued illness — indeed to the evidently approaching dissolution — of a tenderly beloved sister — his sole companion for long years — his last and only relative on earth. "Her decease," he said, with a bitterness which I can never forget, "would leave him (him the hopeless and the frail) the last of the ancient race of the Ushers." While he spoke, the Lady Madeline (for so was she called) passed slowly through a remote portion of the apartment, and, without having noticed my presence, disappeared. I regarded her with an utter astonishment not unmingled with dread — and yet I found it impossible to account for such feelings. A sensation of stupor oppressed me, as my eyes followed her retreating steps. When a door, at length, closed upon her, my glance sought instinctively and eagerly the countenance of the brother — but he had buried his face in his hands, and I could only perceive that a far more than ordinary wanness had overspread the emaciated fingers through which trickled many passionate tears.

The disease of the Lady Madeline had long baffled the skill of her physicians. A settled apathy, a gradual wasting away of the person, and frequent although transient affections of a partially cataleptical character, were the unusual diagnosis. Hitherto she had steadily borne up against the pressure of her malady, and had not betaken herself finally to bed; but, on the closing in of the evening of my arrival at the house, she succumbed (as her brother told me at night with inexpressible agitation) to the prostrating power of the destroyer; and I learned that the glimpse I had obtained of her person would thus probably be the last I should obtain — that the lady, at least while living, would be seen by me no more.

For several days ensuing, her name was unmentioned by either Usher or myself; and during this period I was busied in earnest endeavors to alleviate the melancholy of my friend. We painted and read together; or I listened, as if in a dream, to the wild improvisations of his speaking guitar. And thus, as a closer and still closer intimacy admitted me more unreservedly into the recesses of his spirit, the more bitterly did I perceive the futility of all attempt at cheering a mind from which darkness, as if an inherent positive quality, poured forth upon all objects of the moral and physical universe, in one unceasing radiation of gloom.

I shall ever bear about me a memory of the many solemn hours I thus spent alone with the master of the House of Usher. Yet I should fail in any attempt to convey an idea of the exact character of the studies, or of the occupations, in which he involved me, or led me the way. An excited and highly distempered ideality threw a sulphureous luster over all. His long improvised dirges will ring forever in my ears. Among other things, I hold painfully in mind a certain singular perversion and amplification of the wild air of the last waltz of Von Weber. From the paintings over which his elaborate fancy brooded, and which grew, touch by touch, into vagueness at which I shuddered the more thrillingly, because I shuddered knowing not why; — from these paintings (vivid as their images now are before me) I would in vain endeavor to educe more than a small portion which should lie within the compass of merely written words. By the utter simplicity, by the nakedness of his designs, he arrested and overawed attention. If ever mortal painted an idea, that mortal was Roderick Usher. For me at least — in the circumstances then surrounding me — there arose out of the pure abstractions which the hypochondriac contrived to throw upon his canvas, an intensity of intolerable awe, no shadow of which felt I ever yet in the contemplation of the certainly glowing yet too concrete reveries of Fuseli.

One of the phantasmagoric conceptions of my friend, partaking not so rigidly of the spirit of abstraction, may be shadowed forth, although feebly, in words. A small picture presented the interior of an immensely long and rectangular vault or tunnel, with low walls, smooth, white, and without interruption or device. Certain accessory points of the design served well to convey the idea that this excavation lay at an exceeding depth below the surface of the earth. No outlet was observed in any portion of its vast extent, and no torch, or other artificial source of light was discernible; yet a flood of intense rays rolled throughout, and bathed the whole in a ghastly and inappropriate splendor.

I have just spoken of that morbid condition of the auditory nerve which rendered all music intolerable to the sufferer, with the exception of certain effects of stringed instruments. It was, perhaps, the narrow limits to which he thus confined himself upon the guitar, which gave birth, in great measure, to the

fantastic character of his performances. But the fervid *facility* of his *impromptus* could not be so accounted for. They must have been, and were, in the notes, as well as in the words of his wild fantasias (for he not unfrequently accompanied himself with rimed verbal improvisations), the result of that intense mental collectedness and concentration to which I have previously alluded as observable only in particular moments of the highest artificial excitement. The words of one of these rhapsodies I have easily remembered. I was, perhaps, the more forcibly impressed with it as he gave it, because, in the under or mystic current of its meaning, I fancied that I perceived, and for the first time, a full consciousness, on the part of Usher, of the tottering of his lofty reason upon her throne. The verses, which were entitled "The Haunted Palace," ran very nearly, if not accurately, thus: —

I

In the greenest of our valleys,
By good angels tenanted,
Once a fair and stately palace —
Radiant palace — reared its head.
In the monarch Thought's dominion —
It stood there!
Never seraph spread a pinion
Over fabric half so fair.

II

Banners yellow, glorious, golden,
On its roof did float and flow;
(This — all this — was in the olden
Time long ago)
And every gentle air that dallied,
In that sweet day,
Along the ramparts plumed and pallid,
A winged odor went away.

III

Wanderers in that happy valley
Through two luminous windows saw
Spirits moving musically
To a lute's well-tuned law,
Round about a throne, where sitting
(Porphyrogene!)
In state his glory well befitting,
The ruler of the realm was seen.

IV

And all with pearl and ruby glowing
Was the fair palace door,
Through which came flowing, flowing, flowing
And sparkling evermore,
A troop of Echoes whose sweet duty
Was but to sing,
In voices of surpassing beauty,
The wit and wisdom of their king.

V

But evil things, in robes of sorrow,
Assailed the monarch's high estate;
(Ah, let us mourn, for never morrow
Shall dawn upon him, desolate!)
And, round about his home, the glory
That blushed and bloomed
Is but a dim-remembered story
Of the old time entombed.

VI

And travelers now within that valley,
Through the red-litten windows, see
Vast forms that move fantastically
To a discordant melody;
While, like a rapid ghastly river,
Through the pale door,
A hideous throng rush out forever,
And laugh — but smile no more.

I well remember that suggestions arising from this ballad led us into a train of thought wherein there became manifest an opinion of Usher's which I mention not so much on account of its novelty (for other men have thought thus), as on account of the pertinacity with which he maintained it. This opinion, in its general form, was that of the sentience of all vegetable things. But, in his disordered fancy, the idea had assumed a more daring character, and trespassed, under certain conditions, upon the kingdom of inorganization. I lack words to express the full extent, or the earnest *abandon* of his persuasion. The belief, however, was connected (as I have previously hinted)

with the gray stones of the home of his forefathers. The conditions of the sentience had been here, he imagined, fulfilled in the method of collocation of these stones — in the order of their arrangement, as well as in that of the many *fungi* which overspread them, and of the decayed trees which stood around — above all, in the long-undisturbed endurance of this arrangement, and in its reduplication in the still waters of the tarn. Its evidence — the evidence of the sentience — was to be seen, he said (and I here started as he spoke) in the gradual yet certain condensation of an atmosphere of their own about the waters and the walls. The result was discoverable, he added, in that silent, yet importunate and terrible influence which for centuries had molded the destinies of his family, and which made *him* what I now saw him — what he was. Such opinions need no comment, and I will make none.

Our books — the books which, for years, had formed no small portion of the mental existence of the invalid — were, as might be supposed, in strict keeping with this character of phantasm. We pored together over such works as the "Ververt et Chartreuse" of Gresset; the "Belphegor" of Machiavelli; the "Heaven and Hell" of Swedenborg; the "Subterranean Voyage of Nicholas Klimm" by Holberg; the "Chiromancy" of Robert Flud, of Jean D'Indaginé, and of De la Chambre; the "Journey into the Blue Distance" of Tieck; and the "City of the Sun" of Campanella. One favorite volume was a small octavo edition of the "Directorium Inquisitorum," by the Dominican Eymeric de Gironne; and there were passages in "Pomponius Mela," about the old African Satyrs and Ægipans, over which Usher would sit dreaming for hours. His chief delight, however, was found in the perusal of an exceedingly rare and curious book in quarto Gothic — the manual of a forgotten church — the "Vigiliæ Mortuorum Chorum Ecclesiæ Maguntinæ."

I could not help thinking of the wild ritual of this work, and of its probable influence upon the hypochondriac, when, one evening, having informed me abruptly that the Lady Madeline was no more, he stated his intention of preserving her corpse for a fortnight (previously to its final interment), in one of the numerous vaults within the main walls of the building. The

worldly reason, however, assigned for this singular proceeding, was one which I did not feel at liberty to dispute. The brother had been led to his resolution (so he told me) by consideration of the unusual character of the malady of the deceased, of certain obtrusive and eager inquiries on the part of her medical men, and of the remote and exposed situation of the burial-ground of the family. I will not deny that when I called to mind the sinister countenance of the person whom I met upon the staircase, on the day of my arrival at the house, I had no desire to oppose what I regarded as at best but a harmless, and by no means an unnatural, precaution.

At the request of Usher, I personally aided him in the arrangements for the temporary entombment. The body having been encoffined, we two alone bore it to its rest. The vault in which we placed it (and which had been so long unopened that our torches, half smothered in its oppressive atmosphere, gave us little opportunity for investigation) was small, damp, and entirely without means of admission for light; lying, at great depth, immediately beneath that portion of the building in which was my own sleeping apartment. It had been used, apparently, in remote feudal times, for the worst purpose of a donjon-keep, and, in later days, as a place of deposit for powder, or some other highly combustible substance, as a portion of its floor, and the whole interior of a long archway through which we reached it, were carefully sheathed with copper. The door, of massive iron, had been, also, similarly protected. Its immense weight caused an unusually sharp grating sound, as it moved upon its hinges.

Having deposited our mournful burden upon tressels within this region of horror, we partially turned aside the yet unscrewed lid of the coffin, and looked upon the face of the tenant. A striking similitude between the brother and sister now first arrested my attention; and Usher, divining, perhaps, my thoughts, murmured out some few words from which I learned that the deceased and himself had been twins, and that sympathies of a scarcely intelligible nature had always existed between them. Our glances, however, rested not long upon the dead — for we could not regard her unawed. The disease which had thus entombed the lady in the maturity of youth, had left, as

usual in all maladies of a strictly cataleptical character, the mockery of a faint blush upon the bosom and the face, and that suspiciously lingering smile upon the lip which is so terrible in death. We replaced and screwed down the lid, and, having secured the door of iron, made our way, with toil, into the scarcely less gloomy apartments of the upper portion of the house.

And now, some days of bitter grief having elapsed, an observable change came over the features of the mental disorder of my friend. His ordinary manner had vanished. His ordinary occupations were neglected or forgotten. He roamed from chamber to chamber with hurried, unequal, and objectless step. The pallor of his countenance had assumed, if possible, a more ghastly hue — but the luminousness of his eye had utterly gone out. The once occasional huskiness of his tone was heard no more; and a tremulous quaver, as if of extreme terror, habitually characterized his utterance. There were times, indeed, when I thought his unceasingly agitated mind was laboring with some oppressive secret, to divulge which he struggled for the necessary courage. At times, again, I was obliged to resolve all into the mere inexplicable vagaries of madness, for I beheld him gazing upon vacancy for long hours, in an attitude of the profoundest attention, as if listening to some imaginary sound. It was no wonder that his condition terrified — that it infected me. I felt creeping upon me, by slow yet certain degrees, the wild influences of his own fantastic yet impressive superstitions.

It was, especially, upon retiring to bed late in the night of the seventh or eighth day after the placing of the Lady Madeline within the donjon, that I experienced the full power of such feelings. Sleep came not near my couch — while the hours waned and waned away. I struggled to reason off the nervousness which had dominion over me. I endeavored to believe that much, if not all of what I felt, was due to the bewildering influence of the gloomy furniture of the room — of the dark and tattered draperies, which, tortured into motion by the breath of a rising tempest, swayed fitfully to and fro upon the walls, and rustled uneasily about the decorations of the bed. But my efforts were fruitless. An irrepressible tremor gradually pervaded my frame; and, at length, there sat upon my very

heart an incubus of utterly causeless alarm. Shaking this off with a gasp and a struggle, I uplifted myself upon the pillows, and, peering earnestly within the intense darkness of the chamber, harkened — I know not why, except that an instinctive spirit prompted me — to certain low and indefinite sounds which came, through the pauses of the storm, at long intervals, I knew not whence. Overpowered by an intense sentiment of horror, unaccountable yet unendurable, I threw on my clothes with haste (for I felt that I should sleep no more during the night), and endeavored to arouse myself from the pitiable condition into which I had fallen, by pacing rapidly to and fro through the apartment.

I had taken but few turns in this manner, when a light step on an adjoining staircase arrested my attention. I presently recognized it as that of Usher. In an instant afterward he rapped, with a gentle touch, at my door, and entered, bearing a lamp. His countenance was, as usual, cadaverously wan — but, moreover, there was a species of mad hilarity in his eyes — an evidently restrained *hysteria* in his whole demeanor. His air appalled me — but anything was preferable to the solitude which I had so long endured, and I even welcomed his presence as a relief.

"And you have not seen it?" he said abruptly, after having stared about him for some moments in silence — "you have not then seen it? but, stay! you shall." Thus speaking, and having carefully shaded his lamp, he hurried to one of the casements, and threw it freely open to the storm.

The impetuous fury of the entering gust nearly lifted us from our feet. It was, indeed, a tempestuous yet sternly beautiful night, and one wildly singular in its terror and its beauty. A whirlwind had apparently collected its force in our vicinity; for there were frequent and violent alterations in the direction of the wind; and the exceeding density of the clouds (which hung so low as to press upon the turrets of the house) did not prevent our perceiving the lifelike velocity with which they flew careering from all points against each other, without passing away into the distance. I say that even their exceeding density did not prevent our perceiving this — yet we had no glimpse of the moon or stars — nor was there any flashing forth

of the lightning. But the under surfaces of the huge masses of agitated vapor, as well as all terrestrial objects immediately around us, were glowing in the unnatural light of a faintly luminous and distinctly visible gaseous exhalation which hung about and enshrouded the mansion.

"You must not — you shall not behold this!" said I, shudderingly, to Usher, as I led him, with a gentle violence, from the window to a seat. "These appearances, which bewilder you, are merely electrical phenomena not uncommon — or it may be that they have their ghastly origin in the rank miasma of the tarn. Let us close this casement; the air is chilling and dangerous to your frame. Here is one of your favorite romances. I will read, and you shall listen; and so we will pass away this terrible night together."

The antique volume which I had taken up was the "Mad Trist" of Sir Launcelot Canning; but I had called it a favorite of Usher's more in sad jest than in earnest; for, in truth, there is little in its uncouth and unimaginative prolixity which could have had interest for the lofty and spiritual ideality of my friend. It was, however, the only book immediately at hand; and I indulged a vague hope that the excitement which now agitated the hypochondriac might find relief (for the history of mental disorder is full of similar anomalies) even in the extremeness of the folly which I should read. Could I have judged, indeed, by the wild overstrained air of vivacity with which he hearkened, or apparently hearkened, to the words of the tale, I might well have congratulated myself upon the success of my design.

I had arrived at that well-known portion of the story where Ethelred, the hero of the Trist, having sought in vain for peaceable admission into the dwelling of the hermit, proceeds to make good an entrance by force. Here, it will be remembered, the words of the narrative run thus: —

"And Ethelred, who was by nature of a doughty heart, and who was now mighty withal, on account of the powerfulness of the wine which he had drunken, waited no longer to hold parley with the hermit, who, in sooth, was of an obstinate and maliceful turn, but, feeling the rain upon his shoulders, and fearing the rising of the tempest, uplifted his mace outright, and, with

blows, made quickly room in the plankings of the door for his gauntleted hand; and now pulling therewith sturdily, he so cracked, and ripped, and tore all asunder, that the noise of the dry and hollow-sounding wood alarmed and reverberated throughout the forest."

At the termination of this sentence I started, and, for a moment, paused; for it appeared to me (although I at once concluded that my excited fancy had deceived me) — it appeared to me that, from some very remote portion of the mansion, there came, indistinctly, to my ears, what might have been, in its exact similarity of character, the echo (but a stifled and dull one certainly) of the very cracking and ripping sound which Sir Launcelot had so particularly described. It was, beyond doubt, the coincidence alone which had arrested my attention; for, amid the rattling of the sashes of the casements, and the ordinary commingled noises of the still increasing storm, the sound, in itself, had nothing, surely, which should have interested or disturbed me. I continued the story: —

"But the good champion Ethelred, now entering within the door, was sore enraged and amazed to perceive no signal of the maliceful hermit; but, in the stead thereof, a dragon of a scaly and prodigious demeanor, and of a fiery tongue, which sate in guard before a palace of gold, with a floor of silver; and upon the wall there hung a shield of shining brass with this legend enwritten: —

> Who entereth herein, a conqueror hath bin;
> Who slayeth the dragon, the shield he shall win;

and Ethelred uplifted his mace, and struck upon the head of the dragon, which fell before him, and gave up his pesty breath, with a shriek so horrid and harsh, and withal so piercing, that Ethelred had fain to close his ears with his hands against the dreadful noise of it, the like whereof was never before heard."

Here again I paused abruptly, and now with a feeling of wild amazement — for there could be no doubt whatever that, in this instance, I did actually hear (although from what direction it proceeded I found it impossible to say) a low and apparently distant, but harsh, protracted, and most unusual screaming or grating sound — the exact counterpart of what my fancy had

already conjured up for the dragon's unnatural shriek as described by the romancer.

Oppressed, as I certainly was, upon the occurrence of the second and most extraordinary coincidence, by a thousand conflicting sensations, in which wonder and extreme terror were predominant, I still retained sufficient presence of mind to avoid exciting, by any observation, the sensitive nervousness of my companion. I was by no means certain that he had noticed the sounds in question; although, assuredly, a strange alteration had, during the last few minutes, taken place in his demeanor. From a position fronting my own, he had gradually brought round his chair, so as to sit with his face to the door of the chamber; and thus I could but partially perceive his features, although I saw that his lips trembled as if he were murmuring inaudibly. His head had dropped upon his breast — yet I knew that he was not asleep, from the wide and rigid opening of the eye as I caught a glance of it in profile. The motion of his body, too, was at variance with this idea — for he rocked from side to side with a gentle yet constant and uniform sway. Having rapidly taken notice of all this, I resumed the narrative of Sir Launcelot, which thus proceeded: —

"And now, the champion, having escaped from the terrible fury of the dragon, bethinking himself of the brazen shield, and of the breaking up of the enchantment which was upon it, removed the carcass from out of the way before him, and approached valorously over the silver pavement of the castle to where the shield was upon the wall; which in sooth tarried not for his full coming, but fell down at his feet upon the silver floor, with a mighty great and terrible ringing sound."

No sooner had these syllables passed my lips, than — as if a shield of brass had indeed, at the moment, fallen heavily upon a floor of silver — I became aware of a distinct, hollow, metallic, and clangorous, yet apparently muffled, reverberation. Completely unnerved, I leaped to my feet; but the measured rocking movement of Usher was undisturbed. I rushed to the chair in which he sat. His eyes were bent fixedly before him, and throughout his whole countenance there reigned a stony rigidity. But, as I placed my hand upon his shoulder, there came a strong shudder over his whole person; a sickly smile quivered

about his lips; and I saw that he spoke in a low, hurried, and gibbering murmur, as if unconscious of my presence. Bending closely over him, I at length drank in the hideous import of his words.

"Not hear it? — yes, I hear it, and *have* heard it. Long — long — long — many minutes, many hours, many days, have I heard it — yet I dared not — oh, pity me, miserable wretch that I am! — I dared not — I *dared* not speak! *We have put her living in the tomb!* Said I not that my senses were acute? I *now* tell you that I heard her first feeble movements in the hollow coffin. I heard them — many, many days ago — yet I dared not — *I dared not speak!* And now — to-night — Ethelred — ha! ha! — the breaking of the hermit's door, and the death-cry of the dragon, and the clangor of the shield! say, rather, the rending of her coffin, and the grating of the iron hinges of her prison, and her struggles within the coppered archway of the vault! Oh, whither shall I fly? Will she not be here anon? Is she not hurrying to upbraid me for my haste? Have I not heard her footstep on the stair? Do I not distinguish that heavy and horrible beating of her heart? MADMAN!" here he sprang furiously to his feet, and shrieked out his syllables, as if in the effort he were giving up his soul — "MADMAN! I TELL YOU THAT SHE NOW STANDS WITHOUT THE DOOR!"

As if in the superhuman energy of his utterance there had been found the potency of a spell — the huge antique panels to which the speaker pointed, threw slowly back, upon the instant, their ponderous and ebony jaws. It was the work of the rushing gust — but then without those doors there DID stand the lofty and enshrouded figure of the Lady Madeline of Usher. There was blood upon her white robes, and the evidence of some bitter struggle upon every portion of her emaciated frame. For a moment she remained trembling and reeling to and fro upon the threshold, then, with a low moaning cry, fell heavily inward upon the person of her brother, and in her violent and now final death-agonies, bore him to the floor a corpse, and a victim to the terrors he had anticipated.

From that chamber, and from that mansion, I fled aghast. The storm was still abroad in all its wrath as I found myself crossing the old causeway. Suddenly there shot along the path

a wild light, and I turned to see whence a gleam so unusual could have issued; for the vast house and its shadows were alone behind me. The radiance was that of the full, setting, and blood-red moon which now shone vividly through that once barely discernible fissure of which I have before spoken as extending from the roof of the building, in a zigzag direction, to the base. While I gazed, this fissure rapidly widened — there came a fierce breath of the whirlwind — the entire orb of the satellite burst at once upon my sight — my brain reeled as I saw the mighty walls rushing asunder — there was a long, tumultuous shouting sound like the voice of a thousand waters — and the deep and dank tarn at my feet closed sullenly and silently over the fragments of the "HOUSE OF USHER."

THE CASK OF AMONTILLADO

THE thousand injuries of Fortunato I had borne as I best could, but when he ventured upon insult I vowed revenge. You, who so well know the nature of my soul, will not suppose, however, that I gave utterance to a threat. *At length* I would be avenged; this was a point definitely settled — but the very definitiveness with which it was resolved precluded the idea of risk. I must not only punish but punish with impunity. A wrong is unredressed when retribution overtakes its redresser. It is equally unredressed when the avenger fails to make himself felt as such to him who has done the wrong.

It must be understood that neither by word nor deed had I given Fortunato cause to doubt my good-will. I continued, as was my wont, to smile in his face, and he did not perceive that my smile *now* was at the thought of his immolation.

He had a weak point, — this Fortunato, — although in other regards he was a man to be respected and even feared. He prided himself on his connoisseurship in wine. Few Italians have the true virtuoso spirit. For the most part their enthusiasm is adopted to suit the time and opportunity, to practise imposture upon the British and Austrian *millionaires*. In painting and gemmary, Fortunato, like his countrymen, was a quack, but in the matter of old wines he was sincere. In this respect I did not differ from him materially; I was skilful in

the Italian vintages myself, and bought largely whenever I could.

It was about dusk, one evening during the supreme madness of the carnival season, that I encountered my friend. He accosted me with excessive warmth, for he had been drinking much. The man wore motley. He had on a tight-fitting party-striped dress, and his head was surmounted by the conical cap and bells. I was so pleased to see him that I thought I should never have done wringing his hand.

I said to him — "My dear Fortunato, you are luckily met. How remarkably well you are looking to-day. But I have received a pipe of what passes for Amontillado, and I have my doubts."

"How?" said he. "Amontillado? A pipe? Impossible! And in the middle of the carnival!"

"I have my doubts," I replied; "and I was silly enough to pay the full Amontillado price without consulting you in the matter. You were not to be found, and I was fearful of losing a bargain."

"Amontillado!"

"I have my doubts."

"Amontillado!"

"And I must satisfy them."

"Amontillado!"

"As you are engaged, I am on my way to Luchresi. If any one has a critical turn, it is he. He will tell me —"

"Luchresi cannot tell Amontillado from Sherry."

"And yet some fools will have it that his taste is a match for your own."

"Come, let us go."

"Whither?"

"To your vaults."

"My friend, no; I will not impose upon your good nature. I perceive you have an engagement. Luchresi —"

"I have no engagement; come."

"My friend, no. It is not the engagement, but the severe cold with which I perceive you are afflicted. The vaults are insufferably damp. They are incrusted with niter."

"Let us go, nevertheless. The cold is merely nothing.

Amontillado! You have been imposed upon. And as for Luchresi, he cannot distinguish Sherry from Amontillado."

Thus speaking, Fortunato possessed himself of my arm; and putting on a mask of black silk and drawing a *roquelaure* closely about my person, I suffered him to hurry me to my palazzo.

There were no attendants at home; they had absconded to make merry in honor of the time. I had told them that I should not return until the morning, and had given them explicit orders not to stir from the house. These orders were sufficient, I well knew, to insure their immediate disappearance, one and all, as soon as my back was turned.

I took from their sconces two flambeaux, and giving one to Fortunato, bowed him through several suites of rooms to the archway that led into the vaults. I passed down a long and winding staircase, requesting him to be cautious as he followed. We came at length to the foot of the descent, and together stood upon the damp ground of the catacombs of the Montresors.

The gait of my friend was unsteady, and the bells upon his cap jingled as he strode.

"The pipe," he said.

"It is farther on," said I; "but observe the white web-work which gleams from these cavern walls."

He turned towards me, and looked into my eyes with two filmy orbs that distilled the rheum of intoxication.

"Niter?" he asked, at length.

"Niter," I replied. "How long have you had that cough?"

"Ugh! ugh! ugh! — ugh! ugh! ugh! — ugh! ugh! ugh! — ugh! ugh! ugh! — ugh! ugh! ugh!"

My poor friend found it impossible to reply for many minutes.

"It is nothing," he said, at last.

"Come," I said, with decision, "we will go back; your health is precious. You are rich, respected, admired, beloved; you are happy, as once I was. You are a man to be missed. For me it is no matter. We will go back; you will be ill, and I cannot be responsible. Besides, there is Luchresi —"

"Enough," he said; "the cough is a mere nothing; it will not kill me. I shall not die of a cough."

"True — true," I replied; "and, indeed, I had no intention of alarming you unnecessarily — but you should use all proper

caution. A draught of this Medoc will defend us from the damps."

Here I knocked off the neck of a bottle which I drew from a long row of its fellows that lay upon the mold.

"Drink," I said, presenting him the wine.

He raised it to his lips with a leer. He paused and nodded to me familiarly, while his bells jingled.

"I drink," he said, "to the buried that repose around us."

"And I to your long life."

He again took my arm, and we proceeded.

"These vaults," he said, "are extensive."

"The Montresors," I replied, "were a great and numerous family."

"I forget your arms."

"A huge human foot d'or, in a field azure; the foot crushes a serpent rampant whose fangs are embedded in the heel."

"And the motto?"

"*Nemo me impune lacessit.*"

"Good!" he said.

The wine sparkled in his eyes and the bells jingled. My own fancy grew warm with the Medoc. We had passed through long walls of piled skeletons, with casks and puncheons intermingling, into the inmost recesses of catacombs. I paused again, and this time I made bold to seize Fortunato by an arm above the elbow.

"The niter!" I said; "see, it increases. It hangs like moss upon the vaults. We are below the river's bed. The drops of moisture trickle among the bones. Come, we will go back ere it is too late. Your cough —"

"It is nothing," he said; "let us go on. But first, another draught of the Medoc."

I broke and reached him a flagon of De Grâve. He emptied it at a breath. His eyes flashed with a fierce light. He laughed and threw the bottle upwards with a gesticulation I did not understand.

I looked at him in surprise. He repeated the movement — a grotesque one.

"You do not comprehend?" he said.

"Not I," I replied.

"Then you are not of the brotherhood."

"How?"

"You are not of the masons."

"Yes, yes," I said; "yes, yes."

"You? Impossible! A mason?"

"A mason," I replied.

"A sign," he said, "a sign."

"It is this," I answered, producing from beneath the folds of my *roquelaure* a trowel.

"You jest," he exclaimed, recoiling a few paces. "But let us proceed to the Amontillado."

"Be it so," I said, replacing the tool beneath the cloak and again offering my arm. He leaned upon it heavily. We continued our route in search of the Amontillado. We passed through a range of low arches, descended, passed on, and descending again, arrived at a deep crypt, in which the foulness of the air caused our flambeaux rather to glow than flame.

At the most remote end of the crypt there appeared another less spacious. Its walls had been lined with human remains, piled to the vault overhead, in the fashion of the great catacombs of Paris. Three sides of this interior crypt were still ornamented in this manner. From the fourth side the bones had been thrown down, and lay promiscuously upon the earth, forming at one point a mound of some size. Within the wall thus exposed by the displacing of the bones we perceived a still interior crypt or recess, in depth about four feet, in width three, in height six or seven. It seemed to have been constructed for no special use within itself, but formed merely the interval between two of the colossal supports of the roof of the catacombs, and was backed by one of their circumscribing walls of solid granite.

It was in vain that Fortunato, uplifting his dull torch, endeavored to pry into the depth of the recess. Its termination the feeble light did not enable us to see.

"Proceed," I said; "herein is the Amontillado. As for Luchresi —"

"He is an ignoramus," interrupted my friend, as he stepped unsteadily forward, while I followed immediately at his heels. In an instant he had reached the extremity of the niche, and

finding his progress arrested by the rock, stood stupidly bewildered. A moment more and I had fettered him to the granite. In its surface were two iron staples, distant from each other about two feet, horizontally. From one of these depended a short chain, from the other a padlock. Throwing the links about his waist, it was but the work of a few seconds to secure it. He was too much astounded to resist. Withdrawing the key, I stepped back from the recess.

"Pass your hand," I said, "over the wall; you cannot help feeling the niter. Indeed, it is *very* damp. Once more let me *implore* you to return. No? Then I must positively leave you. But I must first render you all the little attentions in my power."

"The Amontillado!" ejaculated my friend, not yet recovered from his astonishment.

"True," I replied; "the Amontillado."

As I said these words I busied myself among the pile of bones of which I have before spoken. Throwing them aside, I soon uncovered a quantity of building stone and mortar. With these materials and with the aid of my trowel, I began vigorously to wall up the entrance of the niche.

I had scarcely laid the first tier of the masonry when I discovered that the intoxication of Fortunato had in a great measure worn off. The earliest indication I had of this was a low moaning cry from the depth of the recess. It was *not* the cry of a drunken man. There was then a long and obstinate silence. I laid the second tier, and the third, and the fourth; and then I heard the furious vibrations of the chain. The noise lasted for several minutes, during which, that I might hearken to it with the more satisfaction, I ceased my labors and sat down upon the bones. When at last the clanking subsided, I resumed the trowel, and finished without interruption the fifth, the sixth, and the seventh tier. The wall was now nearly upon a level with my breast. I again paused, and holding the flambeaux over the mason work, threw a few feeble rays upon the figure within.

A succession of loud and shrill screams, bursting suddenly from the throat of the chained form, seemed to thrust me violently back. For a brief moment I hesitated, I trembled.

Unsheathing my rapier, I began to grope with it about the recess; but the thought of an instant reassured me. I placed my hand upon the solid fabric of the catacombs, and felt satisfied. I reapproached the wall; I replied to the yells of him who clamored. I reëchoed, I aided, I surpassed them in volume and in strength. I did this, and the clamorer grew still.

It was now midnight, and my task was drawing to a close. I had completed the eighth, the ninth, and the tenth tier. I had finished a portion of the last and the eleventh; there remained but a single stone to be fitted and plastered in. I struggled with its weight; I placed it partially in its destined position. But now there came from out the niche a low laugh that erected the hairs upon my head. It was succeeded by a sad voice, which I had difficulty in recognizing as that of the noble Fortunato. The voice said: —

"Ha! ha! ha! — he! he! he! — a very good joke, indeed — an excellent jest. We shall have many a rich laugh about it at the palazzo — he! he! he! — over our wine — he! he! he!"

"The Amontillado!" I said.

"He! he! he! — he! he! he! — yes, the Amontillado. But is it not getting late? Will not they be awaiting us at the palazzo, the Lady Fortunato and the rest? Let us be gone."

"Yes," I said, "let us be gone."

"*For the love of God, Montresor!*"

"Yes," I said, "for the love of God!"

But to these words I hearkened in vain for a reply. I grew impatient. I called aloud: —

"Fortunato!"

No answer. I called again: —

"Fortunato!"

No answer still. I thrust a torch through the remaining aperture and let it fall within. There came forth in return only a jingling of the bells. My heart grew sick; it was the dampness of the catacombs that made it so. I hastened to make an end of my labor. I forced the last stone into its position; I plastered it up. Against the new masonry I reërected the old rampart of bones. For the half of a century no mortal has disturbed them. *In pace requiescat!*

THE RAVEN

ONCE upon a midnight dreary, while I pondered, weak and weary,
Over many a quaint and curious volume of forgotten lore, —
While I nodded, nearly napping, suddenly there came a tapping,
As of some one gently rapping, — rapping at my chamber door.
"'Tis some visitor," I muttered, "tapping at my chamber door,—
Only this, and nothing more."

Ah, distinctly I remember it was in the bleak December,
And each separate dying ember wrought its ghost upon the floor.
Eagerly I wished the morrow; vainly I had sought to borrow
From my books surcease of sorrow, — sorrow for the lost Lenore, —
For the rare and radiant maiden whom the angels name Lenore, —
Nameless here for evermore.

And the silken sad uncertain rustling of each purple curtain
Thrilled me — filled me — with fantastic terrors never felt before;
So that now, to still the beating of my heart, I stood repeating,
"'Tis some visitor entreating entrance at my chamber door, —
Some late visitor entreating entrance at my chamber door.
This it is, and nothing more."

Presently my soul grew stronger: hesitating then no longer,
"Sir," said I, "or Madam, truly your forgiveness I implore:
But the fact is I was napping, and so gently you came rapping,
And so faintly you came tapping, tapping at my chamber door,
That I scarce was sure I heard you." Here I opened wide the door.
Darkness there, and nothing more.

Deep into that darkness peering, long I stood there, wondering, fearing,
Doubting, dreaming dreams no mortal ever dared to dream before.

But the silence was unbroken, and the stillness gave no token,
And the only word there spoken was the whispered word,
"Lenore!"
This I whispered, and an echo murmured back the word,
"Lenore!"
Merely this, and nothing more.

Back into the chamber turning, all my soul within me burning,
Soon again I heard a tapping, something louder than before.
"Surely," said I, "surely that is something at my window lattice:
Let me see, then, what thereat is, and this mystery explore, —
Let my heart be still a moment, and this mystery explore:
'Tis the wind, and nothing more."

Open here I flung the shutter, when, with many a flirt and flutter
In there stepped a stately Raven of the saintly days of yore.
Not the least obeisance made he, — not a minute stopped or stayed he,
But, with mien of lord or lady, perched above my chamber door, —
Perched upon a bust of Pallas just above my chamber door, —
Perched, and sat, and nothing more.

Then this ebon bird beguiling my sad fancy into smiling,
By the grave and stern decorum of the countenance it wore,
"Though thy crest be shorn and shaven, thou," I said, "art sure no craven,
Ghastly, grim, and ancient Raven, wandering from the Nightly shore.
Tell me what thy lordly name is on the Night's Plutonian shore!"
Quoth the Raven, "Nevermore."

Much I marveled this ungainly fowl to hear discourse so plainly,
Though its answer little meaning — little relevancy bore;
For we cannot help agreeing that no living human being
Ever yet was blessed with seeing bird above his chamber door, —

Bird or beast upon the sculptured bust above his chamber door,
With such name as "Nevermore."

But the Raven, sitting lonely on that placid bust, spoke only
That one word, as if his soul in that one word he did outpour.
Nothing further then he uttered; not a feather then he fluttered, —
Till I scarcely more than muttered, "Other friends have flown before!
On the morrow *he* will leave me, as my Hopes have flown before!"
Then the bird said "Nevermore."

Startled at the stillness broken by reply so aptly spoken,
"Doubtless," said I, "what it utters is its only stock and store,
Caught from some unhappy master whom unmerciful Disaster
Followed fast and followed faster till his songs one burden bore, —
Till the dirges of his Hope that melancholy burden bore
Of 'Never, — nevermore!'"

But the Raven still beguiling all my sad soul into smiling,
Straight I wheeled a cushioned seat in front of bird and bust and door;
Then, upon the velvet sinking, I betook myself to linking
Fancy unto fancy, thinking what this ominous bird of yore —
What this grim, ungainly, ghastly, gaunt, and ominous bird of yore
Meant in croaking "Nevermore."

This I sat engaged in guessing, but no syllable expressing
To the fowl whose fiery eyes now burned into my bosom's core:
This and more I sat divining, with my head at ease reclining
On the cushion's velvet lining that the lamplight gloated o'er,
But whose velvet violet lining, with the lamplight gloating o'er,
She shall press, ah, nevermore!

Then, methought, the air grew denser, perfumed from an unseen censer
Swung by Seraphim whose footfalls tinkled on the tufted floor.

"Wretch!" I cried, "thy God hath lent thee — by these angels
He hath sent thee
Respite — respite and nepenthe from thy memories of Lenore!
Quaff, oh, quaff this kind nepenthe, and forget the lost Lenore!"
Quoth the Raven, "Nevermore."

"Prophet!" cried I, "thing of evil! — prophet still, if bird, or devil! —
Whether Tempter sent, or whether tempest tossed thee here ashore,
Desolate yet all undaunted, on this desert land enchanted —
On this Home by horror haunted — tell me truly, I implore —
Is there — *is* there balm in Gilead? Tell me! — tell me, I implore!"
Quoth the Raven, "Nevermore."

"Prophet!" cried I, "thing of evil! — prophet still, if bird or devil! —
By that Heaven that bends above us — by that God we both adore! —
Tell this soul with sorrow laden, if, within the distant Aiden,
It shall clasp a sainted maiden whom the angels name Lenore, —
Clasp a rare and radiant maiden whom the angels name Lenore."
Quoth the Raven, "Nevermore."

"Be that word our sign of parting, bird or fiend!" I shrieked, upstarting.
"Get thee back into the tempest and the Night's Plutonian shore!
Leave no black plume as a token of that lie thy soul hath spoken!
Leave my loneliness unbroken! — quit the bust above my door!
Take thy beak from out my heart, and take thy form from off my door!"
Quoth the Raven, "Nevermore."

And the Raven, never flitting, still is sitting, still is sitting
On the pallid bust of Pallas, just above my chamber door;
And his eyes have all the seeming of a demon's that is dreaming,
And the lamplight o'er him streaming throws his shadow on the floor;
And my soul from out that shadow that lies floating on the floor
Shall be lifted — nevermore!

THE BELLS

HEAR the sledges with the bells, —
Silver bells!
What a world of merriment their melody foretells.
How they tinkle, tinkle, tinkle,
In the icy air of night!
While the stars that oversprinkle
All the heavens, seem to twinkle
With a crystalline delight;
Keeping time, time, time,
In a sort of Runic rime,
To the tintinnabulation that so musically wells
From the bells, bells, bells, bells,
Bells, bells, bells, —
From the jingling and the tinkling of the bells.

Hear the mellow wedding bells, —
Golden bells!
What a world of happiness their harmony foretells!
Through the balmy air of night
How they ring out their delight!
From the molten golden notes,
And all in tune,
What a liquid ditty floats
To the turtle-dove that listens, while she gloats
On the moon!
Oh, from out the sounding cells,
What a gush of euphony voluminously wells!
How it swells!
How it dwells
On the Future! How it tells
Of the rapture that impels
To the swinging and the ringing
Of the bells, bells, bells,
Of the bells, bells, bells, bells,
Bells, bells, bells, —
To the riming and the chiming of the bells!

Hear the loud alarum bells, —
Brazen bells!
What a tale of terror, now, their turbulency tells!
In the startled ear of night
How they scream out their affright!
Too much horrified to speak,
They can only shriek, shriek, shriek,
Out of tune,
In a clamorous appealing to the mercy of the fire,
In a mad expostulation with the deaf and frantic fire,
Leaping higher, higher, higher,
With a desperate desire,
And a resolute endeavor
Now — now to sit, or never,
By the side of the pale-faced moon.
Oh, the bells, bells, bells!
What a tale their terror tells
Of Despair!
How they clang, and clash, and roar!
What a horror they outpour
On the bosom of the palpitating air!
Yet the ear it fully knows,
By the twanging,
And the clanging,
How the danger ebbs and flows;
Yet the ear distinctly tells,
In the jangling,
And the wrangling,
How the danger sinks and swells,
By the sinking or the swelling in the anger of the bells;
Of the bells, —
Of the bells, bells, bells, bells,
Bells, bells, bells, —
In the clamor and the clangor of the bells.

Hear the tolling of the bells, —
Iron bells!
What a world of solemn thought their monody compels!
In the silence of the night,

How we shiver with affright
At the melancholy menace of their tone!
For every sound that floats
From the rust within their throats
Is a groan.
And the people — ah, the people —
They that dwell up in the steeple,
All alone,
And who tolling, tolling, tolling,
In that muffled monotone,
Feel a glory in so rolling
On the human heart a stone:
They are neither man nor woman, —
They are neither brute nor human, —
They are Ghouls;
And their king it is who tolls, —
And he rolls, rolls, rolls,
Rolls a pæan from the bells!
And his merry bosom swells
With the pæan of the bells,
And he dances, and he yells;
Keeping time, time, time,
In a sort of Runic rime,
To the pæan of the bells, —
Of the bells:
Keeping time, time, time,
In a sort of Runic rime,
To the throbbing of the bells, —
Of the bells, bells, bells, —
To the sobbing of the bells;
Keeping time, time, time,
As he knells, knells, knells,
In a happy Runic rime,
To the rolling of the bells, —
Of the bells, bells, bells, —
To the tolling of the bells,
Of the bells, bells, bells, bells, —
Bells, bells, bells, —
To the moaning and the groaning of the bells.

ANNABEL LEE

It was many and many a year ago,
In a kingdom by the sea,
That a maiden there lived whom you may know,
By the name of Annabel Lee;
And this maiden she lived with no other thought
Than to love and be loved by me.

I was a child and *she* was a child,
In this kingdom by the sea:
But we loved with a love that was more than love, —
I and my Annabel Lee;
With a love that the wingèd seraphs of heaven
Coveted her and me.
And this was the reason that, long ago,
In this kingdom by the sea,
A wind blew out of a cloud, chilling
My beautiful Annabel Lee;
So that her high-born kinsmen came
And bore her away from me,
To shut her up in a sepulcher
In this kingdom by the sea.

The angels, not half so happy in heaven,
Went envying her and me, —
Yes! — that was the reason (as all men know,
In this kingdom by the sea)
That the wind came out of the cloud by night,
Chilling and killing my Annabel Lee.

But our love it was stronger by far than the love
Of those who were older than we, —
Of many far wiser than we;
And neither the angels in heaven above,
Nor the demons down under the sea,
Can ever dissever my soul from the soul
Of the beautiful Annabel Lee:
For the moon never beams, without bringing me dreams

Of the beautiful Annabel Lee;
And the stars never rise, but I feel the bright eyes
Of the beautiful Annabel Lee;
And so, all the night tide, I lie down by the side
Of my darling — my darling — my life and my bride,
In the sepulcher there by the sea,
In her tomb by the sounding sea.

TO HELEN

Helen, thy beauty is to me
Like those Nicean barks of yore,
That gently, o'er a perfumed sea,
The weary, wayworn wanderer bore
To his own native shore.

On desperate seas long wont to roam,
Thy hyacinth hair, thy classic face,
Thy Naiad airs have brought me home
To the glory that was Greece,
And the grandeur that was Rome.

Lo! in yon brilliant window niche,
How statue-like I see thee stand,
The agate lamp within thy hand!
Ah, Psyche, from the regions which
Are Holy Land!

THE VALLEY OF UNREST

Once it smiled a silent dell
Where the people did not dwell;
They had gone unto the wars,
Trusting to the mild-eyed stars
Nightly, from their azure towers,
To keep watch above the flowers,
In the midst of which all day
The red sunlight lazily lay.
Now each visitor shall confess

The sad valley's restlessness.
Nothing there is motionless —
Nothing save the airs that brood
Over the magic solitude.
Ah, by no wind are stirred those trees
That palpitate like the chill seas
Around the misty Hebrides!
Ah, by no wind those clouds are driven
That rustle through the unquiet Heaven
Unceasingly, from morn till even,
Over the violets there that lie
In myriad types of the human eye —
Over the lilies there that wave
And weep above a nameless grave!
They wave: — from out their fragrant tops
Eternal dews come down in drops.
They weep: — from off their delicate stems
Perennial tears descend in gems.

MARCO POLO

Marco Polo. Born in Venice, 1254; died there, 1324. The prince of medieval travelers. He explored unknown lands, as Columbus sailed upon unknown seas. On returning from his then unparalleled travels in Mongolia, India, and China, he was taken prisoner by the Genoese, and languished in captivity a year or more. It was while thus a prisoner that he dictated to a friend the precious record of his voyages and adventures, which no doubt subsequently had its influence on the mind of the future discoverer of America.

(From the "Travels")

OF THE GREAT AND ADMIRABLE PALACE OF THE GRAND KHAN, NEAR TO THE CITY OF KANBALU

The grand khan usually resides during three months of the year, namely, December, January, and February, in the great city of Kanbalu, situated towards the northeastern extremity

of the province of Cathay; and here, on the southern side of the new city, is the site of his vast palace, the form and dimensions of which are as follows. In the first place is a square inclosed with a wall and deep ditch; each side of the square being eight miles in length, and having at an equal distance from each extremity an entrance gate, for the concourse of people resorting thither from all quarters. Within this inclosure there is, on the four sides, an open space one mile in breadth, where the troops are stationed; and this is bounded by a second wall, inclosing a square of six miles, having three gates on the south side, and three on the north, the middle portal of each being larger than the other two, and always kept shut, excepting on the occasions of the emperor's entrance or departure. Those on each side always remain open for the use of common passengers. In the middle of each division of these walls is a handsome and spacious building, and consequently within the inclosure there are eight such buildings, in which are deposited the royal military stores; one building being appropriated to the reception of each class of stores. Thus, for instance, the bridles, saddles, stirrups, and other furniture serving for the equipment of cavalry, occupy one storehouse; the bows, strings, quivers, arrows, and other articles belonging to archery, occupy another; cuirasses, corselets, and other armor formed of leather, a third storehouse; and so of the rest. Within this walled inclosure there is still another, of great thickness, and its height is full twenty-five feet. The battlements or crenated parapets are all white. This also forms a square four miles in extent, each side being one mile, and it has six gates, disposed like those of the former inclosure. It contains in like manner eight large buildings, similarly arranged, which are appropriated to the wardrobe of the emperor. The spaces between the one wall and the other are ornamented with many handsome trees, and contain meadows in which are kept various kinds of beasts, such as stags, the animals that yield the musk, roebucks, fallow-deer, and others of the same class. Every interval between the walls, not occupied by buildings, is stocked in this manner. The pastures have abundant herbage. The roads across them being raised three feet above their level, and paved, no mud

collects upon them, nor rain-water settles, but on the contrary runs off, and contributes to improve the vegetation. Within these walls, which constitute the boundary of four miles, stands the palace of the grand khan, the most extensive that has ever yet been known. It reaches from the northern to the southern wall, leaving only a vacant space (or court), where persons of rank and the military guards pass and repass. It has no upper floor, but the roof is very lofty. The paved foundation or platform on which it stands is raised ten spans above the level of the ground, and a wall of marble, two paces wide, is built on all sides, to the level of this pavement, within the line of which the palace is erected; so that the wall, extending beyond the ground plan of the building, and encompassing the whole, serves as a terrace, where those who walk on it are visible from without. Along the exterior edge of the wall is a handsome balustrade, with pillars, which the people are allowed to approach. The sides of the great halls and the apartments are ornamented with dragons in carved work and gilt, figures of warriors, of birds, and of beasts, with representations of battles. The inside of the roof is contrived in such a manner that nothing besides gilding and painting presents itself to the eye. On each of the four sides of the palace there is a grand flight of marble steps, by which you ascend from the level of the ground to the wall of marble which surrounds the building, and which constitute the approach to the palace itself. The grand hall is extremely long and wide, and admits of dinners being there served to great multitudes of people. The palace contains a number of separate chambers, all highly beautiful, and so admirably disposed that it seems impossible to suggest any improvement to the system of their arrangement. The exterior of the roof is adorned with a variety of colors, red, green, azure, and violet, and the sort of covering is so strong as to last for many years. The glazing of the windows is so well wrought and so delicate as to have the transparency of crystal. In the rear of the body of the palace there are large buildings containing several apartments, where is deposited the private property of the monarch, or his treasure in gold and silver bullion, precious stones, and pearls, and also his vessels of gold and silver plate.

Here are likewise the apartments of his wives and concubines; and in this retired situation he despatches business with convenience, being free from every kind of interruption. On the other side of the grand palace, and opposite to that in which the emperor resides, is another palace, in every respect similar, appropriated to the residence of Chingis, his eldest son, at whose court are observed all the ceremonials belonging to that of his father, as the prince who is to succeed to the government of the empire. Not far from the palace, on the northern side, and about a bow-shot distance from the surrounding wall, is an artificial mount of earth, the height of which is full a hundred paces, and the circuit at the base about a mile. It is clothed with the most beautiful evergreen trees; for whenever his majesty receives information of a handsome tree growing in any place, he causes it to be dug up, with all its roots and the earth about them, and however large and heavy it may be, he has it transported by means of elephants to this mount, and adds it to the verdant collection. From this perpetual verdure it has acquired the appellation of the Green Mount. On its summit is erected an ornamental pavilion, which is likewise entirely green. The view of this altogether, — the mount itself, the trees, and the building, form a delightful and at the same time a wonderful scene. In the northern quarter also, and equally within the precincts of the city, there is a large and deep excavation, judiciously formed, the earth from which supplied the material for raising the mount. It is furnished with water by a small rivulet, and has the appearance of a fish-pond, but its use is for watering the cattle. The stream passing from thence along an aqueduct, at the foot of the Green Mount, proceeds to fill another great and very deep excavation formed between the private palace of the emperor and that of his son Chingis; and the earth from hence equally served to increase the elevation of the mount. In this latter basin there is great store and variety of fish, from which the table of his majesty is supplied with any quantity that may be wanted. The stream discharges itself at the opposite extremity of the piece of water, and precautions are taken to prevent the escape of the fish by placing gratings of copper or iron at the places of its entrance and exit. It is stocked also

with swans and other aquatic birds. From the one palace to the other there is a communication by means of a bridge thrown across the water. Such is the description of this great palace. We shall now speak of the situation and circumstances of the city of Taidu.

OF THE KIND OF PAPER MONEY ISSUED BY THE GRAND KHAN, AND MADE TO PASS CURRENT THROUGHOUT HIS DOMINIONS

In this city of Kanbalu is the mint of the grand khan, who may truly be said to possess the secret of the alchemists, as he has the art of producing money by the following process. He causes the bark to be stripped from those mulberry-trees the leaves of which are used for feeding silkworms, and takes from it that thin inner rind which lies between the coarser bark and the wood of the tree. This being steeped, and afterwards pounded in a mortar, until reduced to a pulp, is made into paper, resembling (in substance) that which is manufactured from cotton, but quite black. When ready for use, he has it cut into pieces of money of different sizes, nearly square, but somewhat longer than they are wide. Of these, the smallest pass for a *denier tournois;* the next size for a Venetian silver groat; others for two, five, and ten groats; others for one, two, three, and as far as ten besants of gold. The coinage of this paper money is authenticated with as much form and ceremony as if it were actually of pure gold or silver; for to each note a number of officers, specially appointed, not only subscribe their names, but affix their signets also; and when this has been regularly done by the whole of them, the principal officer, deputed by his majesty, having dipped into vermilion the royal seal committed to his custody, stamps with it the piece of paper, so that the form of the seal tinged with the vermilion remains impressed upon it, by which it receives full authenticity as current money, and the act of counterfeiting it is punished as a capital offense. When thus coined in large quantities, this paper currency is circulated in every part of the grand khan's dominions; nor dares any person, at the peril of his life, refuse to accept it in payment. All his subjects

receive it without hesitation, because, wherever their business may call them, they can dispose of it again in the purchase of merchandise they may have occasion for; such as pearls, jewels, gold, or silver. With it, in short, every article may be procured.

OF THE RELIEF AFFORDED BY THE GRAND KHAN TO ALL THE PROVINCES OF HIS EMPIRE, IN TIMES OF DEARTH OR MORTALITY OF CATTLE

The grand khan sends every year his commissioners to ascertain whether any of his subjects have suffered in their crops of corn from unfavorable weather, from storms of wind or violent rains, or by locusts, worms, or any other plague; and in such cases he not only refrains from exacting the usual tribute of that year, but furnishes them from his granaries with so much corn as is necessary for their subsistence, as well as for sowing their land. With this view, in times of great plenty, he causes large purchases to be made of such kinds of grain as are most serviceable to them, which is stored in granaries provided for the purpose in the several provinces, and managed with such care as to insure its keeping for three or four years without damage. It is his command, that these granaries be always kept full, in order to provide against times of scarcity; and when, in such seasons, he disposes of the grain for money, he requires for four measures no more than the purchaser would pay for one measure in the market. In like manner where there has been a mortality of cattle in any district, he makes good the loss to the sufferers from those belonging to himself, which he has received as his tenth of produce in other provinces. All his thoughts, indeed, are directed to the important object of assisting the people whom he governs, that they may be enabled to live by their labor and improve their substance. We must not omit to notice a peculiarity of the grand khan, that where an accident has happened by lightning to any herd of cattle, flock of sheep, or other domestic animals, whether the property of one of more persons, and however large the herd may be, he does not demand the tenth of the increase of such cattle during three years; and so also if a ship laden with merchandise has been struck by lightning,

he does not collect from her any custom or share of her cargo, considering the accident as an ill omen. God, he says, has shown himself to be displeased with the owner of the goods, and he is unwilling that property bearing the mark of divine wrath should enter his treasury.

OF THE TREES WHICH HE CAUSES TO BE PLANTED AT THE SIDES OF THE ROADS, AND OF THE ORDER IN WHICH THEY ARE KEPT

THERE is another regulation adopted by the grand khan, equally ornamental and useful. At both sides of the public roads he causes trees to be planted, of a kind that become large and tall, and being only two paces asunder, they serve (besides the advantage of their shade in summer) to point out the road (when the ground is covered with snow); which is of great assistance and affords much comfort to travelers. This is done along all the highroads, where the nature of the soil admits of plantation; but when the way lies through sandy deserts or over rocky mountains, where it is impossible to have trees, he orders stones to be placed and columns to be erected, as marks for guidance. He also appoints officers of rank, whose duty it is to see that all these are properly arranged and the roads constantly kept in good order. Besides the motives that have been assigned for these plantations, it may be added that the grand khan is the more disposed to make them, from the circumstance of his diviners and astrologers having declared that those who plant trees are rewarded with long life.

OF THE KIND OF WINE MADE IN THE PROVINCE OF CATHAY — AND OF THE STONES USED THERE FOR BURNING IN THE MANNER OF CHARCOAL

THE greater part of the inhabitants of the province of Cathay drink a sort of wine made from rice mixed with a variety of spices and drugs. This beverage, or wine, as it may be termed, is so good and well-flavored that they do not wish for better. It is clear, bright, and pleasant to the taste, and being (made) very hot, has the quality of inebriating sooner than any other.

Throughout this province there is found a sort of black stone, which they dig out of the mountains, where it runs in

veins. When lighted, it burns like charcoal, and retains the fire much better than wood; insomuch that it may be preserved during the night, and in the morning be found still burning. These stones do not flame, excepting a little when first lighted, but during their ignition give out a considerable heat. It is true there is no scarcity of wood in the country, but the multitude of inhabitants is so immense, and their stoves and baths, which they are continually heating, so numerous, that the quantity could not supply the demand; for there is no person who does not frequent the warm bath at least three times in the week, and during the winter daily, if it is in their power. Every man of rank or wealth has one in his house for his own use; and the stock of wood must soon prove inadequate to such consumption; whereas these stones may be had in the greatest abundance, and at a cheap rate.

ALEXANDER POPE

Alexander Pope. Born in London, May 21, 1688; died at Twickenham on the Thames, May 30, 1744. Author of "The Temple of Fame," "Epistle from Eloisa to Abelard," "The Dunciad," and the often quoted "Essay on Man."

His heroi-comical poem, the "Rape of the Lock," had the unusual distinction of reconciling two families of high social standing, that had been estranged by the theft of a lock of hair.

Notwithstanding Emerson's sarcasm that Pope's poetry is fit to put around frosted cake, it is certain that, in the development of poetry as an art among English-speaking people, Pope did good service by his excellent verse, admirable diction, refined imagination, and remarkable ease of style.

(From "The Rape of the Lock")

THE GAME OF CARDS

Close by those meads, forever crown'd with flowers,
Where Thames with pride surveys his rising towers,
There stands a structure of majestic frame,
Which from the neighboring Hampton takes its name;
Here Britain's statesmen oft the fall foredoom

Of foreign tyrants, and of nymphs at home;
Here thou, great Anna! whom three realms obey,
Dost sometimes counsel take — and sometimes tea.
  Hither the heroes and the nymphs resort,
To taste awhile the pleasures of a court;
In various talk the instructive hours they pass'd,
Who gave the ball, or paid the visit last;
One speaks the glory of the British queen,
And one describes a charming Indian screen;
A third interprets motions, looks, and eyes;
At every word a reputation dies.
Snuff, or the fan, supply each pause of chat,
With singing, laughing, ogling, and all that.
  Meanwhile, declining from the noon of day,
The sun obliquely shoots his burning ray;
The hungry judges soon the sentence sign,
And wretches hang that jurymen may dine;
The merchant from th' Exchange returns in peace
And the long labors of the toilet cease.
Belinda now, whom thirst of fame invites,
Burns to encounter two adventurous knights,
At ombre singly to decide their doom;
And swells her breast with conquests yet to come.
Straight the three bands prepare in arms to join,
Each band the number of the sacred Nine.
Soon as she spreads her hand, the aërial guard
Descend, and sit on each important card:
First Ariel perch'd upon a Matadore,
Then each according to the rank they bore:
For sylphs, yet mindful of their ancient race,
Are, as when women, wondrous fond of place.
  Behold, four kings, in majesty revered,
With hoary whiskers and a forky beard;
And four fair queens, whose hands sustain a flower,
The expressive emblem of their softer power;
Four knaves in garbs succinct, a trusty band,
Caps on their heads, and halberts in their hand;
And party-color'd troops, a shining train,
Drawn forth to combat on the velvet plain.

The skilful nymph reviews her force with care —
"Let spades be trumps!" she said, and trumps they were.
Now move to war her sable Matadores,
In show like leaders of the swarthy Moors.
Spadillio first, unconquerable lord!
Led off two captive trumps, and swept the board;
As many more Manillio forced to yield,
And marched a victor from the verdant field:
Him Basto follow'd; but his fate, more hard,
Gain'd but one trump and one plebeian card.
With his broad saber next, a chief in years,
The hoary majesty of Spades appears;
Puts forth one manly leg, to sight reveal'd;
The rest, his many-color'd robe conceal'd.
The rebel Knave, who dares his prince engage,
Proves the just victim of his royal rage.
Ev'n mighty Pam, that kings and queens o'erthrew,
And mow'd down armies in the fights of Lu;—
Sad chance of war! now destitute of aid,
Falls undistinguished by the victor Spade;
Thus far both armies to Belinda yield,
Now to the baron fate inclines the field,
His warlike Amazon her host invades,
The imperial consort of the crown of Spades.
The Clubs' black tyrant first her victim died,
Spite of his haughty mien and barbarous pride;
What boots the regal circle on his head,
His giant limbs, in state unwieldy spread;
That long behind he trails his pompous robe,
And of all monarchs only grasps the globe?
The baron now his Diamonds pours apace!
The embroider'd king, who shows but half his face,
And his refulgent queen, with powers combined,
Of broken troops, an easy conquest find.
Clubs, Diamonds, Hearts, in wild disorder seen,
With throngs promiscuous strew the level green.
Thus when dispersed a routed army runs,
Of Asia's troops, and Afric's sable sons,
With like confusion different nations fly,

Of various habit, and of various dye;
The pierc'd battalions disunited fall,
In heaps on heaps; one fate o'erwhelms them all.
The Knave of Diamonds tries his wily arts,
And wins (oh shameful chance!) the Queen of Hearts.
At this, the blood the virgin's cheek forsook,
A livid paleness spreads o'er all her look;
She sees, and trembles at th' approaching ill,
Just in the jaws of ruin, and Codille.
And now (as oft in some distemper'd state)
On one nice trick depends the general fate:
An ace of Hearts steps forth: the king unseen
Lurk'd in her hand, and mourn'd his captive queen:
He springs to vengeance with an eager pace,
And falls like thunder on the prostrate ace.
The nymph, exulting, fills with shouts the sky;
The walls, the woods, and long canals reply.
O thoughtless mortals! ever blind to fate,
Too soon dejected, and too soon elate,
Sudden these honors shall be snatch'd away,
And curs'd forever this victorious day.
For lo! the board with cups and spoons is crown'd,
The berries crackle, and the mill turns round;
On shining altars of Japan they raise
The silver lamp; the fiery spirits blaze;
From silver spouts the grateful liquors glide,
While China's earth receives the smoking tide:
At once they gratify their scent and taste,
And frequent cups prolong the rich repast.
Straight hover round the fair her airy band;
Some, as she sipp'd, the fuming liquor fann'd,
Some o'er her lap their careful plumes display'd,
Trembling, and conscious of the rich brocade.
Coffee (which makes the politician wise,
And see thro' all things with his half-shut eyes)
Sent up in vapors to the baron's brain
New stratagems, the radiant lock to gain.
Ah cease, rash youth! desist ere 'tis too late;
Fear the just gods, and think of Scylla's fate!

Chang'd to a bird, and sent to flit in air,
She dearly pays for Nisus' injur'd hair!
But when to mischief mortals bend their will,
How soon they find fit instruments of ill!
Just then, Clarissa drew with tempting grace
A two-edg'd weapon from her shining case;
So ladies, in romance, assist their knight,
Present the spear, and arm him for the fight.
He takes the gift with rev'rence, and extends
The little engine on his fingers' ends;
This just behind Belinda's neck he spread,
As o'er the fragrant steam she bends her head.
Swift to the lock a thousand sprites repair,
A thousand wings, by turns, blow back the hair;
And thrice they twitch'd the diamond in her ear;
Thrice she look'd back, and thrice the foe drew near.
Just in that instant, anxious Ariel sought
The close recesses of the virgin's thought
As on the nosegay in her breast reclin'd,
He watch'd the ideas rising in her mind,
Sudden he view'd, in spite of all her art,
An earthly lover lurking at her heart.
Amaz'd, confus'd, he found his pow'r expir'd!
Resign'd to fate, and with a sigh retired.
The peer now spreads the glitt'ring forfex wide,
T' inclose the lock; now joins it to divide.
E'en then, before the fatal engine clos'd,
A wretched sylph too fondly interpos'd:
Fate urg'd the shears, and cut the sylph in twain
(But airy substance soon unites again):
The meeting-points the sacred hair dissever
From the fair head, forever and forever!
Then flash'd the living lightning from her eyes,
And screams of horror rend th' affrighted skies.
Not louder shrieks to pitying heav'n are cast,
When husbands, or when lap-dogs, breathe their last;
Or when rich China vessels, fall'n from high,
In glitt'ring dust and painted fragments lie!
"Let wreaths of triumph now my temples twine,"

POPE'S VILLA, TWICKENHAM, ENGLAND

The victor cried: "the glorious prize is mine!
While fish in streams, or birds delight in air,
Or in a coach and six the British fair,
As long as Atalantis shall be read,
Or the small pillow grace a lady's bed,
While visits shall be paid on solemn days,
When num'rous wax-lights in bright order blaze,
While nymphs take treats, or assignations give,
So long my honor, name, and praise shall live!
What time would spare, from steel receives its date,
And monuments like men submit to fate!
Steel could the labor of the gods destroy,
And strike to dust the imperial tow'rs of Troy;
Steel could the works of mortal pride confound,
And hew triumphal arches to the ground.
What wonder then, fair nymph! thy hair should feel
The conqu'ring force of unresisted steel?"

(From "The Essay on Man")

Heav'n from all creatures hides the book of fate,
All but the page prescrib'd, their present state;
From brutes what men, from men what spirits know:
Or who could suffer being here below?
The lamb thy riot dooms to bleed to-day,
Had he thy reason, would he skip and play?
Pleas'd to the last he crops the flow'ry food,
And licks the hand just raised to shed his blood.
O blindness to the future! kindly giv'n,
That each may fill the circle mark'd by Heav'n:
Who sees with equal eye as God of all,
A hero perish, or a sparrow fall,
Atoms or systems into ruin hurl'd,
And now a bubble burst, and now a world.
Hope humbly then; with trembling pinions soar;
Wait the great teacher Death, and God adore.
What future bliss he gives not thee to know,
But gives that hope to be thy blessing now.
Hope springs eternal in the human breast;

Man never is, but always to be blest:
The soul uneasy and confin'd from home,
Rests and expatiates in a life to come.

Lo, the poor Indian! whose untutor'd mind
Sees God in clouds, or hears him in the wind;
His soul proud Science never taught to stray
Far as the solar walk or milky way;
Yet simple Nature to his hope has giv'n,
Behind the cloud-topp'd hill, a humbler heav'n;
Some safer world in depth of woods embrac'd,
Some happier island in the wat'ry waste,
Where slaves once more their native land behold,
No fiends torment, no Christians thirst for gold!
To be, contents his natural desire;
He asks no angel's wing, no seraph's fire:
But thinks, admitted to that equal sky,
His faithful dog shall bear him company.

Go wiser thou! and, in thy scale of sense
Weigh thy opinion against Providence:
Call imperfection what thou fanciest such,—
Say, here he gives too little, there too much!
Destroy all creatures for thy sport or gust,
Yet cry, if Man's unhappy, God's unjust;
If Man alone engross not Heav'n's high care,
Alone made perfect here, immortal there:
Snatch from his hand the balance and the rod,
Rejudge his justice, be the god of God.
In pride, in reas'ning pride, our error lies;
All quit their sphere and rush into the skies!
Pride still is aiming at the blest abodes,—
Men would be angels, angels would be gods.
Aspiring to be gods if angels fell,
Aspiring to be angels men rebel:
And who but wishes to invert the laws
Of Order, sins against th' Eternal Cause.

Ask for what end the heav'nly bodies shine,

Earth for whose use, Pride answers, "'Tis for mine!
For me kind Nature wakes her genial pow'r,
Suckles each herb and spreads out ev'ry flow'r;
Annual for me the grape, the rose renew,
The juice nectareous, and the balmy dew;
For me the mine a thousand treasures brings;
For me health gushes from a thousand springs;
Seas roll to waft me, suns to light me rise;
My footstool earth, my canopy the skies!"

But errs not Nature from this gracious end,
From burning suns when livid deaths descend,
When earthquakes swallow, or when tempests sweep
Towns to one grave, whole nations to the deep?
"No," 'tis replied, "the first Almighty Cause
Acts not by partial, but by gen'ral laws;
Th' exceptions few; some change since all began,
And what created perfect?"— Why then Man?

If the great end be human happiness,
Then Nature deviates; and can Man do less?
As much that end a constant course requires
Of show'rs and sunshine, as of Man's desires:
As much eternal springs and cloudless skies,
As men forever temperate, calm, and wise.
If plagues or earthquakes break not Heav'n's design,
Why then a Borgia, or a Catiline?
Who knows but He, whose hand the lightning forms,
Who heaves old Ocean, and who wings the storms;
Pours fierce ambition in a Cæsar's mind,
Or turns young Ammon loose to scourge mankind?
From pride, from pride our very reas'ning springs;
Account for moral, as for nat'ral things:
Why charge we Heav'n in those, in these acquit?
In both, to reason right, is to submit.
Better for us, perhaps, it might appear,
Were there all harmony, all virtue here;
That never air or ocean felt the wind;
That never passion discompos'd the mind.

But all subsists by elemental strife;
And passions are the elements of life.
The gen'ral Order since the whole began
Is kept in Nature, and is kept in Man.

What would this Man? now upward will he soar,
And little less than angel, would be more!
Now looking downward, just as griev'd appears
To want the strength of bulls, the fur of bears.
Made for his use all creatures if he call,
Say what their use had he the pow'rs of all?
Nature to these, without profusion kind,
The proper organs, proper pow'rs assign'd;
Each seeming want compensated of course,
Here with degrees of swiftness, there of force:
All in exact proportion to the state;
Nothing to add, and nothing to abate.
Each beast, each insect, happy in its own:
Is Heav'n unkind to Man, and Man alone?
Shall he alone, whom rational we call,
Be pleas'd with nothing, if not bless'd with all?
The bliss of Man (could Pride that blessing find)
Is not to think or act beyond mankind;
No pow'rs of body or of soul to share,
But what his nature and his state can bear.
Why has not Man a microscopic eye?
For this plain reason, Man is not a fly.
Say what the use were finer optics given?
T' inspect a mite, not comprehend the heav'n;
Or touch, if tremblingly alive all o'er,
To smart and agonize at ev'ry pore?
Or quick effluvia darting thro' the brain,
Die of a rose in aromatic pain?
If Nature thunder'd in his op'ning ears,
And stunn'd him with the music of the spheres,
How would he wish that Heav'n had left him still,
The whisp'ring zephyr, and the purling rill!
Who finds not Providence all good and wise,
Alike in what it gives, and what denies?

Far as creation's ample range extends,
The scale of sensual, mental pow'rs ascends:
Mark how it mounts to Man's imperial race,
From the green myriads in the peopled grass:
What modes of sight betwixt each wide extreme,
The mole's dim curtain, and the lynx's beam:
Of smell, the headlong lioness between,
And hound sagacious on the tainted green:
Of hearing, from the life that fills the flood,
To that which warbles thro' the vernal wood!
The spider's touch how exquisitely fine!
Feels at each thread and lives along the line:
In the nice bee, what sense so subtly true
From pois'nous herbs extracts the healing dew?
How instinct varies in the grov'ling swine,
Compared, half-reas'ning elephant, with thine;
'Twixt that and reason what a nice barrier!
Forever sep'rate, yet forever near!
Remembrance and reflection how allied,
What thin partitions sense from thought divide!
And middle natures, how they long to join,
Yet never pass th' insuperable line!
Without this just gradation could there be
Subjected these to those, or all to thee?
The pow'rs of all subdu'd by thee alone,
Is not thy reason all these pow'rs in one?

See, thro' this air, this ocean, and this earth,
All matter quick, and bursting into birth.
Above, how high progressive life may go!
Around, how wide! how deep extend below!
Vast chain of being! which from God began,
Natures ethereal, human, angel, man,
Beast, bird, fish, insect, what no eye can see,
No glass can reach — from infinite to thee,
From thee to nothing.— On superior pow'rs
Were we to press, inferior might on ours:
Or in the full creation leave a void,
Where, one step broken, the great scale's destroy'd:

From Nature's chain whatever link you strike,
Tenth or ten thousandth, breaks the chain alike.
And, if each system in gradation roll
Alike essential to th' amazing whole,
The least confusion but in one, not all
That system only, but the whole must fall.
Let earth unbalanc'd from her orbit fly,
Planets and suns run lawless thro' the sky;
Let ruling angels from their spheres be hurl'd,
Being on being wreck'd, and world on world;
Heav'n's whole foundations to their center nod,
And Nature trembles to the throne of God.
All this dread order break — for whom? for thee?
Vile worm! — oh madness! pride! impiety!

What if the foot, ordain'd the dust to tread,
Or hand, to toil, aspir'd to be the head?
What if the head, the eye, or ear repin'd
To serve mere engines to the ruling mind?
Just as absurd for any part to claim
To be another in this general frame:
Just as absurd to mourn the tasks or pains,
The great directing mind of all ordains.
All are but parts of one stupendous whole,
Whose body Nature is, and God the soul;
That, chang'd thro' all, and yet in all the same;
Great in the earth, as in th' ethereal frame;
Warms in the sun, refreshes in the breeze,
Glows in the stars, and blossoms in the trees,
Lives thro' all life, extends thro' all extent,
Spreads undivided, operates unspent;
Breathes in our soul, informs our mortal part,
As full, as perfect, in a hair as heart;
As full, as perfect, in vile Man that mourns,
As the rapt seraph that adores and burns:
To him no high, no low, no great, no small,
He fills, he bounds, connects, and equals all.

Cease then, nor Order Imperfection name:
Our proper bliss depends on what we blame.

Know thy own point: this kind, this due degree
Of blindness, weakness, Heav'n bestows on thee.
Submit.— In this, or any other sphere,
Secure to be as blest as thou canst bear:
Safe in the hand of one disposing Pow'r,
Or in the natal, or the mortal hour.
All Nature is but Art, unknown to thee;
All chance, direction, which thou canst not see,
All discord, harmony not understood,
All partial evil, universal good:
And, spite of pride, in erring reason's spite,
One truth is clear, whatever is, is right.

. . . . . .

Order is Heav'n's first law; and this confess'd
Some are, and must be, greater than the rest,
More rich, more wise; but who infers from hence
That such are happier, shocks all common sense.
Heav'n to mankind impartial we confess,
If all are equal in their happiness:
But mutual wants this happiness increase,
All Nature's difference keeps all Nature's peace.
Condition, circumstance is not the thing;
Bliss is the same in subject or in king,
In who obtain defense, or who defend,
In him who is, or him who finds a friend:
Heav'n breathes thro' ev'ry member of the whole
One common blessing, as one common soul.
But Fortune's gifts if each alike possess'd,
And each were equal, must not all contest?
If then to all men happiness was meant,
God in externals could not place content.
Fortune her gifts may variously dispose,
And these be happy call'd, unhappy those;
But Heav'n's just balance equal will appear,
While those are placed in hope, and these in fear:
Not present good or ill, the joy or curse;
But future views of better or of worse. . . .
The good must merit God's peculiar care;

But who but God can tell us who they are?
One thinks on Calvin Heav'n's own spirit fell;
Another deems him instrument of hell:
If Calvin feel Heav'n's blessing or its rod,
This cries there is, and that there is no God:
What shocks one part will edify the rest,
Nor with one system can they all be bless'd.
The very best will variously incline,
And what rewards your virtue punish mine.
"Whatever is, is right." — This world, 'tis true,
Was made for Cæsar, but for Titus too:
And which more bless'd? who chain'd his country? say
Or he whose virtue sigh'd to lose a day?
"But sometimes virtue starves, while vice is fed."
What then? Is the reward of virtue bread?
That vice may merit; 'tis the price of toil;
The knave deserves it, when he tills the soil;
The knave deserves it, when he tempts the main,
Where folly fights for kings, or dives for gain.
The good man may be weak, be indolent;
Nor is his claim to plenty, but content.
But grant him riches, your demand is o'er?
"No; shall the good want health, the good want power?
Add health, and power, and every earthly thing.
Why bounded power? why private? why no king?"
Nay, why external for internal given?
Why is not man a god, and earth a heaven? . . .
Honor and shame from no condition rise;
Act well your part, there all the honor lies.
Fortune in men has some small difference made,
One flaunts in rags, one flutters in brocade;
The cobbler apron'd and the parson gown'd,
The friar hooded, and the monarch crown'd.
"What differ more," you cry, "than crown and cowl?"
I'll tell you, friend! a wise man and a fool.
You'll find, if once the monarch acts the monk,
Or, cobbler-like, the parson will be drunk,
Worth makes the man, and want of it the fellow:
The rest is all but leather or prunella.

WINDSOR CASTLE; IN THIS VICINITY, POPE, AS A YOUTH, FOUND HIS FIRST INSPIRATION

Stuck o'er with titles, and, hung round with strings,
That thou may'st be by kings, or whores of kings,
Boast the pure blood of an illustrious race,
In quiet flow from Lucrece to Lucrece:
But by your father's worth if yours you rate,
Count me those only who were good and great.
Go! if your ancient, but ignoble, blood
Has crept thro' scoundrels ever since the flood,
Go! and pretend your family is young;
Nor own your fathers have been fools so long.
What can ennoble sots, or slaves, or cowards?
Alas! not all the blood of all the Howards.

Look next on greatness; say where greatness lies?
"Where, but among the heroes and the wise?"
Heroes are much the same, the point's agreed,
From Macedonia's madman to the Swede;
The whole strange purpose of their lives to find
Or make an enemy of all mankind!
Not one looks backward, onward still he goes,
Yet ne'er looks forward farther than his nose.
No less alike the politic and wise;
All sly, slow things, with circumspective eyes:
Men in their loose, unguarded hours they take;
Not that themselves are wise, but others weak.
But grant that those can conquer, these can cheat;
'Tis phrase absurd to call a villain great:
Who wickedly is wise, or madly brave,
Is but the more a fool, the more a knave.
Who noble ends by noble means obtains,
Or failing, smiles in exile or in chains,
Like good Aurelius let him reign, or bleed
Like Socrates, that man is great indeed.

What's fame? a fancied life in others' breath;
A thing beyond us, ev'n before our death.
Just what you hear, you have; and what's unknown
The same, my lord! if Tully's or your own.
All that we feel of it begins and ends
In the small circle of our foes or friends;
To all beside as much an empty shade

A Eugene living as a Cæsar dead:
Alike or when or where they shone or shine,
Or on the Rubicon, or on the Rhine.
A wit's a feather, and a chief a rod;
An honest man's the noblest work of God.
Fame but from death a villain's name can save,
As justice tears his body from the grave;
When what to oblivion better were resign'd,
Is hung on high, to poison half mankind.
All fame is foreign, but of true desert;
Plays round the head, but comes not to the heart.
One self-approving hour whole years outweighs
Of stupid starers and of loud huzzas;
And more true joy Marcellus exiled feels,
Than Cæsar with a senate at his heels. . . .
Know then this truth, enough for man to know, —
"Virtue alone is happiness below."
The only point where human bliss stands still,
And tastes the good without the fall to ill;
Where only merit constant pay receives,
Is bless'd in what it takes and what it gives;
The joy unequal'd if its end it gain;
And if it lose, attended with no pain:
Without satiety, though e'er so bless'd,
And but more relish'd as the more distress'd.

WILLIAM HICKLING PRESCOTT

William Hickling Prescott, one of the foremost of American historians. Born at Salem, Massachusetts, May 4, 1796; died in New York, January 28, 1859. Author of "History of Ferdinand and Isabella," "History of the Conquest of Mexico," "History of the Conquest of Peru," "History of the Reign of Philip II of Spain," "Biographical and Critical Miscellanies."

By a rare self-command and self-discipline, Prescott — practically blind —triumphed over incredible difficulties, and achieved distinction, lighting up obscure periods in the history of the western world. His style is brilliant, pictorial, and fascinating.

(From "The Conquest of Peru")

The Inca of Peru was its sovereign in a peculiar sense. He received an obedience from his vassals more implicit than that of any despot; for his authority reached to the most secret conduct — to the thoughts of the individual. He was reverenced as more than human. He was not merely the head of the state, but the point to which all its institutions converged, as to a common center — the keystone of the political fabric, which must fall to pieces by its own weight when that was withdrawn. So it fared on the death of Atahuallpa. His death not only left the throne vacant, without any certain successor, but the manner of it announced to the Peruvian people that a hand stronger than that of their Incas had now seized the scepter, and that the dynasty of the Children of the Sun had passed away forever.

The natural consequences of such a conviction followed. The beautiful order of the ancient institutions was broken up, as the authority which controlled it was withdrawn. The Indians broke out into greater excesses from the uncommon restraint to which they had been before subjected. Villages were burnt, temples and palaces were plundered, and the gold they contained was scattered or secreted. Gold and silver acquired an importance in the eyes of the Peruvian, when he saw the importance attached to them by his conquerors. The precious metals, which before served only for purpose of state or religious decoration, were now hoarded up and buried in caves and forests. The gold and silver concealed by the natives were affirmed greatly to exceed in quantity that which fell into the hands of the Spaniards. The remote provinces now shook off their allegiance to the Incas. Their great captains, at the head of distant armies, set up for themselves. Ruminavi, a commander on the borders of Quito, sought to detach that kingdom from the Peruvian empire, and to reassert its ancient independence. The country, in short, was in that state in which old things are passing away and the new order of things has not yet been established. It was in a state of revolution.

The authors of the revolution, Pizarro and his followers, remained meanwhile at Caxamalca. But the first step of the

Spanish commander was to name a successor to Atahuallpa. It would be easy to govern under the venerated authority to which the homage of the Indians had been so long paid; and it was not difficult to find a successor. The true heir to the crown was a second son of Huayna Capac, named Manco, a legitimate brother of the unfortunate Huascar. But Pizarro had too little knowledge of the dispositions of this prince; and he made no scruple to prefer a brother of Atahuallpa, and to present him to the Indian nobles as their future Inca. We know nothing of the character of the young Toparca, who probably resigned himself without reluctance to a destiny which, however humiliating in some points of view, was more exalted than he could have hoped to obtain in the regular course of events. The ceremonies attending a Peruvian coronation were observed, as well as time would allow; the brows of the young Inca were encircled with the imperial *borla* by the hands of his conqueror, and he received the homage of his Indian vassals. They were the less reluctant to pay it, as most of those in the camp belonged to the faction of Quito.

All thoughts were now eagerly turned toward Cuzco, of which the most glowing accounts were circulated among the soldiers, and whose temples and royal palaces were represented as blazing with gold and silver. With imaginations thus excited, Pizarro and his entire company, amounting to almost five hundred men, of whom nearly a third, probably, were cavalry, took their departure early in September from Caxamalca — a place ever memorable as the theater of some of the most strange and sanguinary scenes recorded in history. All set forward in high spirits — the soldiers of Pizarro from the expectation of doubling their present riches, and Almagro's followers from the prospect of sharing equally in the spoil with "the first conquerors." The young Inca and the old chief Challcuchima accompanied the march in their litters, attended by a numerous retinue of vassals, and moving in as much state and ceremony as if in the possession of real power.

Their course lay along the great road of the Incas, which stretched across the elevated regions of the Cordilleras, all the way to Cuzco. It was of nearly a uniform breadth, though constructed with different degrees of care, according to the

ground. Sometimes it crossed smooth and level valleys which offered of themselves little impediment to the traveler; at other times it followed the course of a mountain-stream that flowed round the base of some beetling cliff, leaving small space for the foothold; at others, again, where the sierra was so precipitous that it seemed to preclude all further progress, the road, accommodated to the natural sinuosities of the ground, wound round the heights which it would have been impossible to scale directly.

But, although managed with great address, it was a formidable passage for the cavalry. The mountain was hewn into steps, but the rocky ledges cut up the hoofs of the horses; and, though the troopers dismounted and led them by the bridle, they suffered severely in their efforts to keep their footing. The road was constructed for man and the light-footed llama; and the only heavy beast of burden at all suited to it was the sagacious and sure-footed mule, with which the Spanish adventurers were not then provided. It was a singular chance that Spain was the land of the mule; and thus the country was speedily supplied with the very animal which seems to have been created for the difficult passes of the Cordilleras.

Another obstacle, often occurring, was the deep torrents that rushed down in fury from the Andes. They were traversed by the hanging bridges of osier, whose frail materials were after a time broken up by the heavy tread of the cavalry, and the holes made in them added materially to the dangers of the passage. On such occasions the Spaniards contrived to work their way across the rivers on rafts, swimming their horses by the bridle.

All along the route they found post-houses for the accommodation of the royal couriers, established at regular intervals; and magazines of grain and other commodities, provided in the principal towns for the Indian armies. The Spaniards profited by the prudent forecast of the Peruvian Government.

Passing through several hamlets and towns of some note, the principal of which were Huamachuco and Huanuco, Pizarro, after a tedious march, came in sight of the rich valley of Xauxa. The march, though tedious, had been attended with little suffering, except in crossing the bristling crests of the Cordilleras,

which occasionally obstructed their path — a rough setting to the beautiful valleys that lay scattered like gems along this elevated region. In the mountain-passes they found some inconvenience from the cold; since, to move more quickly, they had disencumbered themselves of all superfluous baggage, and were even unprovided with tents. The bleak winds of the mountains penetrated the thick harness of the soldiers; but the poor Indians, more scantily clothed, and accustomed to a tropical climate, suffered more severely. The Spaniard seemed to have a hardihood of body, as of soul, that rendered him almost indifferent to climate.

On the march they had not been molested by enemies. But more than once they had seen vestiges of them in smoking hamlets and ruined bridges. Reports, from time to time, had reached Pizarro of warriors on his track; and small bodies of Indians were occasionally seen, like dusky clouds on the verge of the horizon, which vanished as the Spaniards approached. On reaching Xauxa, however, these clouds gathered into one dark mass of warriors, which formed on the opposite bank of the river that flowed through the valley.

The Spaniards advanced to the stream, which, swollen by the melting of the snows, was now of considerable width, though not deep. The bridge had been destroyed; but the conquerors, without hesitation, dashing boldly in, advanced, swimming and wading, as they best could, to the opposite bank. The Indians, disconcerted by this decided movement, as they had relied on their watery defenses, took to flight, after letting off an impotent volley of missiles. Fear gave wings to the fugitives; but the horse and his rider were swifter, and the victorious pursuers took bloody vengeance on their enemy for having dared even to meditate resistance.

Xauxa was a considerable town. It was the place already noticed as having been visited by Hernando Pizarro. It was seated in the midst of a verdant valley, fertilized by a thousand little rills, which the thrifty Indian husbandmen drew from the parent river that rolled sluggishly through the meadows. There were several capacious buildings of rough stone in the town, and a temple of some note in the times of the Incas. But the strong arm of Father Valverde and his countrymen

soon tumbled the heathen deities from their pride of place, and established, in their stead, the sacred effigies of the Virgin and Child.

Here Pizarro proposed to halt for some days, and to found a Spanish colony. It was a favorable position, he thought, for holding the Indian mountaineers in check, while at the same time it afforded an easy communication with the sea-coast. Meanwhile he determined to send forward De Soto, with a detachment of sixty horse, to reconnoiter the country in advance, and to restore the bridges where demolished by the enemy.

That active cavalier set forward at once, but found considerable impediments to his progress. The traces of an enemy became more frequent as he advanced. The villages were burnt, the bridges destroyed, and heavy rocks and trees strewed in the path to impede the march of the cavalry. As he drew near to Bilcas, once an important place, though now effaced from the map, he had a sharp encounter with the natives, in a mountain defile, which cost him the lives of two or three troopers. The loss was light; but any loss was felt by the Spaniards, so little accustomed as they had been of late to resistance.

Still pressing forward, the Spanish captain crossed the river Abancay and the broad waters of the Apurimac; and, as he drew near the sierra of Vilcaconga, he learned that a considerable body of Indians lay in wait for him in the dangerous passes of the mountains. The sierra was several leagues from Cuzco; and the cavalier, desirous to reach the farther side of it before nightfall, incautiously pushed on his wearied horses. When he was fairly entangled in its rocky defiles, a multitude of armed warriors, springing, as it seemed, from every cavern and thicket of the sierra, filled the air with their war-cries, and rushed down, like one of their own mountain-torrents, on the invaders, as they were painfully toiling up the steeps. Men and horses were overturned in the fury of the assault, and the foremost files, rolling back on those below, spread ruin and consternation in their ranks. De Soto in vain endeavored to restore order, and, if possible, to charge the assailants. The horses were blinded and maddened by the missiles, while the desperate natives, clinging to their legs, strove to prevent their ascent up the rocky pathway. De Soto saw that, unless he

gained a level ground which opened at some distance before him, all must be lost. Cheering on his men with the old battle-cry, that always went to the heart of a Spaniard, he struck his spurs deep into the sides of his wearied charger, and gallantly supported by his troop, broke through the dark array of warriors and, shaking them off to the right and left, at length succeeded in placing himself on the broad level.

Here both parties paused, as if by mutual consent, for a few moments. A little stream ran through the plain, at which the Spaniards watered their horses; and, the animals having recovered wind, De Soto and his men made a desperate charge on their assailants. The undaunted Indians sustained the shock with firmness; and the result of the combat was still doubtful when the shades of evening, falling thicker around them, separated the combatants.

Both parties then withdrew from the field, taking up their respective stations within bow-shot of each other, so that the voices of the warriors on either side could be distinctly heard in the stillness of the night. But very different were the reflections of the two hosts. The Indians, exulting in their temporary triumph, looked with confidence to the morrow to complete it. The Spaniards, on the other hand, were proportionably discouraged. They were not prepared for this spirit of resistance in an enemy hitherto so tame. Several cavaliers had fallen — one of them by a blow from a Peruvian battle-ax, which clove his head to the chin, attesting the power of the weapon and of the arm that used it. Several horses, too, had been killed; and the loss of these was almost as severely felt as that of their riders, considering the great cost and difficulty of transporting them to these distant regions. Few either of the men or horses had escaped without wounds, and the Indian allies had suffered still more severely.

It seemed probable, from the pertinacity and a certain order maintained in the assault, that it was directed by some leader of military experience — perhaps the Indian commander Quizquiz, who was said to be hanging round the environs of Cuzco with a considerable force.

Notwithstanding the reasonable cause of apprehension for the morrow, De Soto, like a stout-hearted cavalier as he was,

strove to keep up the spirits of his followers. If they had beaten off the enemy when their horses were jaded and their own strength nearly exhausted, how much ea er it would be to come off victorious when both were restored by a night's rest! and he told them to "trust in the Almighty, who would never desert his faithful followers in their extremity." The event justified De Soto's confidence in this seasonable succor.

From time to time, on his march, he had sent advices to Pizarro of the menacing state of the country, till his commander, becoming seriously alarmed, was apprehensive that the cavalier might be overpowered by the superior numbers of the enemy. He accordingly detached Almagro, with nearly all the remaining horse, to his support — unencumbered by infantry, that he might move the faster. That efficient leader advanced by forced marches, stimulated by the tidings which met him on the road, and was so fortunate as to reach the foot of the sierra of Vilcaconga the very night of the engagement.

There, hearing of the encounter, he pushed forward without halting, though his horses were spent with travel. The night was exceedingly dark, and Almagro, afraid of stumbling on the enemy's bivouac, and desirous to give De Soto information of his approach, commanded his trumpets to sound, till the notes, winding through the defiles of the mountains, broke the slumbers of his countrymen, sounding like blithest music in their ears. They quickly replied with their own bugles, and soon had the satisfaction to embrace their deliverers.

Great was the dismay of the Peruvian host when the morning light discovered the fresh reinforcement of the ranks of the Spaniards. There was no use in contending with an enemy who gathered strength from the conflict, and who seemed to multiply his numbers at will. Without further attempt to renew the fight, they availed themselves of a thick fog, which hung over the lower slopes of the hills, to effect their retreat, and left the passes open to the invaders. The two cavaliers then continued their march until they extricated their forces from the sierra, when, taking up a secure position, they proposed to await there the arrival of Pizarro.

The commander-in-chief, meanwhile, lay at Xauxa, where he was greatly disturbed by the rumors which reached him of

the state of the country. His enterprise, thus far, had gone forward so smoothly that he was no better prepared than his lieutenant to meet with resistance from the natives. He did not seem to comprehend that the mildest nature might at last be roused by oppression, and that the massacre of their Inca, whom they regarded with such awful veneration, would be likely, if anything could do it, to wake them from their apathy.

The tidings which he now received of the retreat of the Peruvians were most welcome; and he caused mass to be said, and thanksgivings to be offered up to Heaven, "which had shown itself thus favorable to the Christians throughout this mighty enterprise." The Spaniard was ever a crusader. He was in the sixteenth century what Cœur-de-Lion and his brave knights were in the twelfth, with this difference: the cavalier of that day fought for the Cross and for glory, while gold and the Cross were the watchwords of the Spaniard. The spirit of chivalry had waned somewhat before the spirit of trade; but the fire of religious enthusiasm still burned as bright under the quilted mail of the American conqueror as it did of yore under the iron panoply of the soldier of Palestine.

It seemed probable that some man of authority had organized, or at least countenanced, this resistance of the natives; and suspicion fell on the captive chief Challcuchima, who was accused of maintaining a secret correspondence with his confederate Quizquiz. Pizarro waited on the Indian noble, and, charging him with the conspiracy, reproached him, as he had formerly done his royal master, with ingratitude toward the Spaniards, who had dealt with him so liberally. He concluded by the assurance that, if he did not cause the Peruvians to lay down their arms and tender their submission at once, he should be burnt alive so soon as they reached Almagro's quarters.

The Indian chief listened to the terrible menace with the utmost composure. He denied having had any communication with his countrymen, and said that, in his present state of confinement at least, he could have no power to bring them to submission. He then remained doggedly silent, and Pizarro did not press the matter further. But he placed a strong guard over his prisoner, and caused him to be put in irons.

It was an ominous proceeding, and had been the precursor of the death of Atahuallpa.

Before quitting Xauxa, a misfortune befell the Spaniards, in the death of their creature, the young Inca Toparca. Suspicion, of course, fell on Challcuchima, now selected as the scapegoat for all the offenses of his nation. It was a disappointment to Pizarro, who hoped to find a convenient shelter for his future proceedings under this shadow of royalty.

The general considered it most prudent not to hazard the loss of his treasures by taking them on the march, and he accordingly left them at Xauxa, under a guard of forty soldiers, who remained there in garrison. No event of importance occurred on the road, and, Pizarro having effected a junction with Almagro, their united forces soon entered the vale of Xaquixaguana, about five leagues from Cuzco. This was one of those bright spots, so often found embosomed amidst the Andes, the more beautiful from contrast with the savage character of the scenery around it. A river flowed through the valley, affording the means of irrigating the soil and clothing it in perpetual verdure; and the rich and flowering vegetation spread out like a cultivated garden. The beauty of the place and its delicious coolness commended it as a residence for the Peruvian nobles, and the sides of the hills were dotted with their villas, which afforded them a grateful retreat in the heats of summer. Yet the center of the valley was disfigured by a quagmire of some extent, occasioned by the frequent overflowing of the waters; but the industry of the Indian architects had constructed a solid causeway, faced with heavy stone, and connected with the great road, which traversed the whole breadth of the morass.

In this valley Pizarro halted for several days, while he refreshed his troops from the well-stored magazines of the Incas. His first act was to bring Challcuchima to trial — if trial that could be called, where sentence may be said to have gone hand in hand with accusation. We are not informed of the nature of the evidence. It was sufficient to satisfy the Spanish captains of the chieftain's guilt. Nor is it at all incredible that Challcuchima should have secretly encouraged a movement among the people, designed to secure his country's free-

dom and his own. He was condemned to be burnt alive on the spot. "Some thought it a hard measure," says Herrera; "but those who are governed by reasons of state policy are apt to shut their eyes against everything else." Why this cruel mode of execution was so often adopted by the Spanish conquerors is not obvious; unless it was that the Indian was an infidel, and fire, from ancient date, seems to have been considered the fitting doom of the infidel, as the type of that inextinguishable flame which awaited him in the regions of the damned.

Father Valverde accompanied the Peruvian chieftain to the stake. He seems always to have been present at this dreary moment, anxious to profit by it, if possible, to work the conversion of the victim. He painted in gloomy colors the dreadful doom of the unbeliever, to whom the waters of baptism could alone secure the ineffable glories of paradise. It does not appear that he promised any commutation of punishment in this world. But his arguments fell on a stony heart, and the chief coldly replied, he "did not understand the religion of the white men." He might be pardoned for not comprehending the beauty of a faith which, as it would seem, had borne so bitter fruits to him. In the midst of his tortures he showed the characteristic courage of the American Indian, whose power of endurance triumphs over the power of persecution in his enemies, and he died with his last breath invoking the name of Pachacamac. His own followers brought the fagots to feed the flames that consumed him.

Soon after this tragic event, Pizarro was surprised by a visit from a Peruvian noble, who came in great state, attended by a numerous and showy retinue. It was the young prince Manco, brother of the unfortunate Huascar, and the rightful successor to the crown. Being brought before the Spanish commander, he announced his pretensions to the throne, and claimed the protection of the strangers. It is said he had meditated resisting them by arms, and had encouraged the assaults made on them on their march, but, finding resistance ineffectual, he had taken this politic course, greatly to the displeasure of his more resolute nobles. However this may be, Pizarro listened to his application with singular contentment, for he saw in this new scion of the true royal stock a more effectual instrument for his

purposes than he could have found in the family of Quito, with whom the Peruvians had but little sympathy. He received the young man, therefore, with great cordiality, and did not hesitate to assure him that he had been sent into the country by his master the Castilian sovereign, in order to vindicate the claims of Huascar to the crown, and to punish the usurpation of his rival.

Taking with him the Indian prince, Pizarro now resumed his march. It was interrupted for a few hours by a party of the natives, who lay in wait for him in the neighboring sierra. A sharp skirmish ensued, in which the Indians behaved with great spirit and inflicted some little injury on the Spaniards; but the latter at length, shaking them off, made good their passage through the defile, and the enemy did not care to follow them into the open country.

It was late in the afternoon when the conquerors came in sight of Cuzco. The descending sun was streaming his broad rays full on the imperial city, where many an altar was dedicated to his worship. The low ranges of buildings, showing in his beams like so many lines of silvery light, filled up the bosom of the valley and the lower slopes of the mountains, whose shadowy forms hung darkly over the fair city, as if to shield it from the menaced profanation. It was so late that Pizarro resolved to defer his entrance till the following morning.

That night vigilant guard was kept in the camp, and the soldiers slept on their arms. But it passed away without annoyance from the enemy, and early on the following day, November 15, 1533, Pizarro prepared for his entrance into the Peruvian capital.

The little army was formed into three divisions, of which the center, or "battle," as it was called, was led by the general. The suburbs were thronged with a countless multitude of the natives, who had flocked from the city and the surrounding country to witness the showy and, to them, startling pageant. All looked with eager curiosity on the strangers, the fame of whose terrible exploits had spread to the remotest parts of the empire. They gazed with astonishment on their dazzling arms and fair complexions, which seemed to proclaim them the true Children of the Sun; and they listened with feelings of mysterious dread as the trumpet sent forth its pro-

longed notes through the streets of the capital and the solid ground shook under the heavy tramp of the cavalry.

The Spanish commander rode directly up the great square. It was surrounded by low piles of buildings, among which were several palaces of the Incas. One of these, erected by Huayna Capac, was surmounted by a tower, while the ground floor was occupied by one or more immense halls, like those described in Caxamalca, where the Peruvian nobles held their fêtes in stormy weather. These buildings afforded convenient barracks for the troops, though during the first few weeks they remained under their tents in the open plaza, with their horses picketed by their side, ready to repulse any insurrection of the inhabitants.

The capital of the Incas, though falling short of the *El Dorado* which had engaged their credulous fancies, astonished the Spaniards by the beauty of its edifices, the length and regularity of its streets, and the good order and appearance of comfort, even luxury, visible in its numerous population. It far surpassed all they had yet seen in the New World. The population of the city is computed by one of the conquerors at two hundred thousand inhabitants, and that of the suburbs at as many more. This account is not confirmed, as far as I have seen, by any other writer. But, however it may be exaggerated, it is certain that Cuzco was the metropolis of a great empire, the residence of the court and the chief nobility; frequented by the most skilful mechanics and artisans of every description, who found a demand for their ingenuity in the royal precincts; while the place was garrisoned by a numerous soldiery, and was the resort, finally, of emigrants from the most distant provinces. The quarters whence this motley population came were indicated by their peculiar dress, and especially their head-gear, so rarely found at all on the American Indian, which, with its variegated colors, gave a picturesque effect to the groups and masses in the streets. The habitual order and decorum maintained in this multifarious assembly showed the excellent police of the capital, where the only sounds that disturbed the repose of the Spaniards were the noises of feasting and dancing, which the natives, with happy insensibility, constantly prolonged to a late hour of the night.

The edifices of the better sort — and they were very numerous — were of stone, or faced with stone. Among the principal were the royal residences; as each sovereign built a new palace for himself, covering, though low, a large extent of ground. The walls were sometimes stained or painted with gaudy tints, and the gates, we are assured, were sometimes of colored marble. "In the delicacy of the stonework," says another of the conquerors, "the natives far excelled the Spaniards, though the roofs of their dwellings, instead of tiles, were only of thatch, but put together with the nicest art." The sunny climate of Cuzco did not require a very substantial material for defense against the weather.

The most important building was the fortress, planted on a solid rock that rose boldly above the city. It was built of hewn stone, so finely wrought that it was impossible to detect the line of junction between the blocks, and the approaches to it were defended by three semicircular parapets, composed of such heavy masses of rock that it bore resemblance to the kind of work known to architects as the Cyclopean. The fortress was raised to a height rare in Peruvian architecture; and from the summit of the tower the eye of the spectator ranged over a magnificent prospect, in which the wild features of the mountain scenery, rocks, woods, and waterfalls, were mingled with the rich verdure of the valley, and the shining city filling up the foreground — all blended in sweet harmony under the deep azure of a tropical sky.

The streets were long and narrow. They were arranged with perfect regularity, crossing one another at right angles; and from the great square diverged four principal streets connecting with the highroads of the empire. The square itself, and many parts of the city, were paved with a fine pebble. Through the heart of the capital ran a river of pure water, if it might not be rather termed a canal, the banks or sides of which, for the distance of twenty leagues, were faced with stone. Across this stream, bridges, constructed of similar broad flags, were thrown at intervals, so as to afford an easy communication between the different quarters of the capital.

The most sumptuous edifice in Cuzco in the times of the Incas was undoubtedly the great temple dedicated to the Sun,

which, studded with gold plates, as already noticed, was surrounded by convents and dormitories for the priests, with their gardens and broad parterres sparkling with gold. The exterior ornaments had been already removed by the conquerors, all but the frieze of gold, which, embedded in the stones, still encircled the principal building. It is probable that the tales of wealth so greedily circulated among the Spaniards greatly exceeded the truth. If they did not, the natives must have been very successful in concealing their treasures from the invaders. Yet much still remained, not only in the great House of the Sun, but in the inferior temples which swarmed in the capital.

Pizarro, on entering Cuzco, had issued an order forbidding any soldier to offer violence to the dwellings of the inhabitants. But the palaces were numerous, and the troops lost no time in plundering them of their contents, as well as in despoiling the religious edifices. The interior decoration supplied them with considerable booty. They stripped off the jewels and rich ornaments that garnished the royal mummies in the temple of Coricancha. Indignant at the concealment of their treasures, they put the inhabitants, in some instances, to the torture, and endeavored to extort from them a confession of their hiding-places. They invaded the repose of the sepulchers, in which the Peruvians often deposited their valuable effects, and compelled the grave to give up its dead. No place was left unexplored by the rapacious conquerors; and they occasionally stumbled on a mine of wealth that rewarded their labors.

In a cavern near the city they found a number of vases of pure gold, richly embossed with the figures of serpents, locusts, and other animals. Among the spoil were four golden llamas, and ten or twelve statues of women, some of gold, others of silver, "which merely to see," says one of the conquerors, with some naïveté, "was truly a great satisfaction." The gold was probably thin, for the figures were all as large as life; and several of them, being reserved for the royal fifth, were not recast, but sent in their original form to Spain. The magazines were stored with curious commodities; richly tinted robes of cotton and feather-work, gold sandals, and slippers of the same material, for the women, and dresses composed entirely of beads of gold. The grain and other articles of food,

with which the magazines were filled, were held in contempt by the conquerors, intent only on gratifying their lust for gold. The time came when the grain would have been of far more value.

Yet the amount of treasure in the capital did not equal the sanguine expectations that had been formed by the Spaniards. But the deficiency was supplied by the plunder which they had collected at various places on their march. In one place, for example, they met with ten planks or bars of solid silver, each piece being twenty feet in length, one foot in breadth, and two or three inches thick. They were intended to decorate the dwelling of an Inca noble.

The whole mass of treasure was brought into a common heap, as in Caxamalca; and, after some of the finer specimens had been deducted for the crown, the remainder was delivered to the Indian goldsmiths to be melted down into ingots of a uniform standard. The division of the spoil was made on the same principle as before. There were four hundred and eighty soldiers, including the garrison of Xauxa, who were each to receive a share, that of the cavalry being double that of the infantry. The amount of booty is stated variously by those present at the division of it. According to some, it considerably exceeded the ransom of Atahuallpa. Others state it as less. Pedro Pizarro says that each horseman got six thousand *pesos de oro*, and each one of the infantry half that sum; though the same discrimination was made by Pizarro as before, in respect to the rank of the parties, and their relative services. But Sancho, the royal notary, and secretary of the commander, estimates the whole amount as far less — not exceeding five hundred and eighty thousand and two hundred *pesos de oro*, and two hundred and fifteen thousand marks of silver. In the absence of the official returns, it is impossible to determine which is correct. But Sancho's narrative is countersigned, it may be remembered, by Pizarro and the royal treasurer Riquelme, and doubtless, therefore, shows the actual amount for which the conquerors accounted to the crown.

Whichever statement we receive, the sum, combined with that obtained at Caxamalca, might well have satisfied the cravings of the most avaricious. The sudden influx of so much

wealth, and that, too, in so transferable a form, among a party of reckless adventurers little accustomed to the possession of money, had its natural effect. It supplied them with the means of gaming, so strong and common a passion with the Spaniards that it may be considered a national vice. Fortunes were lost and won in a single day, sufficient to render the proprietors independent for life; and many a desperate gamester, by an unlucky throw of the dice or turn of the cards, saw himself stripped in a few hours of the fruits of years of toil, and obliged to begin over again the business of rapine. Among these, one in the cavalry service is mentioned, named Leguizano, who had received as his share of the booty the image of the Sun, which, raised on a plate of burnished gold, spread over the walls in a recess of the great temple, and which, for some reason or other — perhaps because of its superior fineness — was not recast like the other ornaments. This rich prize the spendthrift lost in a single night; whence it came to be a proverb in Spain, *Juega el Sol antes que amanezca*, "He plays away the sun before sunrise."

The effect of such a surfeit of the precious metals was instantly felt on prices. The most ordinary articles were only to be had for exorbitant sums. A quire of paper was sold for ten *pesos de oro;* a bottle of wine, for sixty; a sword, for forty or fifty; a cloak, for a hundred — sometimes more; a pair of shoes cost thirty or forty *pesos de oro*, and a good horse could not be had for less than twenty-five hundred. Some brought a still higher price. Every article rose in value, as gold and silver, the representatives of all, declined. Gold and silver, in short, seemed to be the only things in Cuzco that were not wealth. Yet there were some few wise enough to return contented with their present gains to their native country. Here their riches brought them consideration and competence, and, while they excited the envy of their countrymen, stimulated them to seek their own fortunes in the like path of adventure.

MATTHEW PRIOR

MATTHEW PRIOR, an English poet. Born at East Dorset, July 21, 1664; died at Wimpole, Cambridgeshire, September 18, 1721. Author of "Poems," "Alma," and "Solomon."

AN ODE

THE merchant, to secure his treasure,
Conveys it in a borrow'd name:
Euphelia serves to grace my measure,
But Cloe is my real flame.

My softest verse, my darling lyre
Upon Euphelia's toilet lay —
When Cloe noted her desire
That I should sing, that I should play.

My lyre I tune, my voice I raise,
But with my numbers mix my sighs;
And whilst I sing Euphelia's praise,
I fix my soul on Cloe's eyes.

Fair Cloe blush'd: Euphelia frown'd:
I sung, and gazed; I play'd, and trembled:
And Venus to the Loves around
Remark'd how ill we all dissembled.

ADELAIDE ANNE PROCTER

ADELAIDE ANNE PROCTER, an English poetess. Born in London, October 30, 1825; died February 3, 1864. Author of "Legends and Lyrics" in a first and second series, which have had great popularity. Such poems as "A Woman's Question" and "A Lost Chord" are among the imperishable beauties of the English tongue.

A LOST CHORD

SEATED one day at the Organ,
I was weary and ill at ease,
And my fingers wandered idly
Over the noisy keys.

I know not what I was playing,
Or what I was dreaming then;
But I struck one chord of music,
Like the sound of a great Amen.

It flooded the crimson twilight
Like the close of an Angel's Psalm,
And it lay on my fevered spirit
With a touch of infinite calm.

It quieted pain and sorrow,
Like love overcoming strife;
It seemed the harmonious echo
From our discordant life.

It linked all perplexèd meanings
Into one perfect peace,
And trembled away into silence
As if it were loath to cease.

I have sought, but I seek it vainly,
That one lost chord divine,
Which came from the soul of the Organ,
And entered into mine.

It may be that Death's bright angel
Will speak in that chord again,—
It may be that only in Heaven
I shall hear that grand Amen.

BRYAN WALLER PROCTER

(BARRY CORNWALL)

BRYAN WALLER PROCTER, an English poet and the father of Adelaide Anne Procter, best known by his pseudonym BARRY CORNWALL. Born at Wiltshire, November 21, 1787; died in London, October 4, 1874. Author of "A Sicilian Story," "Mirandola," a tragedy; "The Flood of Thessaly," "English Songs," "Life of Edmund Kean," "Essays and Tales," "Charles Lamb: a Memoir."

Such poems as "The White Squall," "The Sea," and "The Stormy Petrel," have given Barry Cornwall enviable fame.

THE WHITE SQUALL

THE sea was bright and the bark rode well,
The breeze bore the tone of the vesper bell,
'Twas a gallant bark, with crew as brave
As ever launched on the heaving wave.
She shone in the light of declining day
And each sail was set and each heart was gay.

They neared the land where in beauty smiles
The sunny shore of the Grecian isles.
All thought of home; of that welcome dear,
Which soon should greet each wanderer's ear;
And in fancy joined the social throng,
In the festive dance and the joyous song.

A white cloud glides through the azure sky,
What means that wild despairing cry?
Farewell the visioned scenes of home;
That cry is help where no help can come!
For the White Squall rides on the surging wave
And the bark is gulfed in an ocean's grave!

THE STORMY PETREL

A THOUSAND miles from land are we,
Tossing about on the roaring sea;
From billow to bounding billow cast,
Like fleecy snow on the stormy blast:

The sails are scattered abroad, like weeds,
The strong masts shake, like quivering reeds,
The mighty cables, and iron chains,
The hull, which all earthly strength disdains,
They strain and they crack, and hearts like stone
Their natural hard proud strength disown.

Up and down! Up and down!
From the base of the wave to the billow's crown,
And amidst the flashing and feathery foam
The Stormy Petrel finds a home, —
A home, if such a place may be,
For her who lives on the wide, wide sea,
On the craggy ice, in the frozen air,
And only seeketh her rocky lair
To warm her young, and to teach them spring
At once o'er the waves on their stormy wing!

O'er the deep! O'er the deep!
Where the whale, and the shark, and the sword-fish sleep,
Outflying the blast and the driving rain,
The Petrel telleth her tale — in vain;
For the mariner curseth the warning bird
Who bringeth him news of the storms unheard!
Ah! thus does the prophet, of good or ill,
Meet hate from the creatures he serveth still:
Yet *he* ne'er falters: — So Petrel! spring
Once more o'er the waves on thy stormy wing!

THE SAILOR'S SONG

THE sea! the sea! the open sea!
The blue, the fresh, the ever free!
Without a mark, without a bound,
It runneth the earth's wide regions round;
It plays with the clouds; it mocks the skies;
Or like a cradled creature lies.

I'm on the sea! I'm on the sea!
I am where I would ever be;
With the blue above, and the blue below,
And silence wheresoe'er I go;
If a storm should come and awake the deep,
What matter? *I* shall ride and sleep.

I love, O *how* I love to ride
On the fierce, foaming, bursting tide,
When every mad wave drowns the moon,
Or whistles aloft his tempest tune,
And tells how goeth the world below,
And why the sou'west blasts do blow.

I never was on the dull, tame shore,
But I loved the great sea more and more,
And backward flew to her billowy breast,
Like a bird that seeketh its mother's nest;
And a mother she *was* and *is* to me;
For I was born on the open sea!

The waves were white, and red the morn,
In the noisy hour when I was born;
And the whale it whistled, the porpoise rolled,
And the dolphins bared their backs of gold;
And never was heard such an outcry wild
As welcomed to life the ocean-child!

I've lived since then, in calm and strife,
Full fifty summers a sailor's life,
With wealth to spend and a power to range,
But never have sought nor sighed for change;
And Death, whenever he comes to me,
Shall come on the wild, unbounded sea!

FRANÇOIS RABELAIS

FRANÇOIS RABELAIS. Born at Chinon, Touraine, about 1490; died 1553. Author of "Gargantua" and "Pantagruel." One of the great humorists and satirists of the world. Despite his occasional coarseness, his genius is undeniable, his style that of a great artist, and his influence on French literature was enormous.

(From "THE LIFE OF GARGANTUA AND THE HEROIC DEEDS OF PANTAGRUEL")

[NOTE. — The following passages have been carefully expurgated for family reading, as the unrevised text is admittedly too coarse to be universally read.]

THE STUDY OF GARGANTUA, ACCORDING TO THE DISCIPLINE OF HIS SCHOOLMASTERS AND SOPHISTERS

HE with all his heart submitted his study to the discretion of Ponocrates; who for the beginning appointed that he should do as he was accustomed, to the end it might be understood by what means, in so long time, his old masters had made him so sottish and ignorant. He disposed therefore of his time in such fashion, that ordinarily he did awake betwixt eight or nine o'clock, whether it was day or not, for so had his ancient governors ordained, alleging that which David saith, *Vanum est vobis ante lucem surgere.* Then did he tumble and toss, wag his legs, and wallow in the bed some time, the better to stir up and rouse his vital spirits, and appareled himself according to the season; but willingly he would wear a great long gown of thick frieze, furred with fox skins. Afterwards he combed his head with an Alman comb, which is the four fingers and the thumb. For his preceptor said, that to comb himself otherways, to wash and make himself neat, was to lose time in this world. Then he yawned, coughed, hawked, sneezed, and, to fortify against the fog and bad air, went to breakfast, having some good fried tripe, fair rashers on the coals, good gammons of bacon, store of fine minced meat, and a great deal of sippet-brewis, made up of the fat of the beef-pot, laid upon bread, cheese, and chopped parsley stewed together. Ponocrates showed him that he ought not to eat so soon after rising

out of his bed, unless he had performed some exercise beforehand. Gargantua answered, "What! have not I sufficiently well exercised myself? I have wallowed and rolled myself six or seven turns in my bed before I rose. Is not that enough? Pope Alexander did so, by the advice of a Jew, his physician, and lived till his dying day in despite of his enemies. My first masters have used me to it, saying, that to breakfast made a good memory, and therefore they drank first. I am very well after it, and dine but the better. And Master Tubal, who was the first licentiate at Paris, told me, that it was not enough to run apace, but to set forth betimes. So doth not the total welfare of our humanity depend upon drinking in a ribble-rabble like ducks, but on drinking early in the morning — *unde versus*, —

> "*Lever matin n'est point bonheur,*
> *Boire matin est le meilleur.*"
> To rise betimes is no good hour,
> To drink betimes is better sure.

After he had thoroughly broke his fast, he went to church, and they carried him in a great basket, a huge impantoufled or thick covered breviary, weighing, what in grease, clasps, parchment, and cover, little more or less than eleven hundred and six pounds. There he heard six-and-twenty or thirty masses. This while, to the same place came his orison mumbler, impaletocked or lapped up about the chin, like a tufted whoop, and his breath antidoted with the store of the vine-tree syrup. With him he mumbled all his kiriels, and dunsical breborions, which he so curiously thumbed and fingered, that there fell not so much as one grain to the ground. As he went from the church, they brought him, upon a dray drawn with oxen, a confused heap of Paternosters and Aves of Sanct Claude, every one of them being of the bigness of a hat-block; and thus walking through the cloisters, galleries, or garden, he said more in turning them over than sixteen hermits would have done. Then did he study some paltry half-hour with his eyes fixed upon his book; but as the Comic saith, his mind was in the kitchen. He sat down at table; and because he was naturally phlegmatic, he began his meal with some dozens of gammons, dried neats' tongues, botargos, sausages, and such other forerunners of wine; in the

meanwhile, four of his folks did cast into his mouth, one after another continually, mustard by whole shovelfuls. Immediately after that, he drank a horrible draught of white wine for the ease of his kidneys. When that was done, he ate according to the season, meat agreeable to his appetite; and then left off eating when he was like to crack for fullness. As for his drinking, he had in that neither end nor rule; for he was wont to say that the limits and bounds of drinking were, when the cork of the shoes of him that drinketh swelleth up half a foot high.

THE GAMES OF GARGANTUA

THEN blockishly mumbling with a set countenance a piece of scurvy grace, he washed his hands in fresh wine, picked his teeth with the foot of a hog, and talked jovially with his attendants. Then the carpet being spread, they brought plenty of cards, many dice, with great store and abundance of checkers and chess-boards.

There he played: —

[Here follow in the text above two hundred names of various pastimes, real or imaginary.]

After he had thus well played, reveled, past and spent his time, it was thought fit to drink a little, and that was eleven glassfuls the man, and immediately after making good cheer again, he would stretch himself upon a fair bench, or a good large bed, and there sleep for two or three hours together, without thinking or speaking any hurt. After he was awakened, he would shake his ears a little. In the meantime they brought him fresh wine. Then he drank better than ever. Ponocrates showed him that it was an ill diet to drink so after sleeping. "It is," answered Gargantua, "the very life of the Patriarchs and holy Fathers. For naturally I sleep salt, and my sleep hath been to me as so many gammons of bacon." Then began he to study a little, and out came the patenotres, or rosary of beads, which the better and more formally to despatch he got upon an old mule, which had served nine kings, and so mumbling with his mouth, nodding and doddling his head, would go see a cony ferreted or caught in a gin. At his return he went into the kitchen, to know what roast meat was on the spit, and what

otherwise was to be drest for supper, and supped very well, upon my conscience; and commonly did invite some of his neighbors that were good drinkers, with whom, carousing and drinking merrily, they told stories of all sorts, from the old to the new. Among others, he had for domestics the Lords of Fou, of Gourville, of Griniot, and of Marigny. After supper were brought into the room the fair wooden gospels, and the books of the four kings, that is to say, the tables and cards; or the fair flusse, one, two, three; or all to make short work; or else they went to see the damsels thereabouts with little small banquets, intermixed with collations and rere-suppers. Then did he sleep without unbridling, until eight o'clock the next morning.

HOW GARGANTUA WAS INSTRUCTED BY PONOCRATES, AND IN SUCH SORT DISCIPLINATED, THAT HE LOST NOT ONE HOUR OF THE DAY

When Ponocrates knew Gargantua's vicious manner of living, he resolved to bring him up in another kind; but for a while he bore with him, considering that nature cannot endure such a change without great violence. Therefore, to begin his work the better, he requested a learned physician of that time, called Master Theodorus, seriously to perpend, if it were possible, how to bring Gargantua unto a better course. The said physician purged him canonically with Anticyrian hellebore, by which medicine he cleansed all the alteration, and perverse habitude of his brain. By this means also Ponocrates made him forget all that he had learned under his ancient preceptors, as Timotheus did to his disciples, who had been instructed under other musicians. To do this better, they brought him into the company of learned men, which were there, in whose imitation he had a great desire and affection to study otherwise, and to improve his parts. Afterwards he put himself into such a road and way of studying that he lost not any one hour in the day, but employed all his time in learning and honest knowledge. Gargantua awaked then about four o'clock in the morning. Whilst they were in rubbing of him, there was read unto him some chapter of the Holy Scripture aloud and clearly, with a pronunciation fit for the matter, and hereunto was appointed a

young page born in Basché, named Anagnostes. According to the purpose and argument of that lesson, he oftentimes gave himself to worship, adore, pray, and send up his supplications to that good God, whose word did show His majesty and marvelous judgment. This done, he was appareled, combed, curled, trimmed, and perfumed, during which time they repeated to him the lessons of the day before. He himself said them by heart, and upon them would ground some practical cases concerning the estate of man, which he would prosecute sometimes two or three hours, but ordinarily they ceased as soon as he was fully clothed. Then for three good hours he had a lecture read unto him. This done, they went forth, still conferring of the substance of the lecture, either unto a field, near the university called the Brack, or unto the meadows where they played at the ball, the long-tennis, and at the pile trigone, most gallantly exercising their bodies, as formerly they had done their minds. All their play was but in liberty, for they left off when they pleased, and that was commonly when they did sweat over all their body, or were otherwise weary. Then were they very well wiped and rubbed, shifted their shirts, and walking soberly, went to see if dinner was ready. Whilst they stayed for that, they did clearly and eloquently pronounce some sentences that they had retained of the lecture. In the meantime Master Appetite came, and then very orderly sat they down at table. At the beginning of the meal, there was read some pleasant history of the warlike actions of former times, until he had taken a glass of wine. Then, if they thought good, they continued reading, or began to discourse merrily together; speaking first of the virtue, propriety, efficacy and nature of all that was served in at that table; of bread, of wine, of water, of salt, of fleshes, fishes, fruits, herbs, roots, and of their dressing. By means whereof, he learned in a little time all the passages competent for this, that were to be found in Pliny, Athenæus Dioscorides, Julius Pollux, Galen, Porphyrius, Oppian, Polybius, Heliodorus, Aristotle, Ælian, and others. Whilst they talked of these things, many times, to be the more certain, they caused the very books to be brought to the table, and so well and perfectly did he in his memory retain the things above said, that in that time there was not a physician that knew half so much as he did. Afterwards they conferred of the lessons

read in the morning, and, ending their repast with some conserve or marmalade of quinces, he picked his teeth with mastic tooth-pickers, washed his hands and eyes with fair fresh water, and gave thanks unto God in some fine canticks, made in praise of the divine bounty and munificence. This done, they brought in cards, not to play, but to learn a thousand pretty tricks, and new inventions, which were all grounded upon arithmetic. By this means he fell in love with that numerical science, and every day after dinner and supper he passed his time in it as pleasantly as he was wont to do at cards and dice; so that at last he understood so well both the theory and practical part thereof, that Tunsta the Englishman, who had written very largely of that purpose, confessed that verily in comparison of him he had no skill at all. And not only in that, but in the other mathematical sciences, as geometry, astronomy, music, etc. For in waiting on the concoction, and attending the digestion of his food, they made a thousand pretty instruments and geometrical figures, and did in some measure practise the astronomical canons.

After this they recreated themselves with singing musically, in four or five parts, or upon a set theme or ground at random, as it best pleased them. In matter of musical instruments, he learned to play upon the lute, the virginals, the harp, the Allman flute with nine holes, the violin, and the sackbut. This hour thus spent, and digestion finished, he then betook himself to his principal study for three hours together, or more, as well to repeat his matutinal lectures, as to proceed in the book wherein he was, as also to write handsomely, to draw and form the antique and Roman letters. This being done, they went out of their house, and with them a young gentleman of Touraine, named the Esquire Gymnast, who taught him the art of riding. Changing then his clothes, he rode a Naples courser, Dutch roussin, a Spanish jennet, a barbed or trapped steed, then a light fleet horse, unto whom he gave a hundred carieres, made him go the high saults, bounding in the air, free a ditch with a skip, leap over a stile or pail, turn short in a ring both to the right and left hand. There he broke not his lance; for it is the greatest foolery in the world to say, I have broken ten lances at tilts or in fight. A carpenter can do even as much. But it is a glorious and praiseworthy action, with one lance to break and overthrow ten enemies.

Therefore with a sharp, stiff, strong, and well-steeled lance, would he usually force up a door, pierce a harness, beat down a tree, carry away the ring, lift up a cuirassier saddle, with the mail coat and gauntlet. All this he did in complete arms from head to foot. As for the prancing flourishes, and smacking popisms, for the better cherishing of the horse, commonly used in riding, none did them better than he. The voltiger of Ferrara was but as an ape compared to him. He was singularly skilful in leaping nimbly from one horse to another without putting foot to ground, and these horses were called desultories. He could likewise, from either side, with a lance in his hand, leap on horseback without stirrups, and rule the horse at his pleasure without a bridle, for such things are useful in military engagements. Another day he exercised the battle-ax, which he so dexterously wielded, both in the nimble, strong, and smooth management of that weapon, and that in all the feats practiceable by it, that he passed knight of arms in the field, and at all essays.

Then tossed he the pike, played with the two-handed sword, with the back sword, with the Spanish tuck, the dagger, poniard, armed, unarmed, with a buckler, with a cloak, with a target. Then would he hunt the hart, the roebuck, the bear, the fallow deer, the wild boar, the hare, the pheasant, the partridge, and the bustard. He played at the balloon, and made it bound in the air, both with fist and foot. He wrestled, ran, jumped, not at three steps and a leap, called the hops, nor at clochepied, called the hare's leap, nor yet at the Almanes; for, said Gymnast, these jumps are for the wars altogether unprofitable, and of no use; but at one leap he would skip over a ditch, spring over a hedge, mount six paces upon a wall, ramp and grapple after this fashion up against a window, of the full height of a lance. He did swim in deep waters on his belly, on his back, sideways, with all his body, with his feet only, with one hand in the air, wherein he held a book, crossing thus the breadth of the river Seine, without wetting, and dragging along his cloak with his teeth, as did Julius Cæsar; then with the help of one hand he entered forcibly into a boat, from whence he cast himself again headlong into the water, sounded the depths, hollowed the rocks, and plunged into the pits and gulfs. Then turned he the boat about, governed it, led it swiftly or slowly with the stream and against the stream,

stopped it in his course, guided it with one hand, and with the other laid hard about him with a huge great oar, hoisted the sail, hied up along the mast by the shrouds, ran upon the edge of the decks, set the compass in order, tackled the bowlines, and steered the helm. Coming out of the water, he ran furiously up against a hill, and with the same alacrity and swiftness ran down again. He climbed up trees like a cat, leaped from the one to the other like a squirrel. He did pull down the great boughs and branches like another Milo; then with two sharp, well-steeled daggers, and two tried bodkins, would he run up by the wall to the very top of a house like a rat; then suddenly come down from the top to the bottom, with such an even composition of members, that by the fall he would catch no harm.

He did cast the dart, throw the bar, put the stone, practise the javelin, the boar spear or partisan, and the halbert. He broke the strongest bows in drawing, bended against his breast the greatest crossbows of steel, took his aim by the eye with the hand-gun, and shot well, traversed and planted the cannon, shot at butt marks, at the papgay from below upwards, or to a height from above downwards, or to a descent; then before him, sidewise, and behind him, like the Parthians. They tied a cable rope to the top of a high tower, by one end whereof hanging near the ground he wrought himself with his hands to the very top; then upon the same tract came down so sturdily and firm that you could not on a plain meadow have run with more assurance. They set up a great pole fixed upon two trees. There would he hang by his hands, and with them alone, his feet touching at nothing, would go back and fore along the aforesaid rope with so great swiftness, that hardly could one overtake him with running; and then, to exercise his breast and lungs, he would shout like all the devils in hell. I heard him once call Eudemon from St. Victor's gate to Montmartre. Stentor never had such a voice at the siege of Troy. Then for the strengthening of his nerves or sinews, they made him two great sows of lead, each of them weighing eight thousand and seven hundred quintals, which they called Alteres. Those he took up from the ground, in each hand one, then lifted them up over his head, and held them so without stirring three-quarters of an hour or more, which was an inimitable force. He fought at barriers with the stoutest and

most vigorous champions; and when it came to the cope, he stood so sturdily on his feet, that he abandoned himself unto the strongest, in case they could remove him from his place, as Milo was wont to do of old. In whose imitation likewise he held a pomegranate in his hand, to give it unto him that could take it from him. The time being thus bestowed, and himself rubbed, cleansed, wiped, and refreshed with other clothes, he returned fair and softly; and passing through certain meadows, or other grassy places, beheld the trees and plants, comparing them with what is written of them in the books of the ancients, such as Theophrast, Dioscorides, Marinus, Pliny, Nicander, Macer, and Galen, and carried home to the house great handfuls of them, whereof a young page called Rizotomos had charge; together with little mattocks, pickaxes, grubbing hooks, cabbies, pruning knives, and other instruments requisite for herborizing. Being come to their lodging, whilst supper was making ready, they repeated certain passages of that which had been read, and then sat down at table. Here remark, that his dinner was sober and thrifty, for he did then eat only to prevent the gnawings of his stomach, but his supper was copious and large; for he took then as much as was fit to maintain and nourish him; which indeed is the true diet prescribed by the art of good and sound physic, although a rabble of loggerheaded physicians, muzzled in the brabbling shop of sophisters, counsel the contrary. During that repast was continued the lesson read at dinner as long as they thought good: the rest was spent in good discourse, learned and profitable. After that they had given thanks, he set himself to sing vocally, and play upon harmonious instruments, or otherwise passed his time at some pretty sports, made with cards and dice, or in practising the feats of legerdemain, with cup and balls. There they stayed some nights in frolicking thus, and making themselves merry till it was time to go to bed; and on other nights they would go make visits unto learned men, or to such as had been travelers in strange and remote countries. When it was full night before they retired themselves, they went unto the most open place of the house to see the face of the sky, and there beheld the comets, if any were, as likewise the figures, situations, aspects, oppositions, and conjunctions of both the fixed stars and planets.

Then with his master did he briefly recapitulate, after the manner of the Pythagoreans, that which he had read, seen, learned, done, and understood in the whole course of that day.

Then prayed they unto God the Creator, in falling down before Him, and strengthening their faith towards Him, and glorifying Him for His boundless bounty; and, giving thanks unto Him for the time that was passed, they recommended themselves to His Divine clemency for the future. Which being done, they went to bed, and betook themselves to their repose and rest.

HOW GARGANTUA SPENT HIS TIME IN RAINY WEATHER

If it happened that the weather were anything cloudy, foul, and rainy, all the forenoon was employed, as before specified, according to custom, with this difference only, that they had a good clear fire lighted, to correct the distempers of the air. But after dinner, instead of their wonted excitations, they did abide within, and, by way of Apotherapie, did recreate themselves in bottling up of hay, in cleaving and sawing of wood, and in threshing sheaves of corn at the barn. Then they studied the art of painting or carving; or brought into use the antique play of tables, as Leonicus hath written of it, and as our good friend Lascaris playeth at it. In playing they examined the passages of ancient authors, wherein the said play is mentioned, or any metaphor drawn from it. They went likewise to see the drawing of metals, or the casting of great ordnance; how the lapidaries did work, as also the goldsmiths and cutters of precious stones. Nor did they omit to visit the alchymists, money-coiners, upholsterers, weavers, velvet-workers, watch-makers, looking-glass framers, printers, organists, and other such kind of artificers, and, everywhere giving them somewhat to drink, did learn and consider the industry and invention of the trades. They went also to hear the public lectures, the solemn commencements, the repetitions, the acclamations, the pleadings of the gentle lawyers, and sermons of Evangelical preachers. He went through the halls and places appointed for fencing, and there played against the masters themselves at all weapons, and showed them by experience, that he knew as much in it as, yea more than, they. And, instead of herborizing, they visited the shops

of druggists, herbalists, and apothecaries, and diligently considered the fruits, roots, leaves, gums, seeds, the grease and ointments of some foreign parts, as also how they did adulterate them. He went to see jugglers, tumblers, mountebanks, and quacksalvers, and considered their cunning, their shifts, their summersaults and smooth tongues, especially of those of Chauny in Picardy, who are naturally great praters, and brave givers of fibs, in matter of green apes.

At their return they did eat more soberly at supper than at other times, and meats more desiccative and extenuating; to the end that the intemperate moisture of the air, communicated to the body by a necessary confinity, might by this means be corrected, and that they might not receive any prejudice for want of their ordinary bodily exercise. Thus was Gargantua governed, and kept on in this course of education, from day to day profiting, as you may understand such a young man of his age may, of a pregnant judgment, with good discipline well continued. Which, although at the beginning it seemed difficult, because a little after so sweet, so easy, and so delightful, that it seemed rather the recreation of a king than the study of a scholar. Nevertheless Ponocrates, to divert him from this vehement intension of the spirits, thought fit, once in a month, upon some fair and clear day to go out of the city betimes in the morning, either towards Gentilly, or Boulogne, or to Montrouge, or Charenton Bridge, or to Vauves, or St. Clou, and there spend all the day long in making the greatest cheer that could be devised, sporting, making merry, drinking healths, playing, singing, dancing, tumbling in some fair meadow, unnestling of sparrows, taking of quails, and fishing for frogs and crabs. But although that day was passed without books or lecture, yet was it not spent without profit; for in the said meadows they usually repeated certain pleasant verses of Virgil's agriculture, of Hesiod, and of Politian's husbandry; would set abroach some witty Latin epigrams, then immediately turned them into roundelays and songs for dancing in the French language. In their feasting, they would sometimes separate the water from the wine that was therewith mixed, as Cato teacheth, *De re rustica*, and Pliny with an ivy cup would wash the wine in a basin full of water, then take it out again with a funnel as pure as ever. They

made the water go from one glass to another, and contrived a thousand little automatory engines, that is to say, moving of themselves.

THE LOST HATCHET

In his time lived a poor, honest country fellow of Gravot, Tom Wellhung by name, a wood-cleaver by trade, who in that low drudgery made shift so to pick up a sorry livelihood. It happened that he lost his hatchet. Now tell me who ever had more cause to be vexed than poor Tom? Alas, his whole estate and life depended on his hatchet: by his hatchet he earned many a fair penny of the best wood-mongers or log merchants, among whom he went a-jobbing: for want of his hatchet he was like to starve; and had Death but met him six days after without a hatchet, the grim fiend would have mowed him down in the twinkling of a bed-staff. In this sad case he began to be in a heavy taking, and called upon Jupiter with the most eloquent prayers (for you know, necessity was the mother of eloquence). With the whites of his eyes turned up towards heaven, down on his marrow-bones, his arms reared high, his fingers stretched wide, and his head bare, the poor wretch without ceasing was roaring out, by way of litany, at every repetition of his supplications: "My hatchet, Lord Jupiter, my hatchet! my hatchet! only my hatchet, O Jupiter, or money to buy another, and nothing else! alas, my poor hatchet!"

Jupiter happened then to be holding a grand council about certain urgent affairs, and old gammer Cybele was just giving her opinion, or, if you had rather have it so, it was young Phœbus, the beau; but in short, Tom's outcries and lamentations were so loud, that they were heard with no small amazement at the council-board, by the whole consistory of the gods. "What a devil have we below," quoth Jupiter, "that howls so horridly? By the mud of Styx, have not we had all along, and have not we here still enough to do, to set to rights a world of damned puzzling businesses of consequence? We made an end of the fray between Presthan, king of Persia and Soliman, the Turkish emperor; we have stopped up the passages between the Tartars and the Muscovites; answered the Xeriff's petition; done the

same to that of Golgots Rays; the state of Parma's despatched; so is that of Maydemburg, that of Mirandola, and that of Africa, that town on the Mediterranean which we call Aphrodisium; Tripoli by carelessness has got a new master; her hour was come.

"Here are the Gascons cursing and damning, demanding the restitution of their bells.

"In yonder corner are the Saxons, Easterlings, Ostrogoths, and Germans, nations formerly invincible, but now aberkeids, bridled, curbed, and brought under by a paltry, diminutive, crippled fellow: they ask us revenge, relief, restitution of their former good sense and ancient liberty.

"Never spare liquor to such as are at hot work. Now let us despatch this bawling fellow below. You, Mercury, go see who it is, and know what he wants." Mercury looked out at heaven's trap door, through which, as I am told, they hear what's said here below. By the way, one might well enough mistake it for the scuttle of a ship: though Icaromenippus said it was like the mouth of a well. The light-heeled deity saw that it was honest Tom, who asked for his lost hatchet; and accordingly he made his report to the synod. "Marry," said Jupiter, "we are finely helped up; as if we had now nothing else to do here but to restore lost hatchets. Well, he must have it then for all this, for so it is written in the book of fate (do you hear?), as well as if it was worth the whole duchy of Milan. The truth is, the fellow's hatchet is as much to him as a kingdom to a king. How would I know what kind of hatchet this bawling Tom wants?" This threw all the venerable gods and goddesses into a fit of laughter, like any microcosm of flies; and even set limping Vulcan a-hopping and jumping smoothly three or four times for the sake of his dear. "Come, come," said Jupiter to Mercury, "run down immediately, and cast at the poor fellow's feet three hatchets; his own, another of gold, and a third of massy silver, all of one size: then having left it to his will to take his choice, if he take his own, and be satisfied with it, give him the other two; if he take another, chop his head off with his own; and henceforth serve me all those losers of hatchets after that manner." Having said this, Jupiter, with an awkward turn of his head, like a jackanapes swallowing of pills, made so dreadful a phiz, that all the vast Olympus quaked again. Heaven's foot-messen-

ger, thanks to his low-crowned, narrow-brimmed hat, his plume of feathers, heel-pieces, and running stick with pigeons' wings, flings himself out at heaven's wicket, through the empty deserts of the air, and in a trice nimbly alights on the earth, and throws at friend Tom's feet the three hatchets, saying unto him: "Thou hast bawled long enough to be a-dry: thy prayers and request are granted by Jupiter: see which of these three is thy hatchet, and take it away with thee." Wellhung lifts up the golden hatchet, peeps upon it, and finds it very heavy: then staring on Mercury, cries, "Codszouks this is none of mine; I will not have it:" the same he did with the silver one, and said, "It is not this neither, you may even take them again." At last, he takes up his own hatchet, examines the end of the helve, and finds his mark there: then, ravished with joy, like a fox that meets some straggling poultry, and sneering from the tip of the nose, he cried, "By the mass, this is my hatchet, master god; if you will leave it me, I will sacrifice to you a very good and huge pot of milk, brim full, covered with fine strawberries, next Ides, *i.e.* the 15th of May."

"Honest fellow," said Mercury, "I leave it thee; take it; and because thou hast wished and chosen moderately, in point of hatchet, by Jupiter's command, I give thee these two others: thou hast now wherewith to make thyself rich: be honest." Honest Tom gave Mercury a whole cartload of thanks, and revered the most great Jupiter. His old hatchet he fastens close to his leathern girdle, and girds it above his breech like Martin of Cambray: the two others, being more heavy, he lays on his shoulder. Thus he plods on, trudging over the fields, keeping a good countenance amongst his neighbors and fellow-parishioners, with one merry saying or other after Patelin's way. The next day, having put on a clean white jacket, he takes on his back the two precious hatchets, and comes to Chinon, the famous city, noble city, ancient city, yea, the first city in the world, according to the judgment and assertion of the most learned massoreths. At Chinon he turned his silver hatchet into fine testons, crown-pieces, and other white cash; his golden hatchet into fine angels, curious ducats, substantial ridders, spankers, and rose nobles; then with them purchases a good number of farms, barns, houses, outhouses, thatched houses, stables, meadows, orchards,

fields, vineyards, woods, arable lands, pastures, ponds, mills, gardens, nurseries, oxen, cows, sheep, goats, swine, hogs, asses, horses, hens, cocks, capons, chickens, geese, ganders, ducks, drakes, and a world of all other necessaries, and in a short time became the richest man in all the country, nay, even richer than that limping scrape-good Maulevrier. His brother bumpkins, and the other yeomen and country-puts thereabouts, perceiving his good fortune, were not a little amazed, insomuch that their former pity of Tom was soon changed into an envy of his so great and unexpected rise: and as they could not for their souls devise how this came about, they made it their business to pry up and down, and lay their heads together, to inquire, seek, and inform themselves by what means, in what place, on what day, what hour, how, why, and wherefore, he had come by this great treasure.

At last, hearing it was by losing his hatchet, "Ha, ha!" said they, "was there no more to do, but to lose a hatchet, to make us rich? Are then at this time the revolutions of the heavens, the constellations of the firmament, and aspects of the planets such, that whosoever shall lose a hatchet, shall immediately grow rich? Ha, ha, ha! by Jove, you shall even be lost, and it please you, my dear hatchet." With this they all fairly lost their hatchets out of hand. The devil of one that had a hatchet left: he was not his mother's son, that did not lose his hatchet. No more was wood felled or cleaved in that country, through want of hatchets. Nay, the Æsopian apologue even saith, that certain petty country gents of the lower classes, who had sold Wellhung their little mill and little field, to have wherewithal to make a figure at the next muster, having been told that this treasure was come to him by this only means, sold the only badge of their gentility, their swords, to purchase hatchets to go to lose them, as the silly clodpates did, in hopes to gain store of chink by that loss.

You would have truly sworn they had been a parcel of your petty spiritual usurers, Rome-bound, selling their all, and borrowing of others to buy a store of mandates, a pennyworth of new-made pope.

Now they cried out and brayed, and prayed and bawled, and invoked Jupiter: "My hatchet! my hatchet! Jupiter, my

hatchet!" on this side "My hatchet!" on that side, "My hatchet! ho, ho, ho, ho, Jupiter, my hatchet!" The air round about rung again with the cries and howlings of these rascally losers of hatchets.

Mercury was nimble in bringing them hatchets; to each offering that which he had lost, as also another of gold, and a third of silver.

Every he still was for that of gold, giving thanks in abundance to the great giver Jupiter; but in the very nick of time, that they bowed and stooped to pick it from the ground, whip, in a trice, Mercury lopped off their heads, as Jupiter had commanded; and of heads thus cut off, the number was just equal to that of the lost hatchets.

JEAN BAPTISTE RACINE

Jean Baptiste Racine, one of the greatest of French dramatic poets. Born at La Ferté-Milon, December 21, 1639; died in Paris, April 26, 1699. Author of "Nymphs of the Seine," an ode; "The Thebaid," his first tragedy; "Alexander," a tragedy; "The Chaplain's Wig," a parody of "The Cid;" "The Pleaders," a comedy modeled upon Aristophanes; "Britannicus," "Mithridates," "Iphigenia," "Esther," "Athalie," "Abridgment of the History of Port Royal," "Letters."

(From "Athaliah")

Athaliah, Abner, Mattan, Attendants of Athaliah

Mattan. Great Queen, is this a place for thee?
What trouble stirs, what terror chills thine heart?
What dost thou in the midst of enemies?
Darest thou this unhallowed fane approach?
Hast thou that bitter hatred cast away —
Athaliah. Both of you lend me an attentive ear.
I do not wish now to recall the past,
Nor give account to you for blood I shed:
A sense of duty prompted all my acts.

Nor will I take for judge a hasty crowd;
Whate'er they may presume to spread abroad,
My vindication Heav'n has made its care.
My pow'r, establish'd on renown'd success,
Has magnified my name from sea to sea;
Jerusalem enjoys profoundest peace;
The wandering Arab Jordan sees no more
Ravage his borders with continual raids;
Nor boasts Philistia over Judah now,
And Syria owns me for a sister Queen.
Lastly the traitor, who destroy'd my House,
And e'en to me thought to extend his rage,
Jehu, fierce Jehu, in Samaria quails
Before a mighty rival's rapid strokes,
Whom I incited to attack my foe;
And thus th' assassin leaves me mistress here,
To reap the fruits of policy in peace.
But for some days a gnawing care has come,
To check the flood of my prosperity.
A dream (why should a dream disquiet me?)
Preys on my heart, and keeps it ill at ease;
I try to banish it; it haunts me still.
'Twas deepest night, when horror falls on man,
My mother Jezebel before me stood,
Richly attired as on the day she died,
Her pride undaunted by misfortune's touch.
That borrow'd brightness still her features wore,
Which she would paint upon her wither'd face,
To hide the ravages of ruthless age:
"Tremble," she said, "child worthy of myself;
O'er thee too triumphs Judah's cruel god,
And thou must fall into his dreadful hands,
Whereat I grieve." With these alarming words,
Her specter o'er my bed appear'd to bend;
I stretch'd my hands to clasp her; but I found
Only a hideous mass of flesh and bones,
Horribly bruised and mangled, dragg'd thro' mire,
Bleeding and torn, whose limbs the dogs of prey
Were growling over with devouring greed.

Abner. Great God!

Athaliah. While thus disturb'd, before me rose
The vision of a boy in shining robe,
Such as the Hebrew priests are wont to wear.
My drooping spirits at his sight revived:
But while my troubled eyes, to peace restored,
Admired his noble air and modest grace,
I felt the sudden stroke of murderous steel
Plunged deeply by the traitor in my breast.
Perhaps to you this dream, so strangely mix'd,
May seem a work of chance, and I myself,
For long ashamed to let my fears prevail,
Referr'd it to a melancholy mood;
But while its memory linger'd in my soul,
Twice in my sleep I saw that form again,
Twice the same child before my eyes appear'd,
Always about to stab me to the heart.
Worn out at last by horror's close pursuit,
I went to claim Baal's protecting care,
And, kneeling at his altars, find repose.
How strangely fear may sway our mortal minds!
And instinct seem'd to drive me to these courts,
To pacify the god whom Jews adore;
I thought that offerings might appease his wrath,
That this their god might grow more merciful.
Baal's High Priest, my feebleness forgive!
I enter'd; and the sacrifice was stay'd,
The people fled, Jehoiada in wrath
Advanced to meet me. As he spake, I saw
With terror and surprise that self-same boy
Who haunts me in my dreams. I saw him there;
His mien the same, the same his linen stole,
His gait, his eyes, each feature of his face;
It was himself; beside th' High Priest he walk'd,
Till quickly they removed him from my sight.
That is the trouble which detains me here,
And thereon would I fain consult you both.
Mattan, what means this omen marvelous?

Mattan. Coincidence so strange fills me with dread.

Athaliah. But, Abner, hast thou seen this fatal child?
Who is he? What his family, his tribe?
Abner. Two children at the altar lend their aid,
One is the High Priest's son, the other is
To me unknown.
Mattan. Why hesitate to act?
Your Majesty must needs secure them both.
'Tis known how I regard Jehoiada,
Seeking no vengeance for my private wrongs,
In all my warnings studying to be fair;
But, after all, were this indeed his son,
Would he one moment let the guilty live?
Abner. Of what crime can a child be capable?
Mattan. Heav'n show'd him with a dagger in his hand;
And Heav'n is just and wise, nor works in vain.
What more dost want?
Abner. But, trusting to a dream,
Say, would'st thou have us bathe in infant blood?
Ye know not yet his father nor his name.
Mattan. Enough for fear! I have considered all.
If from illustrious parentage he springs,
His ruin should be hasten'd by his rank;
If fate has placed him in a lot obscure,
What matters it if worthless blood be spilt?
Must kings keep pace when justice lags behind?
On promptitude their safety oft depends;
No irksome scruples need their freedom check;
To be suspected is all one with guilt.
Abner. Mattan! Is this the language of a priest?
Nursed in the lap of war, in carnage reared,
Stern agent of the vengeful wrath of kings,
'Tis I who now must urge misfortune's plea!
And thou, who owest him a father's love,
A minister of peace in times of wrath,
Cloaking resentment with pretended zeal,
Dost chafe that blood should flow so tardily!
Thou badest me, Madam, speak my honest thought:
What, then, is this that moves thy fear so much?
A dream, a feeble child, whom, it may be
Too readily thy fancy recognized.

Athaliah. Abner, I will admit I may be wrong,
Heeding too much, perchance, an idle dream.
More closely then must I behold that child,
And at my leisure scan his features well.
Let both the boys be brought before me now.
Abner. I fear —
Athaliah. What! Can they fail to grant me this?
What reason could they have to say me no?
'Twould rouse suspicion. Bid Jehosheba,
Or else her husband bring the children here;
I can at pleasure use a monarch's tone.
Abner, I tell thee candidly, your priests
Have cause to bless my kindness hitherto;
I know how far they freely have discuss'd
My conduct, and abused my sovereign power;
And yet they live, and yet their temple stands.
But soon, I feel, the limit may be pass'd;
Jehoiada must curb his savage zeal,
And not provoke my wrath a second time.
Go.

ATHALIAH, MATTAN, ATTENDANTS OF ATHALIAH

Mattan. I may now at last in freedom speak,
And clearly set the truth before thine eyes.
A growing monster in this temple lurks;
A tempest threatens, wait not till it breaks.
Ere daylight Abner with th' High Priest conferr'd;
Thou knowest well his love for David's line.
What if Jehoiada should in their ranks
Foist this young child with whom Heav'n threatens thee,
His son or not —
Athaliah. Thou hast unseal'd mine eyes,
And Heaven's warning vision grows distinct.
But I would fain be free from every doubt:
Children will readily betray their thoughts,
One word will oft disclose some deep design.
Let me, dear Mattan, see him, question him.
Go thou, meanwhile, and secret orders give
That all my Tyrians quickly arm themselves.

JOASH, ATHALIAH, JEHOSHEBA, ZACHARIAH, ABNER, SALOME, TWO LEVITES, CHORUS, ATTENDANTS OF ATHALIAH

Jehosheba (*to the* TWO LEVITES). Keep constant watch, ye servants of the Lord,
Over these children, precious and beloved.
Abner (*to* JEHOSHEBA). Take courage, Princess; they shall be my charge.
Athaliah. Heav'ns! the more closely I examine him, —
'Tis he! And horror seizes me again. (*Pointing to* JOASH.)
Wife of Jehoiada, is this thy son?
Jehosheba. He, Madam?
Athaliah. He.
Jehosheba. His mother? No, not I.
(*Pointing to* ZACHARIAH.)
There is my son.
Athaliah (*to* JOASH). Who is thy father, child?
Answer, thyself.
Jehosheba. Heav'n till this very day —
Athaliah. Why in such haste to answer for the boy?
It is for him to speak.
Jehosheba. From one so young
What revelation canst thou hope to gain?
Athaliah. The young are innocent; and simple truth
Their honest frankness knows not to disguise:
Let him explain all that concerns himself.
Jehosheba (*aside*). Great God, put now Thy wisdom in his mouth!
Athaliah. What is thy name?
Joash. My name's Eliakim.
Athaliah. Thy father?
Joash. Fatherless, they say, I am,
Cast since my birth upon the arms of God;
I never knew my parents, who they were.
Athaliah. Hast thou no parents?
Joash. They abandon'd me.
Athaliah. How? and how long ago?
Joash. When I was born.
Athaliah. Where is thy home? This can at least be told.

Joash. This temple is my home; none else I know.
Athaliah. Where wast thou found? Hast thou been told of that?
Joash. 'Midst cruel wolves, ready to eat me up.
Athaliah. Who placed thee in this temple?
Joash. One unknown,
She gave no name, nor was she seen again.
Athaliah. Whose guardian hands preserved thine infant years?
Joash. When did God e'er neglect His children's needs?
The feather'd nestlings He provides with food,
And o'er all nature spreads His bounty wide.
Daily I pray; and with a Father's care
He feeds me from the sacred offerings.
Athaliah. New wonder comes to trouble and perplex!
The sweetness of his voice, his infant grace
Unconsciously make enmity give way
To — can it be compassion that I feel!
Abner. Madam, is this thy dreaded enemy?
'Tis evident thy dreams have played thee false;
Unless thy pity, which now seems to vex,
Should be the fatal blow that terrified.
Athaliah (*to* JOASH *and* JEHOSHEBA). Why are ye leaving?
Jehosheba. Thou hast heard his tale:
His presence longer might be troublesome.
Athaliah (*to* JOASH). Nay, child, come back. What dost thou all the day?
Joash. I worship God, and hear His Law explain'd;
His holy volume I am taught to read,
And now to write it has my hand begun.
Athaliah. What says that Law?
Joash. That God requires our love,
Avenges, soon or late, His Name blasphemed,
Is the protector of the fatherless,
Resists the proud, the murderer punishes.
Athaliah. I understand. But all within these walls,
How are they occupied?
Joash. In praising God.
Athaliah. Does God claim constant service here and prayer?

Joash. All else is banish'd from His holy courts.
Athaliah. What pleasures hast thou?
Joash. Where God's altar stands
I sometimes help th' High Priest to offer salt
Or incense, hear His lofty praises sung,
And see His stately ritual perform'd.
Athaliah. What! Hast thou pastime none more sweet than that?
Sad lot for one so young; but come with me,
And see my palace and my splendor there.
Joash. God's goodness then would from my memory fade.
Athaliah. I would not force thee to forget Him, child.
Joash. Thou dost not pray to Him.
Athaliah. But thou shalt pray.
Joash. There I should hear another's name invoked.
Athaliah. I serve my god: and thou shalt worship thine.
There are two powerful gods.
Joash. Thou must fear mine;
He only is the Lord, and thine is naught.
Athaliah. Pleasures untold will I provide for thee.
Joash. The happiness of sinners melts away.
Athaliah. Of sinners, who are they?
Jehosheba. Madam, excuse
A child —
Athaliah. I like to see how ye have taught him;
And thou hast pleased me well, Eliakim,
Being, and that past doubt, no common child.
See thou, I am a queen, and have no heir;
Forsake this humble service, doff this garb,
And I will let thee share in all my wealth;
Make trial of my promise from this day;
Beside me at my table, everywhere,
Thou shalt receive the treatment of a son.
Joash. A son!
Athaliah. Yes, speak.
Joash. And such a Father leave
For —
Athaliah. Well, what?
Joash. Such a mother as thyself!

Athaliah (*to* JEHOSHEBA). His memory is good; in all he says
I recognize the lessons ye have given.
Yes, this is how, corrupting guileless youth,
Ye both improve the freedom ye enjoy,
Inciting them to hatred and wild rage,
Until they shudder but to hear my name.

Jeshosheba. Can our misfortunes be conceal'd from them?
All the world knows them; are they not thy boast?

Athaliah. Yea; with just wrath, that I am proud to own,
My parents on my offspring I avenged.
Could I see sire and brother massacred,
My mother from the palace roof cast down,
And the same day beheaded all at once
(Oh, horror!) fourscore princes of the blood:
And all to avenge a pack of prophets slain,
Whose dangerous frenzies Jezebel had curb'd?
Have queens no heart, daughters no filial love,
That I should act the coward and the slave,
Too pitiful to cope with savages,
By rendering death for death, and blow for blow?
David's posterity from me received
Treatment no worse than had my father's sons!
Where should I be to-day, had I not quell'd
All weakness and a mother's tenderness,
Had not this hand of mine like water shed
My own heart's blood, and boldly check'd your plots?
Your god has vow'd implacable revenge;
Snapt is the link between thine house and mine,
David and all his offspring I abhor,
Tho' born of mine own blood I own them not.

Jehosheba. Thy plans have prospered. Let God see, and judge!

Athaliah. Your god, forsooth, your only refuge left,
What will become of his predictions now?
Let him present you with that promised King,
That Son of David, waited for so long, —
We meet again. Farewell. I go content.
I wished to see, and I have seen.

Abner (*to* JEHOSHEBA). The trust
I undertook to keep, I thus resign.

JOASH, JEHOSHEBA, ZACHARIAH, SALOME, JEHOIDA, ABNER, LEVITES, THE CHORUS

Jehosheba (*to* JEHOIADA). My lord, did'st hear the Queen's
presumptuous words?
Jehoiada. I heard them all, and felt for thee the while.
These Levites were with me ready to aid
Or perish with you, such was our resolve.
(*To* JOASH, *embracing him.*)
May God watch o'er thee, child, whose courage bore,
Just now, such noble witness to His Name.
Thy service, Abner, has been well discharged:
I shall expect thee at th' appointed hour.
I must return, this impious murderess
Has stain'd my vision, and disturb'd my prayers;
The very pavement that her feet have trod
My hands shall sprinkle o'er with cleansing blood.

SIR WALTER RALEIGH

SIR WALTER RALEIGH, a famous English author and explorer. Born at Hayes Barton in Devonshire, 1552; was beheaded in London, October 29, 1618. Certain poems and minor pieces of literature, and his "History of the World," were composed when he was a political prisoner for thirteen years in the Tower of London. So vital is his fame that his complete works were published two hundred years after his death. His greatness of character and brilliant achievements were so manifest that the world has always given him its sympathy, and has lamented the misfortunes and political hostility that finally overwhelmed him.

A report of the trueth of the fight about the Isles of Açores, the last of August 1591, betwixt the Revenge, one of her Majesties shippes, and an Armada of the king of Spaine.

BECAUSE the rumours are diversly spred, as well in England as in the Lowe countreis and elsewhere, of this late encounter betweene her Majesties ships and the Armada of Spaine; and

that the Spaniards according to their usuall maner, fill the world with their vaineglorious vaunts, making great apparance of victories, when on the contrary, themselves are most commonly and shamefully beaten and dishonoured; thereby hoping to possesse the ignorant multitude by anticipating & forerunning false reports: It is agreeable with all good reason, for manifestation of the truth, to overcome falshood and untrueth; that the beginning, continuance and successe of this late honourable encounter of Sir Richard Greenvil, and other her Majesties Captaines, with the Armada of Spaine; should be truely set downe and published without partialitie or false imaginations. And it is no marveile that the Spaniard should seeke by false and slanderous pamphlets, advisoes and Letters, to cover their owne losse, and to derogate from others their due honors, especially in this fight being performed far off: seeing they were not ashamed in the yeere 1588. when they purposed the invasion of this land, to publish in sundry languages in print, great victories in wordes, which they pleaded to have obteined against this Realme; and spred the same in a most false sort over all parts of France, Italy, and elsewhere. When shortly after it was happily manifested in very deed to al Nations, how their Navy which they termed invincible, consisting of 140. saile of shippes, not onely of their owne kingdome, but strengthened with the greatest Argosies, Portugal Caracks, Florentines, and huge hulks of other Countreis, were by 30. of her Majesties owne ships of war, and a few of our owne Marchants, by the wise, valiant, and advantagious conduct of the L. Charles Howard high Admirall of England, beaten and shuffled together; even from the Lizard in Cornwall first to Portland, where they shamefully left Don Pedro de Valdes, with his mighty ship; from Portland to Cales, where they lost Hugo de Moncado, with the Gallias of which he was Captaine, and from Cales, driven with squibs from their anchors, were chased out of the sight of England, round about Scotland and Ireland. Where for the sympathie of their barbarous religion, hoping to finde succour and assistance, a great part of them were crusht against the rocks, and those other that landed, being very many in number, were notwithstanding broken, slaine, and taken, and so sent from village to village coupled in halters,

to be shipped into England. Where her Majestie of her Princely and invincible disposition, disdaining to put them to death, and scorning either to retaine or entertaine them: they were all sent backe againe to their countreys, to witnes and recount the worthy achievements of their invincible and dreadfull Navy: Of which the number of Souldiers, the fearefull burthen of their shippes, the commanders names of every squadron, with all other their magasines of provisions, were put in print, as an Army and Navy unresistable, and disdaining prevention. With all which so great and terrible an ostentation, they did not in all their sailing round about England, so much as sinke or take one shippe, Barke, Pinnesse, or Cockbote of ours: or ever burnt so much as one sheepecote of this land. Whenas on the contrarie, Sir Francis Drake, with onely 800. souldiers not long before, landed in their Indies, and forced Sant-Iago, Santo Domingo, Cartagena, and the forts of Florida.

And after that, Sir John Norris marched from Peniche in Portugall, with a handfull of souldiers, to the gates of Lisbone, being above 40 English miles. Where the Earle of Essex himselfe and other valiant Gentlemen braved the Citie of Lisbone, encamped at the very gates; from whence, after many dayes abode, finding neither promised partie, nor provision to batter; they made retrait by land, in despight of all their Garrisons, both of horse & foote. In this sort I have a little digressed from my first purpose, onely by the necessarie comparison of theirs and our actions: the one covetous of honour without vaunt of ostentation; the other so greedy to purchase the opinion of their owne affaires, and by false rumors to resist the blasts of their owne dishonours, as they will not onely not blush to spread all manner of untruthes: but even for the least advantage, be it but for the taking of one poore adventurer of the English, will celebrate the victory with bonefires in every towne, alwayes spending more in faggots, then the purchase was worth they obtained. When as we never thought it worth the consumption of two billets, when we have taken eight or ten of their Indian shippes at one time, and twentie of the Brasill fleete. Such is the difference betweene true valure, and ostentation: and betweene honourable actions, and frivolous vaineglorious vaunts. But now to returne to my purpose.

The L. Thomas Howard with sixe of her Majesties shippes, sixe victualers of London, the Barke Ralegh, & two or three other Pinnases riding at anker neere unto Flores, one of the Westerly Ilands of the Azores, the last of August in the afternoone, had intelligence by one Captaine Middleton of the approch of the Spanish Armada. Which Middleton being in a very good sailer had kept them company three dayes before, of good purpose, both to discover their forces the more, as also to give advise to my L. Thomas of their approch. Hee had no sooner delivered the newes but the fleete was in sight: many of our shippes companies were on shore in the Ilande; some providing balast for their ships; others filling of water and refreshing themselves from the land with such things as they could either for money, or by force recover. By reason whereof our ships being all pestered and romaging every thing out of order, very light for want of balast, and that which was most to our disadvantage, the one halfe part of the men of every shippe sicke, and utterly unserviceable: for in the Revenge there were ninety diseased: in the Bonaventure, not so many in health as could handle her maine saile. For had not twenty men beene taken out of a Barke of sir George Careys, his being commaunded to be sunke, and those appointed to her, she had hardly ever recovered England. The rest, for the most parte, were in little better state. The names of her Majesties shippes were these as followeth, the Defiance, which was Admiral, the Revenge Viceadmirall, the Bonaventure commaunded by Captaine Crosse, the Lion by George Fenner, the Foresight by M. Thomas Vavasour, and the Crane by Duffild. The Foresight & the Crane being but smal ships; only the other were of the middle size; the rest, besides the Barke Ralegh, commanded by Captaine Thin, were victuallers, and of small force or none. The Spanish fleet having shrouded their approch by reason of the Island; were now so soone at hand, as our shippes had scarce time to way their anchors, but some of them were driven to let slippe their Cables and set saile. Sir Richard Grinvile was the last that wayed, to recover the men that were upon the Island, which otherwise had bene lost. The L. Thomas with the rest very hardly recovered the winde, which Sir Richard Grinvile not being able to doe was perswaded by

the Master and others to cut his maine sayle, and cast about, and to trust to the sayling of the ship; for the squadron of Sivil were on his weather bow. But Sir Richard utterly refused to turne from the enemie, alleaging that hee would rather choose to die, then to dishonour himselfe, his countrey, and her Majesties shippe, perswading his companie that hee would passe through the two squadrons, in despight of them, and enforce those of Sivil to give him way. Which hee performed upon divers of the formost, who, as the Mariners terme it, sprang their luffe, and fell under the lee of the Revenge. But the other course had beene the better, and might right well have bene answered in so great an impossibility of prevaling. Notwithstanding out of the greatnesse of his minde, he could not be perswaded. In the meane while as hee attended those which were nearest him, the great San Philip being in the winde of him, and comming towards him, becalmed his sailes in such sort, as the shippe could neither make way, nor feele the helme: so huge and high carged was the Spanish ship, being of a thousand and five hundreth tuns. Who after layd the Revenge aboord. When he was thus bereft of his sailes, the ships that were under his lee luffing up, also layd him aboord: of which the next was the Admiral of the Biscaines, a very mighty and puissant shippe commanded by Brittandona. The sayd Philip carried three tire of ordinance on a side, and eleven pieces in every tire. She shot eight forth right out of her chase, besides those of her sterne ports.

After the Revenge was entangled with this Philip, foure other boorded her; two on her larboord, and two on her starboord. The fight thus beginning at three of the clock in the afternoone, continued very terrible all that evening. But the great San Philip having received the lower tire of the Revenge, discharged with crossebar-shot, shifted her selfe with all diligence from her sides, utterly misliking her first entertainement. Some say that the shippe foundred, but we cannot report it for truth, unlesse we were assured. The Spanish ships were filled with companies of souldiers, in some two hundred besides the mariners; in some five, in others eight hundreth. In ours there were none at all beside the mariners, but the servants of the commanders and some few voluntary gentlemen onely.

After many enterchanged volies of great ordinance and small shot, the Spaniards deliberated to enter the Revenge, and made divers attempts, hoping to force her by the multitudes of their armed soulders, and Musketters, but were still repulsed againe and againe, and at all times beaten backe into their owne ships, or into the seas. In the beginning of the fight, the George Noble of London having received some shot thorow her by the Armadas, fell under the lee of the Revenge, and asked Sir Richard what he would command him, being but one of the victuallers and of small force: Sir Richard bid him save himselfe, and leave him to his fortune. After the fight had thus, without intermission, continued while the day lasted and some houres of the night, many of our men were slaine and hurte, and one of the great Gallions of the Armada, and the Admirall of the Hulkes both sunke, and in many other of the Spanish shippes great slaughter was made. Some write that sir Richard was very dangerously hurt almost in the beginning of the fight, and lay speechlesse for a time ere hee recovered. But two of the Revenges owne company, brought home in a ship of Lime from the Ilandes, examined by some of the Lordes, and others, affirmed that hee was never so wounded as that hee forsooke the upper decke, till an houre before midnight; and then being shot into the bodie with a Musket as hee was a dressing, was againe shot into the head, and withall his Chirurgion wounded to death. This agreeth also with an examination taken by sir Francis Godolphin, of foure other mariners of the same shippe being returned, which examination, the said sir Francis sent unto master William Killegrue, of her Majesties privy Chamber.

But to returne to the fight, the Spanish ships which attempted to bord the Revenge, as they were wounded and beaten off, so alwayes others came in their places, she having never lesse then two mighty Gallions by her sides, and aboard her: So that ere the morning, from three of the clocke the day before, there had fifteene severall Armadas assayled her; and all so ill approved their entertainment, as they were by the breake of day, far more willing to harken to a composition, then hastily to make any more assaults or entries. But as the day encreased, so our men decreased: and as the light grew more and more, by so much more grewe our discomforts. For none appeared

in sight but enemies, saving one small ship called the Pilgrim, commaunded by Jacob Whiddon, who hovered all night to see the successe: but in the morning bearing with the Revenge, was hunted like a hare amongst many ravenous houndes, but escaped.

All the powder of the Revenge to the last barrell was now spent, all her pikes broken, fortie of her best men slaine, and the most part of the rest hurt. In the beginning of the fight shee had but one hundreth free from sicknes, and fourescore & ten sicke, laid in hold upon the Ballast. A small troup to man such a ship, & a weake garrison to resist so mighty an army. By those hundred al was susteined, the voleis, boordings, and entrings of fifteen ships of warre, besides those which beat her at large. On the contrary, the Spanish were always supplied with souldiers brought from every squadron: all maner of Armes and powder at will. Unto ours there remained no comfort at all, no hope, no supply either of ships, men, or weapons; the Mastes all beaten over boord, all her tackle cut asunder, her upper worke altogether rased, and in effect evened shee was with the water, but the very foundation or bottome of a ship, nothing being left over head either for flight or defence. Sir Richard finding himselfe in this distresse, and unable any longer to make resistance, having endured in this fifteene houres fight, the assault of fifteene severall Armadas, all by turnes aboord him, and by estimation eight hundred shotte of great Artillerie, besides many assaults and entries; and that himselfe and the shippe must needes be possessed by the enemy, who were now all cast in a ring round about him. (The Revenge not able to moove one way or other, but as she was moved with the waves and billow of the sea) commaunded the Master gunner, whom hee knew to be a most resolute man, to split and sinke the shippe; that thereby nothing might remaine of glory or victory to the Spaniards: seeing in so many houres fight, and with so great a Navie they were not able to take her, having had fifteene houres time, above ten thousand men, & fiftie and three saile of men of warre to performe it withall: and perswaded the company, or as many as hee could induce, to yeelde themselves unto God, and to the mercie of none else; but as they had, like valiant resolute men, repulsed

so many enemies, they should not nowe shorten the honour of their Nation, by prolonging their owne lives for a few houres, or a fewe dayes. The Master gunner readily condescended and divers others; but the Captaine and the Master were of another opinion, and besought Sir Richard to have care of them: alleaging that the Spaniard would be as ready to entertaine a composition, as they were willing to offer the same: and that there being diver sufficient and valiant men yet living, and whose wounds were not mortal, they might do their Countrey and prince acceptable service hereafter. And whereas Sir Richard had alleaged that the Spaniards should never glory to have taken one shippe of her Majestie, seeing they had so long and so notably defended themselves; they answered, that the shippe had sixe foote water in holde, three shot under water, which were so weakely stopped, as with the first working of the sea, she must needs sinke, and was besides so crusht and brused, as shee could never be removed out of the place.

And as the matter was thus in dispute, and Sir Richard refusing to hearken to any of those reasons: the Master of the Revenge (while the Captaine wanne unto him the greater party) was convoyd aboord the Generall Don Alfonso Baçan. Who (finding none over hastie to enter the Revenge againe, doubting least Sir Richard would have blowne them up and himselfe, and perceiving by the report of the Master of the Revenge his dangerous disposition) yeelded that all their lives should be saved, the company sent for England, & the better sort to pay such reasonable ransome as their estate would beare, and in the meane season to be free from Gally or imprisonment. To this he so much the rather condescended as wel, as I have said, for feare of further losse and mischiefe to themselves, as also for the desire he had to recover Sir Richard Greenvil; whom for his notable valure he seemed greatly to honour and admire.

When this answere was returned, and that safetie of life was promised, the common sort being now at the ende of their perill, the most drew backe from Sir Richard and the Master gunner, being no hard matter to diswade men from death to life. The Master gunner finding himselfe and Sir Richard thus prevented and mastered by the greater number, would have slaine himselfe with a sword, had he not bene by force with-

held and locked into his Cabben. Then the Generall sent many boates aboord the Revenge, and divers of our men fearing Sir Richards disposition, stole away aboord the Generall and other shippes. Sir Richard thus overmatched, was sent unto by Alfonso Baçan to remoove out of the Revenge, the shippe being marveilous unsavorie, filled with blood and bodies of dead, and wounded men like a slaughter house. Sir Richard answered that hee might doe with his body what he list, for hee esteemed it not, and as he was carried out of the shippe hee swounded, and reviving againe desired the company to pray for him. The Generall used Sir Richard with all humanitie, and left nothing unattempted that tended to his recoverie, highly commending his valour and worthinesse, and greatly bewailing the danger wherein he was, being unto them a rare spectacle, and a resolution sildome approoved, to see one shippe turne toward so many enemies, to endure the charge and boording of so many huge Armadas, and to resist and repell the assaults and entries of so many souldiers. All which and more is confirmed by a Spanish Captaine of the same Armada, and a present actor in the fight, who being severed from the rest in a storme, was by the Lion of London a small ship taken, and is now prisoner in London.

The generall commander of the Aramada, was Don Alphonso Baçan, brother to the Marques of Santa Cruz. The admirall of the Biscaine squadron, was Britandona. Of the squadron of Sivil, the Marques of Arumburch. The Hulkes and Flybotes were commanded by Luis Coutinho. There were slaine and drowned in this fight, well neere one thousand of the enemies, and two speciall commanders Don Luis de sant John, and Don George de Prunaria de Mallaga, as the Spanish captaine confesseth besides divers others of speciall account, whereof as yet report is not made.

The Admirall of the Hulkes and the Ascension of Sivil were both sunke by the side of the Revenge; one other recovered the rode of Saint Michael, and sunke also there; a fourth ranne her selfe with the shore to save her men. Sir Richard died as it is sayd, the second or third day aboord the Generall, and was by them greatly bewailed. What became of his body, whether it were buried in the sea or on the land we know not:

BIRTHPLACE OF SIR WALTER RALEIGH, HAYES BARTON, ENGLAND

the comfort that remayneth to his friends is, that hee hath ended his life honourably in respect of the reputation wonne to his nation and countrey, and of the same to his posteritie, and that being dead, he hath not outlived his owne honour.

THE SOUL'S ERRAND

Go, soul, the body's guest,
  Upon a thankless errand!
Fear not to touch the best,
  The truth shall be thy warrant;
    Go, since I needs must die,
    And give the world the lie.

Go, tell the court it glows,
  And shines like rotten wood;
Go, tell the church it shows
  What's good, and doth no good:
    If church and court reply,
    Then give them both the lie.

Tell potentates, they live
  Acting by others' actions,
Not lov'd unless they give,
  Not strong but by their factions.
    If potentates reply,
    Give potentates the lie.

Tell men of high condition
  That rule affairs of state,
Their purpose is ambition,
  Their practice only hate.
    And if they once reply,
    Then give them all the lie.

Tell them that brave it most,
  They beg for more by spending,
Who in their greatest cost,
  Seek nothing but commending.

And if they make reply,
Then give them all the lie.

Tell zeal it lacks devotion,
Tell love it is but lust,
Tell time it is but motion,
Tell flesh it is but dust;
And wish them not reply,
For thou must give the lie.

Tell age it daily wasteth,
Tell honor how it alters,
Tell beauty how she blasteth,
Tell favor how she falters.
And as they shall reply,
Give every one the lie.

Tell wit how much it wrangles
In tickle points of niceness:
Tell wisdom she entangles
Herself in over-wiseness.
And when they do reply,
Straight give them both the lie.

Tell physic of her boldness,
Tell skill it is pretension,
Tell charity of coldness,
Tell law it is contention.
And as they do reply,
So give them still the lie.

Tell fortune of her blindness,
Tell nature of decay,
Tell friendship of unkindness,
Tell justice of delay,
And if they will reply,
Then give them all the lie.

Tell arts they have no soundness,
But vary by esteeming,

Tell schools they want profoundness,
And stand too much on seeming.
If arts and schools reply,
Give arts and schools the lie.

Tell faith it's fled the city,
Tell how the country erreth,
Tell, manhood shakes off pity,
Tell, virtue least preferreth.
And if they do reply,
Spare not to give the lie.

So when thou hast, as I
Commanded thee, done blabbing:
Although to give the lie
Deserves no less than stabbing;
Yet stab at thee who will,
No stab the soul can kill.

PILGRIMAGE

Give me my scallop-shell of Quiet,
My staff of Faith to walk upon,
My scrip of Joy, immortal diet;
My bottle of salvation;
My Gown of Glory (Hope's true gage),
And thus I'll take my pilgrimage.

Blood must be my body's balmer,
Whilst my soul, like a quiet Palmer,
Traveleth towards the land of Heaven;
No other balm will there be given.
Over the silver mountains
Where spring the nectar fountains,
There will I kiss
The bowl of bliss,
And drink mine everlasting fill,
Upon every milken hill;
My soul will be a-dry before,
But after, it will thirst no more.

ALLAN RAMSAY

ALLAN RAMSAY, a Scottish poet of distinction. Born at Leadhills, Lanarkshire, Scotland, October 15, 1686; died at Edinburgh, January 7, 1758. Author of the "Gentle Shepherd," "The Tea-Table Miscellany," "The Evergreen."

LOCHABER NO MORE

FAREWELL to Lochaber, and farewell my Jean,
Where heartsome with thee I've mony day been;
For Lochaber no more, Lochaber no more,
We'll maybe return to Lochaber no more.
These tears that I shed, they are a' for my dear,
And no for the dangers attending on weir;
Though borne on rough seas to a far bloody shore,
Maybe to return to Lochaber no more.

Though hurricanes rise, and rise every wind,
They'll ne'er mak' a tempest like that in my mind;
Though loudest o' thunder on louder waves roar,
That's naething like leaving my love on the shore.
To leave thee behind me my heart is sair pained;
By ease that's inglorious no fame can be gained;
And beauty and love's the reward of the brave,
And I must deserve it before I can crave.

Then glory, my Jeanie, maun plead my excuse;
Since honor commands me, how can I refuse?
Without it I ne'er can have merit for thee,
And without thy favor I'd better not be.
I gae then, my lass, to win honor and fame,
And if I should luck to come gloriously hame,
I'll bring a heart to thee with love running o'er,
And then I'll leave thee and Lochaber no more.

RUDOLPH ERIC RASPE

RUDOLPH ERICH RASPE. Born at Hanover, 1737; died at Muckross, Ireland, 1794. Author or compiler of "Baron Münchhausen's Narrative of Marvellous Travels and Campaigns in Russia," 1785. The original Baron Münchhausen was a German soldier who served in the Russian army against the Turks. His stories, descriptive of his own absurd and incredible adventures and exploits, gave him the reputation of the foremost of liars and a past-master of braggadocio. Some of these wonderful tales were collected and published by Raspe, who thus contributed to the still widespread use of Münchhausen's name as indicative of any extravagantly exaggerated statement.

(From "BARON MÜNCHHAUSEN")

I SET off from Rome on a journey to Russia, in the midst of winter, from a just notion that frost and snow must of course mend the roads, which every traveler had described as uncommonly bad through the northern parts of Germany, Poland, Courland, and Livonia. I went on horseback, as the most convenient manner of traveling; I was but lightly clothed, and of this I felt the inconvenience the more I advanced northeast. What must not a poor old man have suffered in that severe weather and climate, whom I saw on a bleak common in Poland, lying on the road, helpless, shivering and hardly having wherewithal to cover his nakedness? I pitied the poor soul: though I felt the severity of the air myself, I threw my mantle over him, and immediately I heard a voice from the heavens, blessing me for that piece of charity, saying: —

"You will be rewarded, my son, for this in time."

I went on: night and darkness overtook me. No village was to be seen. The country was covered with snow, and I was unacquainted with the road.

Tired, I alighted, and fastened my horse to something like a pointed stump of a tree, which appeared above the snow; for the sake of safety I placed my pistols under my arm, and lay down on the snow, where I slept so soundly that I did not open my eyes till full daylight. It is not easy to conceive my astonishment to find myself in the midst of a village, lying in a churchyard; nor was my horse to be seen, but I heard him soon after neigh somewhere above me. On looking upward I beheld him

hanging by his bridle to the weathercock of the steeple. Matters were not very plain to me: the village had been covered with snow overnight; a sudden change of weather had taken place; I had sunk down to the churchyard whilst asleep, gently, and in the same proportion as the snow had melted away; and what in the dark I had taken to be a stump of a little tree appearing above the snow, to which I had tied my horse, proved to have been the cross or weathercock of the steeple!

Without long consideration I took one of my pistols, shot the bridle in two, brought down the horse, and proceeded on my journey. [Here the Baron seems to have forgotten his feelings; he should certainly have ordered his horse a feed of corn, after fasting so long.]

He carried me well — advancing into the interior parts of Russia. I found traveling on horseback rather unfashionable in winter, therefore I submitted, as I always do, to the custom of the country, took a single horse sledge, and drove briskly toward St. Petersburg. I do not exactly recollect whether it was in Eastland or Jugemanland, but I remember that in the midst of a dreary forest I spied a terrible wolf making after me, with all the speed of ravenous winter hunger. He soon overtook me. There was no possibility of escape. Mechanically I laid myself down flat in the sledge, and let my horse run for our safety. What I wished, but hardly hoped or expected, happened immediately after. The wolf did not mind me in the least, but took a leap over me, and falling furiously on the horse, began instantly to tear and devour the hind-part of the poor animal, which ran the faster for his pain and terror. Thus unnoticed and safe myself, I lifted my head slyly up, and with horror I beheld that the wolf had eaten his way into the horse's body; it was not long before he had fairly forced himself into it, when I took my advantage, and fell upon him with the butt-end of my whip. This unexpected attack in his rear frightened him so much, that he leaped forward with all his might: the horse's carcass dropped on the ground, but in his place the wolf was in the harness, and I on my part whipped him continually: we both arrived in full career safe to St. Petersburg, contrary to our most daring hopes.

I shall not tire you, gentlemen, with the politics, arts, sciences,

and history of this magnificent metropolis of Russia, nor trouble you with the various intrigues and pleasant adventures I had in the politer circles of that country, where the lady of the house alway receives the visitor with a dram and a salute. I shall confine myself rather to the greater and nobler objects of your attention, horses and dogs, my favorites in the brute creation; also to foxes, wolves and bears, with which, and game in general, Russia abounds more than any other part of the world; and to such sports, manly exercises, and feats of gallantry and activity, as show the gentleman better than musty Greek or Latin, or all the perfume, finery, and capers of French wits or *petit-maîtres*.

Success was not always with me. I had the misfortune to be overpowered by numbers, to be made prisoner of war; and, what is worse, but always usual among the Turks, to be sold for a slave. In that state of humiliation my daily task was not very hard and laborious, but rather singular and irksome. It was to drive the Sultan's bees every morning to their pasture grounds, to attend them all the day long, and against night to drive them back to their hives. One evening I missed a bee, and soon observed that two bears had fallen upon her to tear her to pieces for the honey she carried. I had nothing like an offensive weapon in my hands but the silver hatchet which is the badge of the Sultan's gardeners and farmers. I threw it at the robbers, with an intention to frighten them away, and set the poor bee at liberty; but by an unlucky turn of my arm, it flew upwards, and continued rising till it reached the moon. How should I recover it? how fetch it down again? I recollected that Turkey-beans grow very quick, and run up to an astonishing height. I planted one immediately; it grew, and actually fastened itself to one of the moon's horns. I had no more to do now but to climb up by it into the moon, where I safely arrived, and had a troublesome piece of business before I could find my silver hatchet, in a place where everything has the brightness of silver; at last, however, I found it in a heap of chaff and chopped straw. I was now for returning: but, alas! the heat of the sun had dried up my bean; it was totally useless for my descent; so I fell to work, and twisted me a rope of that chopped straw, as long and as well as I could make it. This I fastened to one of the moon's

horns, and slid down to the end of it. Here I held myself fast with the left hand, and with the hatchet in my right, I cut the long, now useless end of the upper part, which, when tied to the lower end, brought me a good deal lower: this repeated splicing and tying of the rope did not improve its quality, or bring me down to the Sultan's farm. I was four or five miles from the earth at least when it broke; I fell to the ground with such amazing violence, that I found myself stunned, and in a hole nine fathoms deep at least, made by the weight of my body falling from so great a height: I recovered, but knew not how to get out again; however, I dug slopes or steps with my finger-nails [the Baron's nails were then of forty years' growth], and easily accomplished it.

Peace was soon after concluded with the Turks, and gaining my liberty, I left St. Petersburg at the time of that singular revolution, when the emperor in his cradle, his mother, the Duke of Brunswick, her father, Field-marshal Munich, and many others were sent to Siberia. The winter was then so uncommonly severe all over Europe, that ever since the sun seems to be frost-bitten. At my return to this place, I felt on the road greater inconveniences than those I had experienced on my setting out.

I traveled post, and finding myself in a narrow lane, bid the postilion give a signal with his horn, that other travelers might not meet us in the narrow passage. He blew with all his might; but his endeavors were in vain, he could not make the horn sound, which was unaccountable and rather unfortunate, for soon after we found ourselves in the presence of another coach coming the other way: there was no proceeding; however, I got out of my carriage, and being pretty strong, placed it, wheels and all, upon my head: I then jumped over a hedge about nine feet high (which, considering the weight of the coach, was rather difficult) into a field, and came out again by another jump into the road beyond the other carriage: I then went back for the horses, and placing one upon my head, and the other under my left arm, by the same means brought them to my coach, put to, and proceeded to an inn at the end of our stage. I should have told you that the horse under my arm was very spirited, and not above four years old; in making my second

spring over the hedge, he expressed great dislike to that violent kind of motion by kicking and snorting; however, I confined his hind legs by putting them into my coat-pocket. After we arrived at the inn my postilion and I refreshed ourselves: he hung his horn on a peg near the kitchen fire; I sat on the other side.

Suddenly we heard a *tereng! tereng! teng! teng!* We looked round, and now found the reason why the postilion had not been able to sound his horn; his tunes were frozen up in the horn, and came out now by thawing, plain enough, and much to the credit of the driver; so that the honest fellow entertained us for some time with a variety of tunes, without putting his mouth to the horn — The King of Prussia's March — Over the Hill and over the Dale — with many other favorite tunes; at length the thawing entertainment concluded, as I shall this short account of my Russian travels.

THOMAS BUCHANAN READ

THOMAS BUCHANAN READ, an American poet and portrait painter. Born in Chester County, Pennsylvania, March 12, 1822; died in New York, May 11, 1872. His poetical works were issued in 1867. "Drifting," "The Closing Scene," and "Sheridan's Ride" are notable poems in the collection. He also published a compilation entitled "Female Poets of America." Among his paintings are the portraits illustrating that work, and the well-known portraits of Longfellow's children and Mrs. Browning.

SHERIDAN'S RIDE

Up from the South, at break of day,
Bringing to Winchester fresh dismay,
The affrighted air with a shudder bore,
Like a herald in haste, to the chieftain's door,
The terrible grumble and rumble and roar,
Telling the battle was on once more,
And Sheridan twenty miles away.

And wider still those billows of war
Thundered along the horizon's bar,
And louder yet into Winchester rolled
The roar of that red sea, uncontrolled,
Making the blood of the listener cold
As he thought of the stake in that fiery fray,
And Sheridan twenty miles away.

But there is a road to Winchester town,
A good, broad highway, leading down;
And there, through the flush of the morning light,
A steed, as black as the steeds of night,
Was seen to pass as with eagle flight:
As if he knew the terrible need,
He stretched away with his utmost speed.
Hill rose and fell; but his heart was gay,
With Sheridan fifteen miles away.

Still sprung from those swift hoofs, thundering south,
The dust, like the smoke from the cannon's mouth,
Or the trail of a comet, sweeping faster and faster,
Foreboding to traitors the doom of disaster;
The heart of the steed, and the heart of the master
Were beating, like prisoners assaulting their walls,
Impatient to be where the battle-field calls.
Every nerve of the charger was strained to full play,
With Sheridan only ten miles away.

Under his spurning feet the road
Like an arrowy Alpine river flowed;
And the landscape sped away behind
Like an ocean flying before the wind;
And the steed, like a bark fed with furnace ire,
Swept on with his wild eyes full of fire.
But lo! he is nearing his heart's desire;
He is snuffing the smoke of the roaring fray,
With Sheridan only five miles away.

The first that the General saw were the groups
Of stragglers, and then the retreating troops.
What was done — what to do — a glance told him both;
Then, striking his spurs, with a terrible oath,
He dashed down the line 'mid a storm of huzzas,
And the wave of retreat checked its course there, because
The sight of the master compelled it to pause.
With foam and with dust the black charger was gray.
By the flash of his eye, and his red nostrils' play,
He seemed to the whole great army to say:
"I have brought you Sheridan, all the way
From Winchester down, to save you the day!"

Hurrah, hurrah, for Sheridan!
Hurrah, hurrah, for horse and man!
And when their statues are placed on high,
Under the dome of the Union sky —
The American soldiers' Temple of Fame, —
There, with the glorious General's name,
Be it said, in letters both bold and bright:
"Here is the steed that saved the day
By carrying Sheridan into the fight,
From Winchester, twenty miles away!"

CHARLES READE

Charles Reade, an English novelist and dramatist. Born at Ipsden, Oxfordshire, June 8, 1814; died April 11, 1884. Author of "It's Never Too Late to Mend," "Peg Woffington," "The Course of True Love Never did Run Smooth," "The Autobiography of a Thief," "Love Me Little Love Me Long," "The Cloister and the Hearth," "Hard Cash," "Griffith Gaunt," "Put Yourself in His Place," "A Terrible Temptation," "Masks and Faces," "The Courier of Lyons," "The King's Rivals."

Reade is one of the most forcible, if not the most elegant, of English novelists. He usually wrote with a definite purpose to expose some infamy or right some wrong.

(From "The Cloister and the Hearth")

The high and puissant Prince, Philip "the Good," Duke of Burgundy, Luxemburg, and Brabant, Earl of Holland and Zealand, Lord of Friesland, Count of Flanders, Artois, and Hainault, Lord of Salins and Macklyn, — was versatile.

He could fight as well as any king going; and he could lie as well as any, except the king of France. He was a mighty hunter, and could read and write. His tastes were wide and ardent. He loved jewels like a woman, and gorgeous apparel. He dearly loved maids of honor, and indeed paintings generally; in proof of which he ennobled Jan Van Eyck. He had also a rage for giants, dwarfs, and Turks. These last stood ever planted about him, turbaned, and blazing with jewels. His agents inveigled them from Istamboul with fair promises; but, the moment he had got them, he baptized them by brute force in a large tub; and, this done, let them squat with their faces towards Mecca, and invoke Mahound as much as they pleased, laughing in his sleeve at their simplicity in fancying they were still infidels. He had lions in cages, and fleet leopards trained by Orientals to run down hares and deer. In short, he relished all rarities, except the humdrum virtues. For anything singularly pretty or diabolically ugly, this was your customer. The best of him was, he was open-handed to the poor; and the next best was, he fostered the arts in earnest: whereof he now gave a signal proof. He offered prizes for the best specimens of "orfèvrerie" in two kinds, religious and secular; item, for the best paintings in white of egg, oils, and tempera; these to be on panel, silk, or metal, as the artists chose: item, for the best transparent painting on glass: item, for the best illuminating and border-painting on vellum; item, for the fairest writing on vellum. The burgomasters of the several towns were commanded to aid all the poorer competitors by receiving their specimens and sending them with due care to Rotterdam at the expense of their several burghs. When this was cried by the bellman through the streets of Tergou, a thousand mouths opened, and one heart beat, — Gerard's. He told his family timidly he should try for two of those prizes. They stared in silence, for their breath was gone at his audacity; but one horrid laugh

exploded on the floor like a petard. Gerard looked down, and there was the dwarf, slit and fanged from ear to ear at his expense, and laughing like a lion. Nature, relenting at having made Giles so small, had given him as a set-off the biggest voice on record. His very whisper was a bassoon. He was like those stunted, wide-mouthed pieces of ordnance we see on fortifications, more like a flower-pot than a cannon; but, ods tympana, how they bellow!

Gerard turned red with anger, the more so as the others began to titter. White Catherine saw, and a pink tinge came on her cheek. She said softly: "Why do you laugh? Is it because he is our brother you think he cannot be capable? Yes, Gerard, try with the rest. Many say you are skilful; and mother and I will pray the Virgin to guide your hand."

"Thank you, little Kate. You shall pray to Our Lady, and our mother shall buy me vellum and the colors to illuminate with."

"What will they cost, my lad?"

"Two gold crowns" (about three shillings and fourpence English money).

"What?" screamed the housewife; "when the bushel of rye costs but a groat! What! me spend a month's meal and meat and fire on such vanity as that; the lightning from heaven would fall on me, and my children would all be beggars."

"Mother!" sighed little Catherine, imploringly.

"Oh, it is in vain, Kate," said Gerard, with a sigh. "I shall have to give it up, or ask the dame Van Eyck. She would give it me, but I think shame to be forever taking from her."

"It is not her affair," said Catherine, very sharply; "what has she to do coming between me and my son?" And she left the room with a red face. Little Catherine smiled. Presently the housewife returned with a gracious, affectionate air, and two little gold pieces in her hand.

"There, sweetheart," said she, "you won't have to trouble dame or demoiselle for two paltry crowns."

But on this Gerard fell a thinking how he could spare her purse.

"One will do, mother. I will ask the good monks to let me send my copy of their 'Terence'; it is on snowy vellum, and

I can write no better: so then I shall only need six sheets of vellum for my borders and miniatures, and gold for my ground, and prime colors, — one crown will do."

"Never tyne the ship for want of a bit of tar, Gerard," said this changeable mother. But she added, "Well, there, I will put the crown in my pocket. That won't be like putting it back in the box. Going to the box to take out instead of putting in, it is like going to my heart with a knife for so many drops of blood. You will be sure to want it, Gerard. The house is never built for less than the builder counted on."

Sure enough, when the time came, Gerard longed to go to Rotterdam and see the duke, and above all to see the work of his competitors, and so get a lesson from defeat. And the crown came out of the housewife's pocket with a very good grace. Gerard would soon be a priest. It seemed hard if he might not enjoy the world a little before separating himself from it for life.

The night before he went, Margaret Van Eyck asked him to take a letter for her; and when he came to look at it, to his surprise he found it was addressed to the Princess Marie, at the Stadthouse, in Rotterdam.

The day before the prizes were to be distributed, Gerard started for Rotterdam in his holiday suit, to wit, a doublet of silver-gray cloth with sleeves, and a jerkin of the same over it, but without sleeves. From his waist to his heels he was clad in a pair of tight-fitting buckskin hose, fastened by laces (called points) to his doublet. His shoes were pointed, in moderation, and secured by a strap that passed under the hollow of the foot. On his head and the back of his neck he wore his flowing hair, and pinned to his back between his shoulders was his hat, it was further secured by a purple silk ribbon little Kate had passed round him from the sides of the hat, and knotted neatly on his breast; below his hat, attached to the upper rim of his broad waist-belt, was his leathern wallet. When he got within a league of Rotterdam he was pretty tired, but he soon fell in with a pair that were more so. He found an old man sitting by the roadside quite worn out, and a comely young woman holding his hand with a face brimful of concern. The country people trudged by and noticed nothing amiss; but Gerard, as he passed, drew

conclusions. Even dress tells a tale to those who study it so closely as he did, being an illuminator. The old man wore a gown, and a fur tippet, and a velvet cap, sure signs of dignity; but the triangular purse at his girdle was lean, the gown rusty, the fur worn, sure signs of poverty. The young woman was dressed in plain russet cloth; yet snow-white lawn covered that part of her neck the gown left visible, and ended halfway up her white throat in a little band of gold embroidery. And her head-dress was new to Gerard; instead of hiding her hair in a pile of linen or lawn, she wore an open network of silver cord with silver spangles at the interstices; in this her glossy auburn hair was rolled in front into solid waves, and supported behind a luxurious and shapely mass. His quick eye took in all this, and the old man's pallor, and the tear in the young woman's eyes. So when he passed them a few yards, he reflected, and turned back, and came towards them bashfully.

"Father, I fear you are tired."

"Indeed, my son, I am," replied the old man; "and faint for lack of food."

Gerard's address did not appear so agreeable to the girl as to the old man. She seemed ashamed, and with much reserve in her manner said that it was her fault; she had underrated the distance, and imprudently allowed her father to start too late in the day.

"No, no!" said the old man; "it is not the distance, it is the want of nourishment."

The girl put her arms round his neck with tender concern, but took that opportunity of whispering, "Father, a stranger, — a young man!"

But it was too late. Gerard, with simplicity, and quite as a matter of course, fell to gathering sticks with great expedition. This done, he took down his wallet, out with the manchet of bread and the iron flask his careful mother had put up, and his everlasting tinder-box; lighted a match, then a candle-end, then the sticks; and put his iron flask on it. Then down he went on his stomach and took a good blow; then, looking up, he saw the girl's face had thawed, and she was looking down at him and his energy with a demure smile. He laughed back to her; "Mind the pot," said he, "and don't let it spill, for heaven's

sake: there's a cleft-stick to hold it safe with;" and with this he set off running towards a corn-field at some distance.

Whilst he was gone, there came by, on a mule with rich purple housings, an old man redolent of wealth. The purse at his girdle was plethoric, the fur on his tippet was ermine, broad and new.

It was Ghysbrecht Van Swieten, the burgomaster of Tergou. He was old, and his face furrowed. He was a notorious miser, and looked one generally. But the idea of supping with the duke raised him just now into manifest complacency. Yet at the sight of the faded old man and his bright daughter sitting by a fire of sticks the smile died out of his face, and he wore a strange look of pain and uneasiness. He reined in his mule. "Why, Peter, — Margaret —" said he almost fiercely, "what mummery is this?" Peter was going to answer, but Margaret interposed hastily, and said: "My father was exhausted, so I am warming something to give him strength before we go on." "What, reduced to feed by the roadside like the Bohemians?" said Ghysbrecht, and his hand went into his purse; but it did not seem at home there; it fumbled uncertainly, afraid too large a coin might stick to a finger and come out.

At this moment who should come bounding up but Gerard. He had two straws in his hand, and he threw himself down by the fire, and relieved Margaret of the cooking part; then, suddenly recognizing the burgomaster, he colored all over. Ghysbrecht Van Swieten started and glared at him, and took his hand out of his purse. "O," said he, bitterly, "I am not wanted;" and went slowly on, casting a long look of suspicion on Margaret, and hostility on Gerard, that was not very intelligible. However, there was something about it that Margaret could read enough to blush at, and almost toss her head. Gerard only stared with surprise. "By St. Bavon! I think the old miser grudges us three our quart of soup," said he. When the young man put that interpretation upon Ghysbrecht's strange and meaning look, Margaret was greatly relieved, and smiled gaily on the speaker.

Meantime Ghysbrecht plodded on, more wretched in his wealth than these in their poverty. And the curious thing is that the mule, the purple housings, and one half the coin in that

plethoric purse, belonged not to Ghysbrecht Van Swieten, but to that faded old man and that comely girl, who sat by a roadside fire to be fed by a stranger. They did not know this, but Ghysbrecht knew it, and carried in his heart a scorpion of his own begetting. That scorpion is remorse; the remorse that, not being penitence, is incurable, and ready for fresh misdeeds upon a fresh temptation.

Twenty years ago, when Ghysbrecht Van Swieten was a hard and honest man, the touchstone opportunity came to him, and he did an act of heartless roguery. It seemed a safe one. It had hitherto proved a safe one, though he had never felt safe. To-day he had seen youth, enterprise, and, above all, knowledge, seated by fair Margaret and her father, on terms that looked familiar and loving.

And the fiends are at his ear again.

"The soup is hot," said Gerard.

"But how are we to get it to our mouths?" inquired the senior, despondingly.

"Father, the young man has brought us straws." And Margaret smiled slyly.

"Ay, ay!" said the old man; "but my poor bones are stiff, and indeed the fire is too hot for a body to kneel over with these short straws. St. John the Baptist, but the young man is adroit!"

For while he stated his difficulty, Gerard removed it. He untied in a moment the knot on his breast, took his hat off, put a stone into each corner of it, then, wrapping his hand in the tail of his jerkin, whipped the flask off the fire, wedged it between the stones, and put the hat under the old man's nose with a merry smile. The other tremulously inserted the pipe of rye-straw and sucked. Lo and behold, his wan, drawn face was seen to light up more and more till it quite glowed; and, as soon as he had drawn a long breath: —

"Hippocrates and Galen!" he cried, "'tis a 'soupe au vin,' — the restorative of restoratives. Blessed be the nation that invented it, and the woman that made it, and the young man who brings it to fainting folk. Have a suck, my girl, while I relate to our young host the history and virtues of this his sovereign com-

pound. This corroborative, young sir, was unknown to the ancients; we find it neither in their treatises of medicine, nor in those popular narratives which reveal many of their remedies, both in chirurgery and medicine proper. Hector, in the Ilias, if my memory does not play me false —"

Margaret: "Alas! he's off."

" — was invited by one of the ladies of the poem to drink a draught of wine; but he declined, on the plea that he was going into battle, and must not take aught to weaken his powers. Now, if the 'soupe au vin' had been known in Troy, it is clear that, in declining 'vinum merum' upon that score, he would have added in the next hexameter, 'But a "soupe au vin," madam, I will degust, and gratefully.' Not only would this have been but common civility, — a virtue no perfect commander is wanting in, — but not to have done it would have proved him a shallow and improvident person, unfit to be trusted with the conduct of a war; for men going into a battle need sustenance, and all possible support, as is proved by this, that foolish generals, bringing hungry soldiers to blows with full ones, have been defeated, in all ages, by inferior numbers. The Romans lost a great battle in the north of Italy to Hannibal, the Carthaginian, by this neglect alone. Now, this divine elixir gives in one moment force to the limbs and ardor to the spirit; and, taken into Hector's body at the nick of time, would, by the aid of Phœbus, Venus, and the blessed saints, have most likely procured the Greeks a defeat. For, note how faint and weary and heart-sick I was a minute ago; well, I suck this celestial cordial, and now behold me brave as Achilles and strong as an eagle."

"O father, now? an eagle; alack!"

"Girl, I defy thee, and all the world. Ready, I say, like a foaming charger, to devour the space between this and Rotterdam, and strong to combat the ills of life, even poverty and old age, which last philosophers have called 'summum malum.' Negatur; unless the man's life has been ill spent, — which, by the bye, it generally has. Now for the moderns."

"Father! dear father!"

"Fear me not, girl, I will be brief, unreasonably and unseasonably brief. The 'soupe au vin' occurs not in modern science; but this is only one proof more, if proof were needed, that for

the last few hundred years physicians have been idiots with their chicken broth and their decoction of gold, whereby they attribute the highest qualities to that meat which has the least juice of any meat, and to that metal which has less chemical qualities than all the metals; mountebanks! dunces! homicides! Since, then, from these no light is to be gathered, go we to the chroniclers; and first we find that Duguesclin, a French knight, being about to join battle with the English, — masters at that time of half France, and sturdy strikers by sea and land, — drank not one, but three 'soupes au vin' in honor of the Blessed Trinity. This done, he charged the islanders; and as might have been foretold, killed a multitude, and drove the rest into the sea. But he was only the first of a long list of holy and hard-hitting ones who have, by this divine restorative, been sustentated, fortified, corroborated, and consoled."

"Dear father, prithee add thyself to that venerable company ere the soup cools." And Margaret held the hat imploringly in both hands till he inserted the straw once more.

This spared them the "modern instances," and gave Gerard an opportunity of telling Margaret how proud his mother would be her soup had profited a man of learning.

"Ay! but," said Margaret, "it would like her ill to see her son give all and take none himself. Why brought you but two straws?"

"Fair mistress, I hoped you would let me put my lips to your straw, there being but two."

Margaret smiled and blushed. "Never beg that you may command," said she. "The straw is not mine, 'tis yours: you cut it in yonder field."

"I cut it, and that made it mine; but after that your lip touched it, and that made it yours."

"Did it? Then I will lend it you. There, — now it is yours again: *your* lip has touched it."

"No, it belongs to us both now. Let us divide it."

"By all means; you have a knife."

"No, I will not cut it, — that would be unlucky. I'll bite it. There, I shall keep my half; you will burn yours, once you get home, I doubt."

"You know me not. I waste nothing. It is odds but I make a hair-pin of it, or something."

This answer dashed the novice Gerard, instead of provoking him to fresh efforts, and he was silent. And now, the bread and soup being disposed of, the old scholar prepared to continue his journey. Then came a little difficulty: Gerard, the adroit, could not tie his ribbon again as Catherine had tied it. Margaret, after slyly eyeing his efforts for some time, offered to help him; for at her age girls love to be coy and tender, saucy and gentle, by turns, and she saw she had put him out of countenance but now. Then a fair head, with its stately crown of auburn hair, glossy and glowing through silver, bowed sweetly towards him; and, while it ravished his eye, two white supple hands played delicately upon the stubborn ribbon, and molded it with soft and airy touches. Then a heavenly thrill ran through the innocent young man, and vague glimpses of a new world of feeling and sentiment opened on him. And these new and exquisite sensations Margaret unwittingly prolonged; it is not natural to her sex to hurry aught that pertains to the sacred toilet. Nay, when the taper fingers had at last subjugated the ends of the knot, her mind was not quite easy, till, by a manœuver peculiar to the female hand, she had made her palm convex, and so applied it with a gentle pressure to the center of the knot, — a sweet little coaxing hand-kiss, as much as to say, "Now be a good knot and stay so." The palm-kiss was bestowed on the ribbon, but the wearer's heart leaped to meet it.

"There, that is how it was," said Margaret, and drew back to take one last keen survey of her work; then, looking up for simple approval of her skill, received full in her eyes a longing gaze of such ardent adoration as made her lower them quickly and color all over. An indescribable tremor seized her, and she retreated with downcast lashes and telltale cheeks, and took her father's arm on the opposite side. Gerard, blushing at having scared her away with his eyes, took the other arm; and so the two young things went downcast and conscious, and propped the eagle along in silence.

They entered Rotterdam by the Schiedamze Poort; and, as Gerard was unacquainted with the town, Peter directed him the way to the Hooch Straet, in which the Stadthouse was. He himself was going with Margaret to his cousin, in the Ooster Waagen Straet; so, almost on entering the gate, their roads lay apart.

They bade each other a friendly adieu, and Gerard dived into the great town. A profound sense of solitude fell upon him, yet the streets were crowded. Then he lamented too late that, out of delicacy, he had not asked his late companions who they were and where they lived.

"Beshrew my shamefacedness!" said he. "But their words and their breeding were above their means, and something did whisper me they would not be known. I shall never see her more. O weary world, I hate you and your ways. To think I must meet beauty and goodness and learning, — three pearls of price, — and never see them more!"

Falling into this sad reverie, and letting his body go where it would, he lost his way; but presently meeting a crowd of persons all moving in one direction, he mingled with them, for he argued they must be making for the Stadthouse. Soon the noisy troop that contained the moody Gerard emerged, not upon the Stadthouse, but upon a large meadow by the side of the Maas; and then the attraction was revealed. Games of all sorts were going on; wrestling, the game of palm, the quintain, legerdemain, archery, tumbling, — in which art, I blush to say, women as well as men performed, to the great delectation of the company. There was also a trained bear, who stood on his head, and marched upright, and bowed with prodigious gravity to his master; and a hare that beat a drum, and a cock that strutted on little stilts disdainfully. These things made Gerard laugh now and then; but the gay scene could not really enliven it, for his heart was not in tune with it. So, hearing a young man say to his fellow that the duke had been in the meadow, but was gone to the Stadthouse to entertain the burgomasters and aldermen and the competitors for the prizes, and their friends, he suddenly remembered he was hungry, and should like to sup with the prince. He left the river-side, and this time he found the Hooch Straet, and it speedily led him to the Stadthouse. But when he got there he was refused, first at one door, then at another, till he came to the great gate of the courtyard. It was kept by soldiers, and superintended by a pompous major-domo, glittering in an embroidered collar and a gold chain of office, and holding a white staff with a gold knob. There was a crowd of persons at the gate endeavoring to soften this official rock. They

came up in turn like ripples, and retired as such in turn. It cost Gerard a struggle to get near him, and when he was within four heads of the gate, he saw something that made his heart beat: there was Peter, with Margaret on his arm, soliciting humbly for entrance.

"My cousin the alderman is not at home. They say he is here."

"What is that to me, old man?"

"If you will not let us pass in to him, at least take this leaf from my tablet to my cousin. See, I have written his name; he will come out to us."

"For what do you take me? I carry no messages. I keep the gate."

He then bawled, in a stentorian voice, inexorably: —

"No strangers enter here but the competitors and their companies."

"Come, old man," cried a voice in the crowd, "you have gotten your answer; make way."

Margaret turned half round imploringly: —

"Good people, we are come from far, and my father is old; and my cousin has a new servant that knows us not, and would not let us sit in our cousin's house."

At this the crowd laughed hoarsely. Margaret shrank as if they had struck her. At that moment a hand grasped hers, — a magic grasp; it felt like heart meeting heart, or magnet steel. She turned quickly round at it, and it was Gerard. Such a little cry of joy and appeal came from her bosom, and she began to whimper prettily.

They had hustled her and frightened her for one thing; and her cousin's thoughtlessness in not even telling his servant they were coming was cruel; and the servant's caution, however wise and faithful to her master, was bitterly mortifying to her father and her. And to her so mortified, and anxious, and jostled, came suddenly this kind hand and face. — "Hinc illæ lacrimæ."

"All is well now," remarked a coarse humorist; "she hath gotten her sweetheart."

"Haw! haw! haw!" went the crowd.

She dropped Gerard's hand directly, and turned round, with eyes flashing through her tears: —

"I have no sweetheart, you rude men. But I am friendless in your boorish town, and this is a friend; and one who knows, what you know not, how to treat the aged and the weak."

The crowd was dead silent. They had only been thoughtless and now felt the rebuke, though severe, was just. The silence enabled Gerard to treat with the porter.

"I am a competitor, sir."

"What is your name ?" and the man eyed him suspiciously.

"Gerard, the son of Elias."

The janitor inspected a slip of parchment he held in his hand: —

"Gerard Eliassoen can enter."

"With my company; these two?"

"Nay; those are not your company; they came before you."

"What matter? They are my friends, and without them I go not in."

"Stay without, then."

"That will I not."

"That we will see."

"We will, and speedily." And with this Gerard raised a voice of astounding volume and power, and shouted, so that the whole street rang: —

"Ho! PHILIP, EARL OF HOLLAND!"

"Are you mad?" cried the porter.

"HERE IS ONE OF YOUR VARLETS DEFIES YOU."

"Hush, hush!"

"AND WILL NOT LET YOUR GUESTS PASS IN."

"Hush! murder! The duke's there. I'm dead," cried the janitor, quaking.

Then suddenly trying to overpower Gerard's thunder, he shouted, with all his lungs: —

"OPEN THE GATE, YE KNAVES! WAY THERE FOR GERARD ELIASSOEN AND HIS COMPANY! (the fiends go with him!)"

The gate swung open as by magic. Eight soldiers lowered their pikes halfway, and made an arch, under which the victorious three marched in triumphant. The moment they had passed, the pikes clashed together horizontally to bar the gateway, and all but pinned an abdominal citizen that sought to wedge in along with them.

Once passed the guarded portal, a few steps brought the trio upon a scene of Oriental luxury. The courtyard was laid out in tables loaded with rich meats and piled with gorgeous plate. Guests in rich and various costumes sat beneath a leafy canopy of fresh-cut branches fastened tastefully to golden, silver, and blue silken cords that traversed the area; and fruits of many hues, including some artificial ones of gold, silver, and wax, hung pendant, or peeped like fair eyes among the green leaves of plane trees and lime trees. The duke's minstrels swept their lutes at intervals, and a fountain played red Burgundy in six jets that met and battled in the air. The evening sun darted its fires through those bright and purple wine-spouts, making them jets and cascades of molten rubies, then, passing on, tinged with the blood of the grape, shed crimson glories here and there on fair faces, snowy beards, velvet, satin, jeweled hilts, glowing gold, gleaming silver, and sparkling glass. Gerard and his friends stood dazzled, spellbound. — Presently a whisper buzzed round them, "Salute the duke! Salute the duke!" They looked up, and there on high, under the dais, was their sovereign, bidding them welcome with a kindly wave of the hand. The men bowed low, and Margaret courtesied with a deep and graceful obeisance. The duke's hand being up, he gave it another turn, and pointed the newcomers out to a knot of valets. Instantly seven of his people, with an obedient start, went headlong at our friends, seated them at a table, and put fifteen many-colored soups before them, in little silver bowls, and as many wines in crystal vases.

"Nay, father, let us not eat until we have thanked our good friend," said Margaret, now first recovering from all this bustle.

"Girl, he is our guardian angel."

Gerard put his face into his hands.

"Tell me when you have done," said he, "and I will reappear and have my supper, for I am hungry. I know which of us three is the happiest at meeting again."

"Me?" inquired Margaret.

"No: guess again."

"Father?"

"No."

"Then I have no guess which it can be;" and she gave a little crow of happiness and gaiety. The soup was tasted, and vanished in a twirl of fourteen hands, and fish came on the table in a dozen forms, with patties of lobsters and almonds mixed, and of almonds and cream, and an immense variety of "brouets," known to us as "rissoles." The next trifle was a wild boar, which smelt divine. Why, then, did Margaret start away from it with two shrieks of dismay, and pinch so good a friend as Gerard? Because the duke's "cuisinier" had been too clever, had made this excellent dish too captivating to the sight as well as taste. He had restored to the animal by elaborate mimicry with burnt sugar and other edible colors, the hair and bristles he had robbed him of by fire and water. To make him still more enticing, the huge tusks were carefully preserved in the brute's jaw, and gave his mouth the winning smile that comes of tusk in man or beast; and two eyes of colored sugar glowed in his head. St. Argut! what eyes! so bright, so bloodshot, so threatening, — they followed a man and every movement of his knife and spoon. But, indeed, I need the pencil of Granville or Tenniel to make you see the two gilt valets on the opposite side of the table putting the monster down before our friends, with a smiling, self-satisfied, benevolent obsequiousness, — for this ghastly monster was the flower of all comestibles, — old Peter clasping both hands in pious admiration of it; Margaret wheeling round with horror-stricken eyes and her hand on Gerard's shoulder, squeaking and pinching; his face of unwise delight at being pinched, the grizzly brute glaring sulkily on all, and the guests grinning from ear to ear.

"What's to do?" shouted the duke, hearing the signals of female distress. Seven of his people with a zealous start went headlong and told him. He laughed and said, "Give her of the beef-stuffing, then, and bring me Sir Boar." Benevolent monarch! The beef-stuffing was his own private dish. On these grand occasions an ox was roasted whole, and reserved for the poor. But this wise as well as charitable prince had discovered that, whatever venison, hares, lamb, poultry, etc., you skewered into that beef cavern, got cooked to perfection, retaining their own juices and receiving those of the reeking ox. These he called his beef-stuffing, and took delight therein,

as did now our trio; for, at his word, seven of his people went headlong, and drove silver tridents into the steaming cave at random, and speared a kid, a cygnet, and a flock of wild fowl. These presently smoked before Gerard and company; and Peter's face, sad and slightly morose at the loss of the savage hog, expanded and shone. After this twenty different tarts of fruits and herbs, and, last of all, confectionery on a Titanic scale; cathedrals of sugar, all gilt and painted in the interstices of the bas-reliefs; castles, with their moats and ditches, imitated to the life; elephants, camels, toads; knights on horseback jousting; kings and princesses looking on; trumpeters blowing; and all these personages delicious eating, and their veins filled with sweet-scented juices: works of art made to be destroyed. The guests breached a bastion, crunched a crusader and his horse and lance, or cracked a bishop, cope, chasuble, crosier and all, as remorselessly as we do a caraway comfit; sipping, meanwhile, hippocras and other spiced drinks, and Greek and Corsican wines, while every now and then little Turkish boys, turbaned, spangled, jeweled, and gilt, came offering on bended knee golden troughs of rose-water and orange-water to keep the guests' hands cool and perfumed.

But long before our party arrived at this final stage, appetite had succumbed, and Gerard had suddenly remembered he was the bearer of a letter to the Princess Marie, and, in an undertone, had asked one of the servants if he would undertake to deliver it. The man took it with a deep obeisance: "He could not deliver it himself, but would instantly give it one of the princess's suite, several of whom were about."

It may be remembered that Peter and Margaret came here not to dine, but to find their cousin. Well, the old gentleman ate heartily, and, being much fatigued, dropped asleep, and forgot all about his cousin. Margaret did not remind him, we shall hear why.

Meantime, that cousin was seated within a few feet of them at their backs, and discovered them when Margaret turned round and screamed at the boar. But he forbore to speak to them for municipal reasons. Margaret was very plainly dressed, and Peter inclined to threadbare. So the alderman said to himself: —

"'Twill be time to make up to them when the sun sets and the company disperses; then I will take my poor relations to my house, and none will be the wiser."

Half the courses were lost on Gerard and Margaret. They were no great eaters, and just now were feeding on sweet thoughts that have ever been unfavorable to appetite. But there is a delicate kind of sensuality, to whose influence these two were perhaps more sensitive than any other pair in that assembly, — the delights of color, music, and perfume, all of which blended so fascinatingly here.

Margaret leaned back and half closed her eyes, and murmured to Gerard: "What a lovely scene! the warm sun, the green shade, the rich dresses, the bright music of the lutes and the cool music of the fountain, and all faces so happy and gay! and then, it is to you we owe it."

Gerard was silent all but his eyes; observing which, —

"Now speak not to me," said Margaret, languidly; "let me listen to the fountain: what are you a competitor for?"

He told her.

"Very well! You will gain one prize, at least."

"Which? which? Have you seen any of my work?"

"I? no. But you will gain a prize."

"I hope so; but what makes you think so?"

"Because you were so good to my father."

Gerard smiled at the feminine logic, and hung his head at the sweet praise, and was silent.

"Speak not," murmured Margaret. "They say this is a world of sin and misery. Can that be? What is your opinion?"

"No! that is all a silly old song," explained Gerard. "'Tis a byword our elders keep repeating, out of custom: it is not true."

"How can you know? you are but a child," said Margaret, with pensive dignity.

"Why, only look round! And then I thought I had lost you forever; and you are by my side; and now the minstrels are going to play again. Sin and misery? Stuff and nonsense!"

The lutes burst out. The courtyard rang again with their delicate harmony.

"What do you admire most of all these beautiful things, Gerard?"

"You know my name? How is that?"

"White magic. I am a witch."

"Angels are never witches. But I can't think how you —"

"Foolish boy! was it not cried at the gate loud enough to deave one?"

"So it was. Where is my head? What do I admire most? If you will sit a little more that way, I'll tell you."

"This way?"

"Yes, so that the light may fall on you. There. I see many fair things here, fairer than I could have conceived; but the bravest of all to my eye is your lovely hair in its silver frame, and the setting sun kissing it. It minds me of what the Vulgate praises for beauty, '*an apple of gold in a network of silver*,' and, O, what a pity I did not know you before I sent in my poor endeavors at illuminating! I could illuminate so much better now. I could do everything better. There, now the sun is full on it, it is like an aureole. So Our Lady looked, and none since her until to-day."

"O, fie! it is wicked to talk so. Compare a poor, coarse-favored girl like me with the Queen of Heaven? O Gerard! I thought you were a good young man." And Margaret was shocked apparently.

Gerard tried to explain. "I am no worse than the rest; but how can I help having eyes, and a heart, — Margaret!"

"Gerard!"

"Be not angry now!"

"Now is it likely?"

"I love you."

"O, for shame! you must not say that to me," and Margaret colored furiously at this sudden assault.

"I can't help it. I love you. I love you."

"Hush, hush! for pity's sake! I must not listen to such words from a stranger. I am ungrateful to call you a stranger. O, how one may be mistaken! If I had known you were so bold — " And Margaret's bosom began to heave, and her cheeks were covered with blushes, and she looked towards her sleeping father, very much like a timid thing that meditates actual flight.

Then Gerard was frightened at the alarm he caused. "Forgive me," said he, imploringly. "How could any one help loving you?"

"Well, sir, I will *try* and forgive you, — you are so good in other respects; but then you must promise me never to say you — to say *that* again."

"Give me your hand, then, or you don't forgive me."

She hesitated; but eventually put out her hand a very little way, very slowly, and with seeming reluctance. He took it, and held it prisoner. When she thought it had been there long enough, she tried gently to draw it away. He held it tight; it submitted quite patiently to force. What *is* the use of resisting force? She turned her head away, and her long eyelashes drooped sweetly. Gerard lost nothing by his promise. Words were not heeded here; and silence was more eloquent. Nature was in that day what she is in ours, but manners were somewhat freer. Then, as now, maidens drew back alarmed at the first words of love; but of prudery and artificial coquetry there was little, and the young soon read one another's hearts. Everything was on Gerard's side: his good looks, her belief in his goodness, her gratitude, and opportunity; for at the duke's banquet, this mellow summer eve, all things disposed the female nature to tenderness; the avenues to the heart lay open; the senses were so soothed and subdued with lovely colors, gentle sounds, and delicate odors; the sun gently sinking, the warm air, the green canopy, the cool music of the now violet fountain.

Gerard and Margaret sat hand in hand in silence; and Gerard's eyes sought hers lovingly: and hers now and then turned on him timidly and imploringly; and presently two sweet unreasonable tears rolled down her cheeks, and she smiled deliciously while they were drying; yet they did not take long.

And the sun declined; and the air cooled; and the fountain plashed more gently; and the pair throbbed in unison and silence, and this weary world looked heaven to them.

> O, the merry days, the merry days when we were young,
> O, the merry days, the merry days when we were young.

A grave white-headed seneschal came to their table, and inquired courteously whether Gerard Eliassoen was of their company. Upon Gerard's answer he said: —

"The princess Marie would confer with you, young sir; I am to conduct you to her presence."

Instantly all faces within hearing turned sharp around, and were bent with curiosity and envy on the man that was to go to a princess.

Gerard rose to obey.

"I wager we shall not see you again," said Margaret, calmly, but coloring a little.

"That will you," was the reply; then he whispered in her ear: "This is my good princess, but you are my queen." He added aloud: "Wait for me, I pray you; I will presently return."

"Ay, ay!" said Peter, awaking and speaking at one and the same moment.

Gerard gone, the pair whose dress was so homely, yet they were with the man whom the princess sent for, became "the cynosure of neighboring eyes"; observing which, William Johnson came forward, acted surprise, and claimed his relations: —

"And to think that there was I at your backs, and you saw me not."

"Nay, cousin Johnson, I saw you long syne," said Margaret, coldly.

"You saw me, and spoke not to me?"

"Cousin, it was for you to welcome us to Rotterdam, as it is for us to welcome you at Sevenbergen. Your servant denied us a seat in your house."

"The idiot!"

"And I had a mind to see whether it was 'like maid like master'; for there is sooth in bywords."

William Johnson blushed purple. He saw Margaret was keen, and suspected him. He did the wisest thing under the circumstances, trusted to deeds, not words. He insisted on their coming home with him at once, and he would show them whether they were welcome to Rotterdam or not.

"Who doubts it, cousin? Who doubts it?" said the scholar.

Margaret thanked him graciously, but demurred to go just now; said she wanted to hear the minstrels again. In about a quarter of an hour Johnson renewed his proposal, and bade her observe that many of the guests had left. Then her real reason came out.

"It were ill manners to our friend, and he will lose us. He knows not where we lodge at Rotterdam, and the city is large, and we have parted company once already."

"Oh!" said Johnson, "we will provide for that. My young man, ahem! I mean my secretary, shall sit here and wait, and bring him on to my house; he shall lodge with me and with no other."

"Cousin, we shall be too burdensome."

"Nay, nay; you shall see whether you are welcome or not, you and your friends, and friends' friends if needs be: and I shall hear what the princess would with him."

Margaret felt a thrill of joy that Gerard should be lodged under the same roof with her; then she had a slight misgiving. "But if your young man should be thoughtless, and go play, and Gerard miss him?"

"He go play? He leave that spot where I put him, and bid him stay? Ho! Stand forth, Hans Cloterman."

A figure clad in black serge and dark violet hose arose, and took two steps, and stood before them without moving a muscle: a solemn, precise young man, the very statue of gravity and starched propriety. At his aspect, Margaret, being very happy, could hardly keep her countenance. But she whispered Johnson: "I would put my hand in the fire for him. We are at your command, cousin, as soon as you have given him his orders."

Hans was then instructed to sit at the table and wait for Gerard, and conduct him to Ooster Waagen Straet. He replied, not in words, but by calmly taking the seat indicated; and Margaret, Peter, and William Johnson went away together.

"And, indeed, it is time you were abed, father, after all your travel," said Margaret. This had been in her mind all along.

Hans Cloterman sat waiting for Gerard, solemn and businesslike. The minutes flew by, but excited no impatience in that perfect young man. Johnson did him no more than justice when he laughed to scorn the idea of his secretary

leaving his post, or neglecting his duty, in pursuit of sport or out of youthful hilarity and frivolity.

As Gerard was long in coming, the patient Hans — his employer's eye being no longer on him — improved the time by quaffing solemnly, silently, and at short but accurately measured intervals, goblets of Corsican wine. The wine was strong, so was Cloterman's head; and Gerard had been gone a good hour ere the model secretary imbibed the notion that Creation expected Cloterman to drink the health of all good fellows, and "nommément" of the Duke of Burgundy here present. With this view he filled bumper nine, and rose gingerly but solemnly and slowly. Having reached his full height, he instantly rolled upon the grass, goblet in hand, spilling the cold liquor on more than one ankle, — whose owners frisked, — but not disturbing a muscle in his own long face, which, in the total eclipse of reason, retained its gravity, primness, and infallibility.

The seneschal led Gerard through several passages to the door of the pavilion, where some young noblemen, embroidered and feathered, sat sentinel, guarding the heir-apparent, and playing cards by the red light of torches their servants held. A whisper from the seneschal, and one of them rose reluctantly, stared at Gerard with haughty surprise, and entered the pavilion. He presently returned, and, beckoning the pair, led them through a passage or two, and landed them in an antechamber, where sat three more young gentlemen, feathered, furred and embroidered like pieces of fancy work, and deep in that instructive and edifying branch of learning, dice.

"You can't see the princess, — it is too late," said one.

Another followed suit: —

"She passed this way but now with her nurse. She is gone to bed, doll and all. Deuce-ace again!"

Gerard prepared to retire. The seneschal, with an incredulous smile, replied: —

"The young man is here by the countess's orders; be so good as to conduct him to her ladies."

On this a superb Adonis rose, with an injured look, and led Gerard into a room where sat or lolloped eleven ladies, chattering like magpies. Two, more industrious than the rest, were playing cat's-cradle with fingers as nimble as their tongues. At

the sight of a stranger all their tongues stopped like one piece of complicated machinery, and all the eyes turned on Gerard, as if the same string that checked the tongues had turned the eyes on. Gerard was ill at ease before, but this battery of eyes discountenanced him, and down went *his* eyes on the ground. Then the cowards, finding, like the hare who ran by the pond and the frogs scuttled into the water, that there was a creature they could frighten, giggled, and enjoyed their prowess. Then a duenna said, severely, "Mesdames!" and they were all abashed at once, as though a modesty string had been pulled. This same duenna took Gerard, and marched before him in solemn silence. The young man's heart sank, and he had half a mind to turn and run out of the place. "What must princes be," he thought, "when their courtiers are so freezing? Doubtless they take their breeding from him they serve." These reflections were interrupted by the duenna suddenly introducing him into a room where three ladies sat working, and a pretty little girl tuning a lute. The ladies were richly but not showily dressed, and the duenna went up to the one who was hemming a kerchief, and said a few words in a low tone. This lady then turned towards Gerard with a smile, and beckoned him to come near her. She did not rise, but she laid aside her work, and her manner of turning towards him, slight as the movement was, was full of grace and ease and courtesy. She began a conversation at once.

"Margaret Van Eyck is an old friend of mine, sir, and I am right glad to have a letter from her hand, and thankful to you, sir, for bringing it to me safely. Marie, my love, this is the young gentleman who brought you that pretty miniature."

"Sir, I thank you a thousand times," said the young lady.

"I am glad you feel her debtor, sweetheart, for our friend could have us to do him a little service in return."

"I will do anything on earth for him," replied the young lady, with ardor.

"Anything on earth is nothing in the world," said the Countess of Charlois, quietly.

"Well, then, I will — What would you have me to do, sir?"

Gerard had just found cut what high society he was in. "My sovereign demoiselle," said he, gently, and a little tremu-

lously, "where there have been no pains there needs no reward."

"But we must obey mamma. All the world must obey mamma."

"That is true. Then, our demoiselle, reward me, if you will, by letting me hear the stave you were going to sing and I did interrupt it."

"What, you love music, sir?"

"I adore it."

The little princess looked inquiringly at her mother, and received a smile of assent. She then took her lute and sang a romaunt of the day. Although but twelve years old, she was a well-taught and painstaking musician. Her little claw swept the chords with courage and precision, and struck out the notes of the arpeggio clear and distinct and bright, like twinkling stars: but the main charm was her voice. It was not mighty, but it was round, clear, full, and ringing like a bell. She sang with a certain modest eloquence, though she knew none of the tricks of feeling. She was too young to be theatrical, or even sentimental, so nothing was forced — all gushed. Her little mouth seemed the mouth of Nature. The ditty, too, was as pure as its utterance. As there were none of those false divisions — those whining slurs, which are now sold so dear by Italian songsters, though every jackal in India delivers them gratis to his customers all night, and sometimes gets shot for them, and always deserves it — so there were no cadences or fiorituri, the trite, turgid, and feeble expletives of song, the skim-milk with which mindless musicians and mindless writers quench fire, wash out color, and drown melody and meaning dead.

While the pure and tender strain was flowing from the pure young throat, Gerard's eyes filled. The countess watched him with interest, for it was usual to applaud the princess loudly, but not with cheek and eye. So when the voice ceased, and the glasses left off ringing, she asked demurely, "Was he content?"

Gerard gave a little start; the spoken voice broke a charm, and brought him back to earth.

"O, madam!" he cried, "surely it is thus that cherubs and seraphs sing, and charm the saints in heaven."

"I am somewhat of your opinion, my young friend," said the

countess, with emotion; and she bent a look of love and gentle pride upon her girl; a heavenly look, such as, they say, is given to the eye of the short-lived resting on the short-lived.

The countess resumed: —

"My old friend requests me to be serviceable to you. It is the first favor she has done us the honor of asking us, and the request is sacred. You are in holy orders, sir?"

Gerard bowed.

"I fear you are not a priest, you look too young."

"O no, madam: I am not even a sub-deacon. I am only a lector; but next month I shall be an exorcist; and before long an acolyth."

"Well, Monsieur Gerard, with your accomplishments you can soon pass through the inferior orders. And let me beg of you to do so. For the day after you have said your first mass I shall have the pleasure of appointing you to a benefice."

"O, madam!"

"And, Marie, remember, I make this promise in your name as well as in my own."

"Fear not, mamma: I will not forget. But if he will take my advice, what he will be is Bishop of Liége. The Bishop of Liége is a beautiful bishop. What! do you not remember him, mamma, that day we were at Liége? he was braver than grandpapa himself. He had on a crown, a high one, and it was cut in the middle, and it was full of, O, such beautiful jewels: and his gown stiff with gold; and his mantle too; and it had a broad border, all pictures; but, above all, his gloves; you have no such gloves, mamma. They were embroidered, and covered with jewels, and scented with such lovely scent; I smelt them all the time he was giving me his blessing on my head with them. Dear old man! I dare say he will die soon, — most old people do, — and then, sir, you can be bishop, you know, and wear —"

"Gently, Marie, gently; bishoprics are for old gentlemen; and this is a young gentleman."

"Mamma! he is not so very young."

"Not compared with you, Marie, eh?"

"He is a good bigth, dear mamma; and I am sure he is *good* enough for a bishop."

"Alas, mademoiselle! you are mistaken."

"I know not that, Monsieur Gerard; but I am a little puzzled to know on what grounds mademoiselle there pronounces your character so boldly."

"Alas, mamma!" said the princess, "you have not looked at his face, then;" and she raised her eyebrows at her mother's simplicity.

"I beg your pardon," said the countess, "I have. Well, sir, if I cannot go quite so fast as my daughter, attribute it to my age, not to a want of interest in your welfare. A benefice will do to begin your career with; and I must take care it is not too far from — what call you the place?"

"Tergou, madam."

"A priest gives up much," continued the countess; "often I fear, he learns too late how much;" and here woman's eye rested a moment on Gerard with mild pity and half surprise at his resigning her sex and all the heaven they can bestow, and the great parental joys. "At least you shall be near your friends. Have you a mother?"

"Yes, madam; thanks be to God!"

"Good! You shall have a church near Tergou. She will thank me. And now, sir, we must not detain you too long from those who have a better claim to your society than we have. Duchess, oblige me by bidding one of the pages conduct him to the hall of banquet; the way is hard to find."

Gerard bowed low to the countess and the princess, and backed towards the door.

"I hope it will be a nice benefice," said the princess to him, with a pretty smile, as he was going out; then, shaking her head with an air of solemn misgiving, "but you had better have been Bishop of Liége."

Gerard followed his new conductor, his heart warm with gratitude; but ere he reached the banquet-hall a chill came over him. The mind of one who has led a quiet, uneventful life is not apt to take in contradictory feelings at the same moment and balance them, but rather to be overpowered by each in turn. While Gerard was with the countess, the excitement of so new a situation, the unlooked-for promise, the joy and pride it would cause at home, possessed him wholly: but now it was passion's

turn to be heard again. What, give up Margaret, whose soft hand he still felt in his, and her deep eyes in his heart? resign her and all the world of love and joy she had opened on him to-day? The revulsion, when it did come, was so strong, that he hastily resolved to say nothing at home about the offered benefice. "The countess is so good," thought he, "she has a hundred ways of aiding a young man's fortune; she will not compel me to be a priest when she shall learn I love one of her sex; one would almost think she does know it, for she cast a strange look on me, and said, 'A priest gives up much, too much.' I dare say she will give me a place about the palace." And with this hopeful reflection his mind was eased, and, being now at the entrance of the banqueting-hall, he thanked his conductor and ran hastily with joyful eyes to Margaret. He came in sight of the table, — she was gone. Peter was gone too. Nobody was at the table at all, only a citizen in sober garments had just tumbled under it dead drunk, and several persons were raising him to carry him away. Gerard never guessed how important this solemn drunkard was to him; he was looking for "Beauty," and let the "Beast" lie. He ran wildly round the hall, which was now comparatively empty. She was not there. He left the palace; outside he found a crowd gaping at two great fan-lights just lighted over the gate. He asked them earnestly if they had seen an old man in a gown and a lovely girl pass out. They laughed at the question. "They were staring at these new lights that turn night into day. They didn't trouble their heads about old men and young wenches, everyday sights." From another group he learned there was a Mystery being played under canvas hard by and all the world gone to see it. This revived his hopes, and he went and saw the Mystery. In this representation, divine personages, too sacred for me to name here, came clumsily down from heaven to talk sophistry with the cardinal Virtues, the nine Muses, and the seven deadly Sins, all present in human shape, and not unlike one another. To enliven which weary stuff, in rattled the Prince of the power of the air, and an imp that kept molesting him, and buffeting him with a bladder, at each thwack of which the crowd were in ecstasies. When the Vices had uttered good store of obscenity and the Virtues twaddle, the celestials, including the nine

Muses, went gingerly back to heaven one by one; for there was but one cloud; and two artisans worked it up with its supernatural freight, and worked it down with a winch, in full sight of the audience. These disposed of, the bottomless pit opened and flamed in the center of the stage; the carpenters and Virtues shoved the Vices in, and the Virtues and Beelzebub and his tormentor danced merrily round the place of eternal torture to the fife and tabor.

This entertainment was writ by the Bishop of Ghent for the diffusion of religious sentiment by the aid of the senses, and was an average specimen of theatrical exhibitions so long as they were in the hands of the clergy. But, in course of time the laity conducted plays, and so the theater, I learn from the pulpit, has become profane.

Margaret was nowhere in the crowd and Gerard could not enjoy the performance; he actually went away in Act 2, in the midst of a much-admired piece of dialogue, in which Justice outquibbled Satan. He walked through many streets, but could not find her he sought. At last, fairly worn out, he went to a hostelry and slept till daybreak. All that day, heavy and heart-sick, he sought her, but could never fall in with her or her father, nor ever obtain the slightest clue. Then he felt she was false or had changed her mind. He was irritated now, as well as sad. More good fortune fell on him; he almost hated it. At last, on the third day, after he had once more been through every street, he said, "She is not in the town, and I shall never see her again. I will go home." He started for Tergou with royal favor promised, with fifteen golden angels in his purse, a golden medal on his bosom, and a heart like a lump of lead.

[After some time, Gerard discovers where Margaret lives and at once sets out to find her.]

"Look into your own heart and write!" said Herr Cant; and earth's cuckoos echoed the cry. Look into the Rhine where it is deepest, and the Thames where it is thickest, and paint the bottom. Lower a bucket into a well of self-deception and what comes up must be immortal truth, mustn't it? Now, in the first place, no son of Adam ever reads his own heart at

all, except by the habit acquired, and the light gained, from some years' perusal of other hearts; and even then, with his acquired sagacity and reflected light, he can but spell and decipher his own heart, not read it fluently. Half-way to Sevenbergen Gerard looked into his own heart, and asked it why he was going to Sevenbergen. His heart replied without a moment's hesitation, "We are going out of curiosity, to know why she jilted us, and to show her it has not broken our hearts, and that we are quite content with our honors and our benefice *in prospectu*, and don't want her nor any of her fickle sex."

He soon found out Peter Brandt's cottage; and there sat a girl in the doorway, plying her needle, and a stalwart figure leaned on a long bow and talked to her. Gerard felt an unaccountable pang at the sight of him. However, the man turned out to be past fifty years of age, an old soldier, whom Gerard remembered to have seen shoot at the butts with admirable force and skill. Another minute and the youth stood before them. Margaret looked up and dropped her work, and uttered a faint cry, and was white and red by turns. But these signs of emotion were swiftly dismissed, and she turned far more chill and indifferent than she would if she had not betrayed this agitation.

"What! is it you, Master Gerard? What on earth brings you here, I wonder?"

"I was passing by and saw you; so I thought I would give you good day, and ask after your father."

"My father is well. He will be here anon."

"Then I may as well stay till he comes."

"As you will. Good Martin, step into the village and tell my father here is a friend of his."

"And not of yours?"

"My father's friends are mine."

"That is doubtful. It was not like a friend to promise to wait for me, and then make off the moment my back was turned. Cruel Margaret! you little know how I searched the town for you; how for want of you nothing was pleasant to me."

"These are idle words; if you had desired my father's company, or mine, you would have come back. There I had a bed laid for you, sir, at my cousin's, and he would have made

much of you, and, who knows? I might have made much of you, too. I was in the humor that day. You will not catch me in the same mind again, neither you nor any young man, I warrant me."

"Margaret, I came back the moment the countess let me go; but you were not there."

"Nay, you did not, or you had seen Hans Cloterman at our table; we left him to bring you on."

"I saw no one there, but only a drunken man that had just tumbled down."

"At our table? How was he clad?"

"Nay, I took little heed: in sad-colored garb."

At this Margaret's face gradually warmed; but presently assuming incredulity and severity, she put many shrewd questions, all of which Gerard answered most loyally. Finally the clouds cleared, and they guessed how the misunderstanding had come about. Then came a revulsion of tenderness, all the more powerful that they had done each other wrong; and then, more dangerous still, came mutual confessions. Neither had been happy since; neither ever would have been happy but for this fortunate meeting.

And Gerard found a Ms. Vulgate lying open on the table, and pounced upon it like a hawk. Mss. were his delight; but before he could get to it, two white hands quickly came flat upon the page, and a red face over them.

"Nay, take away your hands, Margaret, that I may see where you are reading, and I will read there too at home; so shall my soul meet yours in the second page. You will not? Nay, then, I must kiss them away." And he kissed them so often, that for very shame they were fain to withdraw and lo! the sacred book lay open at

"An apple of gold in a network of silver."

"There, now," said she, "I had been hunting for it ever so long, and found it but even now, — and to be caught!" and with a touch of inconsistency she pointed it out to Gerard with her white finger.

"Ay," said he, "but to-day it is all hidden in that great cap."

"It is a comely cap, I'm told by some."

"Maybe: but what it hides is beautiful."

"It is not: it is hideous."

"Well, it was beautiful at Rotterdam."

"Ay, everything was beautiful that day" (with a little sigh).

And now Peter came in, and welcomed Gerard cordially, and would have him stay to supper. And Margaret disappeared; and Gerard had a nice learned chat with Peter; and Margaret reappeared with her hair in her silver net, and shot a glance half arch, half coy, and glided about them and spread supper, and beamed bright with gaiety and happiness. And in the cool evening, Gerard coaxed her out, and she objected, and came; and coaxed her on to the road to Tergou, and she declined, and came, and there they strolled up and down, hand in hand; and when he must go they pledged each other never to quarrel or misunderstand one another again; and they sealed the promise with a long, loving kiss, and Gerard went home on wings.

From that day Gerard spent most of his evenings with Margaret, and the attachment deepened and deepened on both sides till the hours they spent together were the hours they lived; the rest they counted and underwent. And at the outset of this deep attachment all went smoothly; obstacles there were, but they seemed distant and small to the eyes of hope, youth, and love. The feelings and passions of so many persons, that this attachment would thwart, gave no warning smoke to show their volcanic nature and power. The course of true love ran smoothly, placidly, until it had drawn these two young hearts into its current forever.

ERNEST RENAN

JOSEPH ERNEST RENAN, a distinguished French scholar and historian. Born at Tréguier, Brittany, February 27, 1823; died in Paris, October 2, 1892. Author of "General History of the Semitic Languages," "The Life of Jesus," "The Apostles," "St. Paul," "Marcus Aurelius," "The History of the People of Israel," "Recollections of my Youth," "Essays

in Criticism and Ethics"; and dramas: "Caliban," "The Water of Youth," "The Priest of Nemi."

Renan's knowledge of Semitic languages and of the antecedents and beginnings of Christianity was profound, whatever may be thought of his conclusions. His style is almost unequaled for its grace and beauty.

(The following selection from "Recollections of my Youth" is used by permission of Chapman and Hall, Ltd., London, the publishers.)

THE FLAX-CRUSHER

THE hospital-general, so called because it was the trysting-place alike of disease, old age, and poverty, was a very large structure, standing, like all old buildings, upon a good deal of ground, and having very little accommodation. Just in front of the entrance there was a small screen, where the inmates who were either well or recovering from illness used to meet when the weather was fine, for the hospital contained not only the sick, but the paupers and even persons who paid a small sum for board and lodging. At the first glimpse of sunshine they all came to sit out beneath the shade of the screen upon old cane chairs, and it was the most animated place in the town. Guyomar and myself always exchanged the time of day with these good people as we passed; and we were greeted with no little respect, for though young we were regarded as already clerks of the Church. This seemed quite natural, but there was one thing which excited our astonishment, though we were too inexperienced to know much of the world.

Among the paupers in the hospital was a person whom we never passed without surprise. This was an old maid of about five-and-forty, who always wore over her head a hood of the most singular shape; as a rule she was almost motionless, with a somber and lost expression of countenance, and with her eyes glazed and hard-set. When we went by her countenance became animated, and she cast strange looks at us, sometimes tender and melancholy, sometimes hard and almost ferocious. If we looked back at her, she seemed to be very much put out. We could not understand all this, but it had the effect of checking our conversation and any inclination to merriment. We were not exactly afraid of her, for though she was supposed to be out of her mind, the insane were not treated with the cruelty which has since been imported into the conduct of asylums. So far from

being sequestered they were allowed to wander about all day long. There is as a rule a good deal of insanity at Tréguier, for, like all dreamy races, which exhaust their mental energies in pursuit of the ideal, the Bretons of this district only too readily allow themselves to sink, when they are not supported by a powerful will, into a condition half-way between intoxication and folly, and in many cases brought about by the unsatisfied aspirations of the heart. These harmless lunatics, whose insanity differed very much in degree, were looked upon as part and parcel of the town, and people spoke about "our lunatics" just as at Venice people say "*nostre carampane.*" One was constantly meeting them, and they passed the time of day with us and made some joke, at which, sickly as it was, we could not help smiling. They were treated with kindness, and they often did a service in their turn. I shall never forget a poor fellow called Brian, who believed that he was a priest, and who passed part of the day in church, going through the ceremonies of mass. There was a nasal drone to be heard in the cathedral every afternoon, and this was Brian reciting prayers which were doubtless not less acceptable than those of other people. The cathedral officials had the good sense not to interfere with him, and not to draw frivolous distinctions between the simple and the humble who came to kneel before their God.

The insane woman at the hospital was much less popular, on account of her taciturn ways. She never spoke to any one, and no one knew anything of her history. She never said a word to us boys, but her haggard and wild look made a deep and painful impression upon us. I have often thought since of this enigma, though without being able to decipher it; but I obtained a clue to it eight years ago, when my mother, who had attained the age of eighty-five without loss of health, was overtaken by an illness which slowly undermined her strength.

My mother was in every respect, whether as regarded her ideas or her association, one of the old school. She spoke Breton perfectly, and had at her fingers' ends all the sailors' proverbs and a host of things which no one now remembers. She was a true woman of the people, and her natural wit imparted a wonderful amount of life to the long stories which she told and which few but herself knew. Her sufferings did not in any way

affect her spirits, and she was quite cheerful the afternoon of her death. Of an evening I used to sit with her for an hour in her room, with no other light — for she was very fond of this semi-obscurity — than that of the gas-lamp in the street. Her lively imagination would then assume free scope, and, as so often happens with old people, the recollections of her early days came back with special force and clearness. She could remember what Tréguier and Lannion were before the Revolution, and she would describe what the different houses were like, and who lived in them. I encouraged her by questions to wander on, as it amused her and kept her thoughts away from her illness.

Upon one occasion we began to talk of the hospital, and she gave me the complete history of it. "Many changes," to use her own words, "have occurred there since I first knew it. No one need ever feel any shame at having been an inmate of it, for the most highly respected persons have resided there. During the First Empire, and before the indemnities were paid, it served as an asylum for the poor daughters of the nobles, who might be seen sitting out at the entrance upon cane chairs. Not a complaint ever escaped their lips, but when they saw the persons who had acquired possession of their family property rolling by in carriages, they would enter the chapel and engage in devotions so as not to meet them. This was done not so much to avoid regretting the loss of goods, of which they had made a willing sacrifice to God, as from a feeling of delicacy lest their presence might embarrass these *parvenus*. A few years later the parts were completely reversed, but the hospital still continued to receive all sorts of wreckage. It was there that your uncle, Pierre Renan, who led a vagabond life, and passed all his time in taverns reading to the tipplers the books he borrowed from us, died; and old Système, whom the priests disliked though he was a very good man; and Gode, the old sorceress, who, the day after you were born, went to tell your fortune in the Lake of the Minihi; and Marguerite Calvez, who perjured herself and was struck down with consumption the very day she heard that St. Yves had been implored to bring about her death within the year."

"And who," I asked her, "was that mad woman who used to

sit under the screen, and of whom Guyomar and myself were so afraid?"

Reflecting a moment to remember whom I meant, she replied, "Why, she was the daughter of the flax-crusher."

"Who was he?"

"I have never told you that story. It is too old-fashioned to be understood at the present day. Since I have come to Paris there are many things to which I have never alluded.... These country nobles were so much respected. I always considered them to be the genuine noblemen. It would be no use telling this to the Parisians, they would only laugh at me. They think that their city is everything, and in my view they are very narrow-minded. People have no idea in the present day how these old country noblemen were respected, poor as they were."

Here my mother paused for a little, and then went on with the story, which I will tell in her own words.

"Do you remember the little village of Trédarzec, the steeple of which was visible from the turret of our house? About half a mile from the village, which consisted of little more than the church, the priest's house and the mayor's office, stood the manor of Kermelle, which was, like so many others, a well-kept farm-house of very antiquated appearance, surrounded by a lofty wall, and gray with age. There was a large arched doorway, surmounted by a V-shaped shelter roofed with tiles, and at the side of this a smaller door for everyday use. At the further end of the courtyard stood the house with its pointed roof and its gables covered with ivy. The dove-cote, a turret, and two or three well-constructed windows not unlike those of a church, proved that this was the residence of a noble, one of those old houses which were inhabited, previous to the Revolution, by a class of men whose habits and mode of life have now passed beyond the reach of imagination.

"These country nobles were mere peasants, but the first of their class. At one time there was only one in each parish, and they were regarded as the representatives and mouthpieces of the inhabitants, who scrupulously respected their right and treated them with great consideration. But towards the close of the last century they were beginning to disappear very fast. The peasants looked upon them as being the lay heads of the parish,

just as the priest was the ecclesiastical head. He who held this position at Trédarzec of whom I am speaking, was an elderly man of fine presence, with all the force and vigor of youth, and a frank and open face; he wore his hair long, but rolled up under a comb, only letting it fall on Sunday, when he partook of the Sacrament. I can still see him — he often came to visit us at Tréguier — with his serious air and a tinge of melancholy, for he was almost the sole survivor of his order, the majority having disappeared altogether, while the others had come to live in towns. He was a universal favorite. He had a seat all to himself in church, and every Sunday he might be seen in it, just in front of the rest of the congregation, with his old-fashioned dress and his long gloves reaching almost to the elbow. When the Sacrament was about to be administered he withdrew to the end of the choir, unfastened his hair, laid his gloves upon a small stool placed expressly for him near the rood screen, and walked up the aisle unassisted and erect. No one approached the table until he had returned to his seat and put on his gauntlets.

"He was very poor, but he made a point of concealing it from the public. These country nobles used to enjoy certain privileges which enabled them to live rather better than the general mass of peasants, but these gradually faded away, and Kermelle was in a very embarrassed condition. He could not well work in the fields, and he kept indoors all day, having an occupation which could be followed under cover. When flax has ripened, it is put through a process of decortication, which leaves only the textile fiber, and this was the work which poor old Kermelle thought that he could do without loss of dignity. No one saw him at it, and thus appearances were saved; but the fact was generally known, and as it was the custom to give every one a nickname he was soon known all the country over as 'the flax-crusher.' This sobriquet, as so often happens, gradually took the place of his proper name, and as 'the flax-crusher' he was soon generally known.

"He was like a patriarch of old, and you would laugh if I told you how the flax-crusher eked out his subsistence and added to the scanty wage which he received for this work. It was supposed that as head of the village he had special gifts of healing, and that by the laying on of his hands, and in other ways, he could

cure many complaints. The popular belief was that this power was only possessed by those who had ever so many quarterings of nobility, and that he alone had the requisite number. On certain days his house was besieged by people who had come a distance of fifty miles. If a child was backward in learning to walk or was weak on its legs, the parents brought it to him. He moistened his fingers in his mouth and traced figures on the child's loins, the result being that it soon was able to walk. He was thoroughly in earnest, for these were the days of simple faith. Upon no account would he have taken any money, and for the matter of that the people who came to consult him were too poor to give him any, but one brought a dozen eggs, another a flitch of bacon, a third a jar of butter, or some fruit. He made no scruple about accepting these, and though the nobles in the towns ridiculed him, they were very wrong in doing so. He knew the country very well, and was the very incarnation and embodiment of it.

"At the outbreak of the Revolution he emigrated to Jersey, though why it is difficult to understand, for no one assuredly would have molested him, but the nobles of Tréguier told him that such was the king's order, and he went off with the rest. He was not long away, and when he came back he found his old house, which had not been occupied, just as he had left it. When the indemnities were distributed, some of his friends tried to persuade him to put in a claim; and there was much, no doubt, which could have been said in support of it. But though the other nobles were anxious to improve his position, he would not hear of any such thing, his sole reply to all arguments being, 'I had nothing, and I could lose nothing.' He remained, therefore, as poor as ever.

"His wife died, I believe, while he was at Jersey, and he had a daughter who was born about the same time. She was a tall and handsome girl (you have only known her since she has lost her freshness), with much natural vigor, a beautiful complexion, and no lack of generous blood running through her veins. She ought to have been married young, but that was out of the question, for those wretched little starvelings of nobles in the small towns, who are good for nothing, and not to be compared with him, would not have heard of her for their sons. As

a matter of etiquette she could not marry a peasant, and so the poor girl remained, as it were, in mid-air, like a wandering spirit. There was no place for her on earth. Her father was the last of his race, and it seemed as if she had been brought into the world with the destiny of not finding a place for herself in it. Endowed with great physical beauty, she scarcely had any soul, and with her instinct was everything. She would have made an excellent mother, but failing marriage a religious vocation would have suited her best, as the regular and austere mode of life would have calmed her temperament. But her father, doubtless, could not afford to provide her with a dowry, and his social condition forbade the idea of making her a lay-sister. Poor girl, driven into the wrong path, she was fated to meet her doom there. She was naturally upright and good, with a full knowledge of her duties, and her only fault was that she had blood in her veins. None of the young men in the village would have dreamt of taking a liberty with her, so much was her father respected. The feeling of her superiority prevented her from forming any acquaintance with the young peasants, and they never thought of paying their addresses to her. The poor girl lived, therefore, in a state of absolute solitude, for the only other inhabitant of the house was a lad of twelve or thirteen, a nephew, whom Kermelle had taken under his care and to whom the priest, a good man if ever there was one, taught what little Latin he knew himself.

"The Church was the only source of pleasure left for her. She was of a pious disposition, though not endowed with sufficient intelligence to understand anything of the mysteries of our religion. The priest, very zealous in the performance of his duties, felt no little respect for the flax-crusher, and spent whatever leisure time he had at his house. He acted as tutor to the nephew, treating the daughter with the reserve which the clergy of Brittany make a point of showing in their intercourse with the opposite sex. He wished her good day and inquired after her health, but he never talked to her except on commonplace subjects. The unfortunate girl fell violently in love with him. He was the only person of her own station, so to speak, whom she ever saw, and moreover, he was a young man of very taking appearance; combining with an attitude of great outward

modesty an air of subdued melancholy and resignation. One could see that he had a heart and strong feeling, but that a more lofty principle held them in subjection, or rather that they were transformed into something higher. You know how fascinating some of our Breton clergy are, and this is a fact very keenly appreciated by women. The unshaken attachment to a vow, which is in itself a sort of homage to their power, emboldens, attracts, and flatters them. The priest becomes for them a trusty brother who has for their sake renounced his sex and carnal delights. Hence is begotten a feeling which is a mixture of confidence, pity, regret, and gratitude. Allow priests to marry and you destroy one of the most necessary elements of Catholic society. Women will protest against such a change, for there is something which they esteem even more than being loved, and that is for love to be made a serious business. Nothing flatters a woman more than to let her see that she is feared, and the Church, by placing chastity in the first place among the duties of its ministers, touches the most sensitive chord of female vanity.

"The poor girl thus gradually became immersed in a deep love for the priest. The virtues and mystic race to which she belonged knew nothing of the frenzy which overcomes all obstacles and which accounts nothing accomplished so long as anything remains to be accomplished. Her aspirations were very modest, and if he would only have admitted the fact of her existence she would have been content. She did not want so much as a look; a place in his thoughts would have been enough. The priest was, of course, her confessor, for there was no other in the parish. The mode of Catholic confession, so admirable in some respects, but so dangerous, had a great effect upon her imagination. It was inexpressibly pleasing to her to find herself every Saturday alone with him for half an hour, as if she were face to face with God, to see him discharging the functions of God, to feel his breath, to undergo the welcome humiliation of his reprimands, to confide to him her inmost thoughts, scruples, and fears. You must not imagine, however, that she told him everything, for a pious woman has rarely the courage to make use of the confessional for a love confidence. She may perhaps give herself up to the enjoyment of sentiments which are not devoid of peril, but

there is always a certain degree of mysticism about them which is not to be conciliated with anything so horrible as sacrilege. At all events, in this particular case, the girl was so shy that the words would have died upon her lips, and her passion was a silent, inward, and devouring fire. And with all this, she was compelled to see him every day and many times a day; young and handsome, always following a dignified calling, officiating with the people on their knees before him, the judge and keeper of her own conscience. It was too much for her, and her head began to go. Her vigorous organization, deflected from its proper course, gave way, and her old father attributed to weakness of mind what was the result of the ravages wrought by the fantastic workings of a love-stricken heart.

"Just as a mountain stream is turned from its course by some insuperable barrier, the poor girl, with no means of making her affection known to the object of it, found consolation in very insignificant ways: to secure his notice for a moment, to be able to render him any slight service, and to fancy that she was of use to him was enough, and she may have said to herself, who can tell? he is a man after all, and he may perhaps be touched in reality and only restrained from showing that he is through discipline. All these efforts broke against a bar of iron, a wall of ice. The priest maintained the same cool reserve. She was the daughter of the man for whom he felt the greatest respect; but she was a woman. Oh! if he had avoided her, if he had treated her harshly, that would have been a triumph and a proof that she had made his heart beat for her, but there was something terrible about his unvarying politeness and his utter disregard of the most potent signs of affection. He made no attempt to keep her at a distance, but merely continued steadfastly to treat her as a mere abstraction.

"After the lapse of a certain time, things got very bad. Rejected and heartbroken, she began to waste away, and her eye grew haggard, but she put a restraint upon herself, no one knew her secret! 'What,' she would say to herself, 'I cannot attract his notice for a moment; he will not even acknowledge my existence; do what I will, I can only be for him a shadow, a phantom, one soul among a hundred others. It would be too much to hope for his love, but his notice, a look from him . . . To

be the equal of one so learned, so near to God, is more than I could hope, and to bear him children would be sacrilege; but to be his, to be a Martha to him, to be his servant, discharging the modest duties of which I am capable so as to have all in common with him, the household goods and all that concerns a humble woman who is not initiated in any higher ideas, that would be heavenly!' She would remain motionless for whole afternoons upon her chair, nursing this idea. She could see him and picture herself with him, loading him with attentions, keeping his house, and pressing the hem of his garment. She thrust away these idle dreams from her, but after having been plunged in them for hours she was deadly pale and oblivious of all those who were about her. Her father might have noticed it, but what could the poor old man do to cure an evil which it would be impossible for a simple soul like his so much as to conceive.

"So things went on for about a year. The probability is that the priest saw nothing, so firmly do our clergy adhere to the resolution of living in an atmosphere of their own. This only added fuel to the fire. Her love became a worship, a pure adoration, and so she gained comparative peace of mind. Her imagination took quite a childish turn, and she wanted to be able to fancy that she was employed in doing things for him. She had got to dream while awake, and, like a somnambulist, to perform acts in a semi-unconscious state. Day and night, one thought haunted her: she fancied herself tending him, counting his linen and looking after all the details of his household, which were too petty to occupy his thoughts. All these fancies gradually took shape, and led up to an act only to be explained by the mental state to which she had for some time been reduced."

What follows would indeed be incomprehensible without a knowledge of certain peculiarities in the Breton character. The most marked feature in the people of Brittany is their affection. Love is with them a tender, deep, and affectionate sentiment, rather than a passion. It is an inward delight which wears and consumes, differing *toto cælo* from the fiery passion of southern races.

The paradise of their dreams is cool and green, with no fierce heat. There is no race which yields so many victims to love; for, though suicide is rare, the gradual wasting away which is called

consumption is very prevalent. It is often so with the young Breton conscripts. Incapable of finding any satisfaction in mercenary intrigues, they succumb to an indefinable sort of languor, which is called homesickness, though, in reality, love with them is indissolubly associated with their native village, with its steeple and vesper-bells, and with the familiar scenes of home. The hot-blooded southerner kills his rival, as he may the object of his passion. The sentiment of which I am speaking is fatal only to him who is possessed by it, and this is why the people of Brittany are so chaste a race. Their lively imagination creates an aërial world which satisfies their aspirations. The true poetry of such a love as this is the sonnet on spring in the Song of Solomon, which is far more voluptuous than it is passionate. "Hiems transiit; imber abiit et recessit. . . . Vox turturis audita est in terra nostra. . . . Surge, amica mea, et veni."

My mother, resuming her story, went on to say: —

"We are all, as a matter of fact, at the mercy of our illusions, and the proof of this is that in many cases nothing is easier than to take in Nature by devices which she is unable to distinguish from the reality. I shall never forget the daughter of Marzin, the carpenter in the High Street, who, losing her senses owing to a suppression of the maternal sentiment, took a log of wood, dressed it up in rags, placed on the top of it a sort of baby's cap, and passed the day in fondling, rocking, hugging, and kissing this artificial infant. When it was placed in the cradle beside her of an evening, she was quiet all night. There are some instincts for which appearances suffice, and which can be kept quiet by fictions. Thus it was that Kermelle's daughter succeeded in giving reality to her dreams. Her ideal was a life in common with the man she loved, and the one which she shared in fancy was not, of course, that of a priest, but the ordinary domestic life. She was meant for the conjugal existence and her insanity was the result of an instinct for housekeeping being checkmated. She fancied that her aspiration was realized and that she was keeping house for the man whom she loved; and as she was scarcely capable of distinguishing between her dreams and the reality, she was the victim of the most incredible aberrations, which prove in the most effectual way the sacred laws of nature and their inevitable fatality.

"She passed her time in hemming and marking linen, which, in her idea, was for the house where she was to pass her life at the feet of her adored one. The hallucination went so far that she marked the linen with the priest's initials; often with his and her own interlaced. She plied her needle with a very deft hand, and would work for hours at a stretch, absorbed in a delicious reverie. So she satisfied her cravings, and passed through moments of delight which kept her happy for days.

"Thus the weeks passed, while she traced the name so dear to her, and associated it with her own — this alone being a pastime which consoled her. Her hands were always busy in his service, and the linen which she had sewn for him seemed to be herself. It would be used and touched by him, and there was deep joy in the thought. She would be always deprived of him, it was true, but the impossible must remain the impossible, and she would have drawn herself as near to him as could be. For a whole year she fed in fancy upon her pitiful little happiness. Alone, and with her eyes intent upon her work, she lived in another world, and believed herself to be his wife in a humble measure. The hours flowed on slowly like the motion of her needle; her hapless imagination was relieved. And then she at times indulged in a little hope. Perhaps he would be touched, even to tears, when he made the discovery, testifying to her great love. 'He will see how I love him, and he will understand how sweet it is to be brought together.' She would be wrapped for days at a time in these dreams, which were nearly always followed by a period of extreme prostration.

"In course of time the work was completed, and then came the question, 'What should she do with it?' The idea of compelling him to accept a service, to be under some sort of obligation to her, took complete possession of her mind. She determined to steal his gratitude, if I may so express myself; to compel him by force to feel obliged to her; and this was the plan she resolved upon. It was devoid of all sense or reason, but her mind was gone, and she had long since been led away by the vagaries of her disordered imagination. The festivals of Christmas were about to be celebrated. After the midnight mass the priest was in the habit of entertaining the mayor and the notabilities of the village at supper. His house adjoined the church and besides the

principal door opening on to the village square, there were two others, one leading into the vestry and so into the church, and another into the garden and the fields beyond. Kermelle Manor was about five hundred yards distant, and to save the nephew — who took lessons from the priest — making a long round, he had been given a key of this back door. The daughter got possession of this key while the mass was being celebrated, and entered the house. The priest's servant had laid the cloth in advance, so as to be free to attend the mass, and the poor daft girl hurriedly removed the table-cloth and napkins and hid them in the manor house. When mass was over the theft was detected at once, and caused very great surprise, the first thing noticed being that the linen alone had been taken. The priest was unwilling to let his guests go away supperless and while they were consulting as to what to do, the girl herself arrived, saying, 'You will not decline our good offices this time, Monsieur le Curé. You shall have our linen here in a few minutes.' Her father expressed himself in the same sense, and the priest could not but assent, little dreaming what a trick had been played upon him by a person who was generally supposed to be wanting in intelligence.

"This singular robbery was further investigated the next day. There was no sign of any force having been used to get into the house. The main door and the one leading into the garden were untouched and locked as usual. It never occurred to any one that the key intrusted to young Kermelle could have been used to commit the robbery. It followed, therefore, that the theft must have been committed by way of the vestry door. The clerk had been in the church all the time, but his wife had been in and out. She had been to the fire to get some coals for the censers, and had attended to two or three other little details; and so suspicion fell on her. She was a very respectable woman, and it seemed most improbable that she would be guilty of such an offense, but the appearances were dead against her. There was no getting away from the argument that the thief had entered by the vestry door, that she alone could have gone through this door, and that, as she herself admits, she did go through it. The far too prevalent idea of those days was that every offense must be followed by an arrest. This gave a very high idea of the extraordinary sagacity of justice, of its prompt perspicacity, and of

the rapidity with which it tracked out crime. The unfortunate woman was walked off between two gendarmes. The effect produced by the gendarmes, with their burnished arms and imposing cross-belts, when they made their appearance in a village, was very great. All the spectators were in tears; the prisoner alone retained her composure, and told them all that she was convinced her innocence would be made clear.

"As a matter of fact, within forty-eight hours it was seen that a blunder had been committed. Upon the third day, the villagers hardly ventured to speak to one another on the subject, for they all of them had the same idea in their heads, though they did not like to give utterance to it. The idea seemed to them not less absurd than it was self-evident, viz., that the flax-crusher's key must have been used for the robbery. The priest remained within doors so as to avoid having to give utterance to the suspicion which obtruded itself upon him. He had not as yet examined very closely the linen which had been sent from the manor in place of his own. His eyes happened to fall upon the initials, and he was too surprised to understand the mysterious allusion of the two letters, being unable to follow the strange hallucinations of an unhappy lunatic.

"While he was immersed in melancholy reflection, the flax-crusher entered the room, with his figure as upright as ever but pale as death. The old man stood up in front of the priest and burst into tears, exclaiming: 'It is my miserable girl. I ought to have kept a closer watch over her and have found out what her thoughts were about, but with her constant melancholy she gave me the slip.' He then revealed the secret, and within an hour the stolen linen was brought back to the priest's house. The delinquent had hoped that the scandal would soon be forgotten, and that she would revel in peace over the success of her little plot, but the arrest of the clerk's wife and the sensation which it caused spoilt the whole thing. If her moral sense had not been entirely obliterated, her first thought would have been to get the clerk's wife set at liberty, but she paid little or no heed to that. She was plunged in a kind of stupor which had nothing in common with remorse, and what so prostrated her was the evident failure of her attempt to move the feelings of the priest. Most men would have been touched by the revelation of so ardent a passion,

but the priest was unmoved. He banished all thought of this remarkable event from his mind, and when he was fully convinced of the imprisoned woman's innocence he went to sleep, celebrated mass the next morning, and recited his breviary just as if nothing had happened.

"That a blunder had been committed in arresting this woman then became painfully evident, as but for this the matter might have been hushed up. There had been no actual robbery, but after an innocent woman had been several days in prison on the charge of theft it was very difficult to let the real culprit go unpunished. Her insanity was not self-evident, and it may even be said that there were no outward signs of it. Up to that time it had never occurred to any one that she was insane, for there was nothing singular in her conduct except her extreme taciturnity. It was easy, therefore, to question her insanity, while the true explanation of the act was so incredible and so strange that her friends could not well bring it forward. The fact of having allowed the clerk's wife to be arrested was inexcusable. If the taking of the linen had only been a joke, the perpetrator ought to have brought it to an end when a third person was made a victim of it. She was arrested and taken to St. Brieuc for the assizes. Her prostration was so complete that she seemed to be out of the world. Her dream was over, and the fancy upon which she had fed and which had sustained her for a time had fled. She was not in the least violent, but so dejected that when the medical men examined her they at once saw the true state of the case.

"The case was soon disposed of in court. She would not reply a word to the examining judge. The flax-crusher came into court erect and self-possessed as usual, with a look of resignation on his face. He came up to the bar of the witness-box and deposited upon the ledge his gloves, his cross of St. Louis, and his scarf. 'Gentlemen of the jury,' he said, 'I can only put these on again if you tell me to do so; my honor is in your hands. She is the culprit, but she is not a thief. She is ill.' The poor fellow burst into tears, and his utterance was choked with them. There was a general murmur of 'Don't carry it any further.' The counsel for the Crown had the tact not to enter upon a dissertation as to a singular case of amorous physiology, and abandoned the prosecution.

"The jury, all of whom were in tears, did not take long to deliberate. When the verdict of acquittal was recorded, the flax-crusher put on his decorations again and left the court as quickly as possible, taking his daughter back with him to the village at nightfall.

"The scandal was such a public one that the priest could not fail to learn the truth in respect to many matters which he had endeavored to ignore. This, however, did not affect him, and he did not ask the bishop to remove him to another parish, nor did the bishop suggest any change. It might be thought that he must have felt some embarrassment the first time that he met Kermelle and his daughter. But such was not the case. He went to the manor at an hour when he knew that he would find Kermelle and his daughter at home, and addressing himself to the latter he said: 'You have been guilty of a great sin, not so much by your folly, for which God will forgive you, but in allowing one of the best of women to be sent to jail. An innocent woman has, by your misconduct, been treated for several days as a thief, and carried off to prison by gendarmes in the sight of the whole parish. You owe her some sort of reparation. On Sunday, the clerk's wife will be seated as usual in the last row, near the church door; at the Belief, you will go and fetch her and lead her by the hand to your seat of honor, which she is better worthy to occupy than you are.'

"The poor creature did mechanically what she was bid, and she had ceased to be a sentient being. From this time forth, little was ever seen of the flax-crusher and his family. The manor had become, as it were, a tomb, from which issued no sign of life.

"The clerk's wife was the first to die. The emotion had been too much for this simple soul. She had never doubted the goodness of Providence, but the whole business had upset her, and she gradually grew weaker. She was a saintly woman, with the most exquisite sentiment of devotion for the Church. This would scarcely be understood now in Paris, where the church, as a building, goes for so little. One Saturday evening, she felt her end approaching, and her joy was great. She sent for the priest, her mind full of a long-cherished project, which was that during high mass on Sunday her body should be laid upon the

trestles which are used for the coffins. It would be joy indeed to hear mass once again, even in death, to listen to those words of consolation and those hymns of salvation; to be present there beneath the funeral pall, amid the assembled congregation, the family which she had so dearly loved, to hear them all, herself unseen, while all their thoughts and prayers were for her, to hold communion once again with these pious souls before being laid in the earth. Her prayer was granted, and the priest pronounced a very edifying discourse over her grave.

"The old man lived on for several years, dying inch by inch, secluded in his house and never conversing with the priest. He attended church but did not occupy his front seat. He was so strong that his agony lasted eight or ten years.

"His walks were confined to the avenue of tall lime trees which skirted the manor. While pacing up and down there one day, he saw something strange upon the horizon. It was the tricolor flag floating from the steeple of Tréguier; the Revolution of 1830 had just been effected. When he learnt that the king was an exile, he saw only too well that he had been bearing his part in the closing scenes of a world. The professional duty to which he had sacrificed everything ceased to have any object. He did not regret having formed too high an idea of duty, and it never occurred to him that he might have grown rich as others had done; but he lost faith in all save God. The Carlists of Tréguier went about declaring that the new order of things would not last, and that the rightful king would soon return. He only smiled at these foolish predictions, and died soon afterwards, assisted in his last moments by the priest, who expounded to him that beautiful passage in the burial service: 'Be not like the heathen, who are without hope.'

"After his death his daughter was totally unprovided for, and arrangements were made for placing her in the hospital where you saw her. No doubt she, too, is dead ere this, and another sleeps in her bed at the hospital."

SAMUEL RICHARDSON

SAMUEL RICHARDSON. Born in Derbyshire in 1689; died July 4, 1761. His best-known novels are "Clarissa Harlowe," "Pamela," and "Sir Charles Grandison."

In the order of time Richardson was the first English novelist. His novels are in the form of letters, — a style of writing in which he naturally excelled; for as a youth he had served as scribe for three illiterate young women who employed him to conduct their correspondence with their lovers. From this humble origin sprang his novel "Pamela," the success of which decided his career. "Clarissa Harlowe" is considered Richardson's masterpiece.

(From "SIR CHARLES GRANDISON")

THE ABDUCTION AND RESCUE OF MISS SELBY

Is it again given me to write to you, my Lucy! and in you to all my revered friends! To write with cheerfulness! To call upon you all to rejoice with me — God be praised! With what wretched levity did I conclude my last letter! Giddy creature that I was, vain and foolish! But let me begin my sad story. Only let me premise, that gaily as I boasted, when I wrote to you so conceitedly, of my dress, and of conquests, and I know not what nonsense, I took no pleasure at the place, in the shoals of fools that swam after me. I despised myself and them. Two Lucifers were among them; but the worst, the very worst Lucifer of all, appeared in a harlequin dress. He hopped, and skipped, and played the fool about me; and at last told me he knew Miss Byron, and that he was, as he called himself, the despised, the rejected, Sir Hargrave Pollexfen. He behaved, however, with complaisance; and I had no apprehension of what I was to suffer from his villainy. Mr. Reeves has told you everything about the chair and the chairmen. How can I describe the misgivings of my heart when I first began to suspect treachery! But when I undrew the curtains, and found myself further deluded by another false heart, whose help I implored, and in the midst of fields, and soon after the lights put out, I pierced the night air with my screams, till I could scream no more. I was taken out in fits; and when I came a little to my senses, I found myself on a bed, three women about me; one

at my head, holding a bottle to my nose, my nostrils sore with hartshorn, and a strong smell of burnt feathers; but no man near me. "Where am I? — Who are you, madam? — And who are you? — Where am I?" were the questions I first asked.

The women were a mother and two daughters. The mother answered, "You are not in bad hands. No harm is intended you; only to make you one of the happiest of women. We would not be concerned in a bad action."

"I hope not; I hope not. Let me engage your pity, madam. You seem to be a mother. These young gentlewomen, I presume, are your daughters. Save me from ruin, I beseech you, madam: save me from ruin, as you would your daughters."

"These young women *are* my daughters. They are sober and modest women. No ruin is intended you. One of the richest and noblest men in England is your admirer. He dies for you; he assures me that he intends honorable marriage to you. You are not engaged, he says; and you must, and you shall be his. You may save murder, madam, if you consent. He resolves to be the death of any lover whom you encourage."

"This must be the vile contrivance of Sir Hargrave Pollexfen," immediately cried I out: "Is it not? Is it not? Tell me; I *beg* of you to tell me?" I arose, and sat on the bedside; and at that moment in came the vile, vile Sir Hargrave. I screamed out. He threw himself at my feet. I reclined my head on the bosom of the elderly person, and by hartshorn and water they had much ado to keep me out of a fit. Had he not withdrawn, had he kept in my sight, I should certainly have fainted. But holding up my head, and seeing only the women, I revived, and began to pray, to beg, to offer rewards, if they would facilitate my escape, or procure my safety; but then came in again the hated man.

"I beg of you, Miss Byron," said he, with an air of greater haughtiness than before, "to make yourself easy, and hear what I have to say. It is in your own choice, in your power, to be what you please, and to make *me* what you please. Do not, therefore, needlessly terrify yourself. You see I am a determined man. Ladies, you may withdraw —"

"Not and leave me here!" And as they went out, I pushed by the mother, and between the daughters, and followed the

foremost into the parlor, and then sunk down on my knees, wrapping my arms about her. "Oh save me! save me!" said I. The vile wretch entered. I left her, and kneeled to him. I knew not what I did. I remember I said, wringing my hands, "If you have mercy; if you have compassion, let me now, now, I beseech you, sir, this moment, experience your mercy." He gave them some motion, I suppose to withdraw, for by that time the widow and the other daughter were in the parlor, and they all retired.

"I have besought *you*, madam, and on my *knees*, too, to show *me* mercy; but none would you show me, inexorable Miss Byron! Kneel, if you will; in your turn kneel, supplicate, pray; you cannot be more in earnest than I was. Now are the tables turned."

"Barbarous man!" said I, rising from my knees. My spirit was raised, but it as instantly subsided. "Be not, I beseech you, Sir Hargrave, cruel to me. I never was cruel to anybody. You know I was civil to you; I was *very* civil —"

"Yes, yes, and very determined. You called me no names. I call you none, Miss Byron. You were very civil. Hitherto *I* have not been uncivil. But remember, madam — But, sweet and ever-adorable creature," and he clasped his arms about me, "your very terror is beautiful! I can *enjoy* your terror, madam." And the savage would have kissed me. My averted head frustrated his intention; and at his feet I besought him not to treat the poor creature, whom he had so vilely betrayed, with indignity.

"*I don't hit your fancy*, madam!"

"Can you be a malicious man, Sir Hargrave?"

"*You don't like my morals*, madam!"

"And is this the way, Sir Hargrave, are these the means you take to convince me that I ought to like them?"

"Well, madam, you shall prove the mercy in me you would not show. You shall see that I cannot be a malicious man; a revengeful man; and yet you have raised my pride. You shall find me a *moral* man."

"Then, Sir Hargrave, will I bless you from the bottom of my heart!"

"But you know what will justify me in every eye for the steps

I have taken. Be mine, madam: be legally mine. I offer you my honest hand. Consent to be Lady Pollexfen."

"What, sir! justify by so poor, so very poor, a compliance, steps that you have so basely taken! Take my life, sir! But my hand and my heart are my own: they never shall be separated." I arose from my knees, trembling, and threw myself upon the window-seat, and wept bitterly. He came to me. I looked on this side, and on that, wishing to avoid him.

"You cannot fly, madam. You are securely mine; and mine still more securely you shall be. Don't provoke me: don't make me desperate. By all that's good and holy —"

He threw himself at my feet, and embraced my knees with his odious arms. I was terrified. I screamed. In ran one of her daughters. Her mother followed her in — "Sir, Sir! in my house —" Thank God, thought I, the people here are better than I had reason to apprehend they were.

"What a plague," said the wretch to the women, "do you come in for? I thought you knew your own sex better than to mind a woman's squalling."

"Dear, blessed, blessed woman!" exclaimed I. "Protect me! Save me! Be my advocate! Indeed I have not deserved this treacherous treatment. All my friends love me; they will break their hearts if any mishap befall me; they are all good people; Sir Hargrave may have better and richer wives than I. Pray prevail upon him to spare me to my friends, for *their* sake. I will forgive him for all he has done."

"Nay, dear lady, if Sir Hargrave will make you his lawful and true wife, there can be no harm done, surely."

"I will, I will, Mrs. Awberry," said he; "I have promised, and I will perform. But if she stand in her own light — she expects nothing from my *morals* — if she stand in her own light;" and looked fiercely.

"God protect me!" said I; "God protect me!"

"The gentleman is without, sir," said the woman.

And instantly entered the most horrible-looking clergyman that I ever beheld. This, as near as I can recollect, is his description. A vast tall, big-boned, splay-footed man. A shabby gown; as shabby a wig; a huge red face; and a nose that hid half of it when he looked on one side, and he seldom looked fore-

right when I saw him. He had a dog's-eared Common Prayer Book in his hand, which once had been gilt; opened, horrid sight! at the page of matrimony! Yet I was so intent upon making a friend, when a man, a clergyman, appeared, that I heeded not at his entrance his frightful visage, as I did afterwards. I pushed by Sir Hargrave, turning him half round with my vehemence, and made Mrs. Awberry totter; and throwing myself at the clergyman's feet, "Man of God!" said I, my hands clasped, and held up; "Man of God! gentleman! worthy man! — a good clergyman must be all this! If ever you had children, save a poor creature! basely tricked away from all her friends! innocent! thinking no harm to anybody! I would not hurt a worm! I love everybody! Save me from violence! Give not your aid to sanctify a base action."

The man snuffled his answer through his nose. When he opened his mouth, the tobacco hung about his great yellow teeth. He squinted upon me, and took my clasped hands, which were buried in his huge hand.

"Rise, madam. Kneel not to me. No harm is intended you. One question only: Who is that gentleman before me, in silver-laced clothes? What is his name?"

"He is Sir Hargrave Pollexfen, sir: a wicked, a very wicked man!"

The vile wretch stood smiling, and enjoying my distress.

"Oh, madam! A very hon-or-able man!" bowing, like a sycophant, to Sir Hargrave.

"And who, pray, madam, are you? What is your name?"

"Harriet Byron, sir; a poor innocent creature" (looking at my dress), "though I make such a vile appearance. Good sir, your pity!" And I sunk down again at his feet.

"Of Northamptonshire, madam? You are a single woman? Your uncle's name —"

"Is Selby, sir. A very good man. I will reward you, sir, as the most grateful heart —"

"All is fair; all is above board; all is as it was represented. I am above bribes, madam. You will be the happiest of women before daybreak. *Good people!*" The three women advanced.

Sir Hargrave advanced. Sir Hargrave took my struggling

hand; and then I saw another ill-looking man enter the room, who, I suppose, was to give me to the hated man.

"*Dearly beloved*," began to read the snuffling monster.

I was again like one frantic. "Read no more!" said I; and, in my frenzy, dashed the book out of the minister's hand, if a minister he was.

"Proceed, proceed," said Sir Hargrave, taking my hand by force; "virago as she is, I will own her for my wife. Are you the *gentle*, the *civil* Miss Byron, madam?" looking sneeringly in my face.

"*Dearly beloved*," again snuffled the wretch. Oh, my Lucy, I shall never love these words. Sir Hargrave still retained my struggling hand. I stamped, and threw myself to the length of my arm, as he held my hand. "*No dearly beloved's*," said I. I was just beside myself. What to say, what to do, I knew not. The cruel wretch laughed at me. "*No dearly beloved's*," repeated he. "Very comical, 'faith," and laughed again; "but proceed, proceed, doctor."

"*We are gathered together here in the sight of God*," read he on.

This affected me still more. "I adjure you, sir," to the minister, "by that God in whose sight you read, 'We are gathered together,' that you proceed no further. I adjure you, Sir Hargrave, in the same tremendous name, that you stop further proceedings. My life take; with all my heart take my life; but my hand never, never, will I join with yours."

"Proceed, doctor! doctor, pray proceed!" said the vile Sir Hargrave.

"Proceed at your peril, sir," said I. "If you are really and truly a minister of that God, whose presence what you have read supposes, do *not* proceed; do not make me desperate. Madam," turning to the widow, "you are a mother, and have given me room to hope you are a good woman. Look upon me as if I were one of those daughters, whom I see before me: could you see one of them thus treated? Dear young women," turning to each, "can you unconcernedly look on, and see a poor creature tricked, betrayed, and thus violently, basely, treated, and not make my case your own? Speak for me! plead for me! be my advocates! Each of you, if ye are women, plead

for me, as you would yourselves wish to be pleaded for in my circumstances, and were thus barbarously used!"

The young women wept. The mother was moved. I wonder I kept my senses. My brain was on fire. Still, still, the unmoved Sir Hargrave cried out, "Proceed, proceed, doctor." The man who stood aloof came nearer. "To the question, doctor, and to my part, if you please. Am not I her father? To the question, doctor, if you please! The gentlewomen will prepare her for what is to follow."

"Will you see this violence done to a poor young creature?" exclaimed I. "A soul, gentlewomen, you may have to answer for. I *can* die. Never, never, will I be his."

"Let us women talk to the lady by ourselves, Sir Hargrave." "Aye, aye, aye," said the parson, "by all means, let the ladies talk to one another, sir. She may be brought to consider."

He let go my hand. The widow took it. "Come, Sally, come, Deb, let us women go out together."

They led me into a little room adjoining to the parlor; and then, my spirits subsiding, I thought I should have fainted away. I had more hartshorn and water poured down my throat. When they had brought me a little to myself, they pleaded with me Sir Hargrave's great estate. "What are riches to me? I hate them. They cannot purchase peace of mind. I want not riches." They pleaded his honorable love — I, my invincible aversion. He was a handsome man — The most odious in my eyes of the human species. Never, never should my consent be had to signify such a baseness. My danger! and that they should not be able to save me from worse treatment. "How! — *not able!* — Ladies, madam, is not this your own house? Cannot you raise a neighborhood? Have you no neighbors? A thousand pounds will I order to be paid into your hands for a present before the week is out; I pledge my honor for the payment; if you will but save me. A thousand pounds! Dear ladies! only to save me, and see me safe to my friends!"

The wretches in the next room no doubt heard all that passed. In at that moment came Sir Hargrave. "Mrs. Awberry," said he, with a visage swelled with malice, "Pray retire to your rest; leave me to talk with this perverse woman. She is mine."

"Pray, Sir Hargrave —" said Mrs. Awberry.

"Leave her to *me*, I say."

"Madam, *pray*, madam," said the widow to me, "consider what you are about, and whom you refuse. Can you have a handsomer man? Can you have a man of a greater fortune? Sir Hargrave means nothing but what is honorable. You are in his power."

"In *his* power, madam!" returned I. "I am in *yours*. You are mistress of this house. I claim the protection of it. Have you not neighbors? *Your* protection I put myself under." Then clasping my arms about her — "Lock me from him till you can have help to secure to you the privilege of your own house: and deliver me safe to my friends, and I will share my fortune with your two daughters."

The wicked man took the mother and youngest daughter each by her hand, after he had disengaged the former from my clasping arms, and led them to the door. The elder followed them of her own accord. They none of them struggled against going. I begged, prayed, besought them not to go; and when they did, would have thrust myself out with them; but the wretch, in shutting them out, squeezed my arm dreadfully, as I was half in, half out; and my nose gushed out with blood. I screamed, he seemed frighted. I was out of breath; one of my arms was bruised. I have the marks still; for he clapt to the door with violence; not knowing, to do him justice, that I was so forward in the doorway. I was in dreadful pain. I talked half wildly, I remember. I threw myself in a chair. My head swam; my eyes failed me; and I fainted quite away.

I understood afterwards that he was in the most dreadful consternation. He had fastened the door upon me and himself; and for a few moments was not enough present to himself to open it. Yet crying out upon his God to have mercy upon him, and running about the room, the women hastily rapped at the door. Then he ran to it, opened it, cursed himself, and besought them to recover me, if possible. They said I had death in my face; they lamented over me.

"Oh, gentlemen!" cried the wretch, "nothing can be done to-night. Take this (and gave them money). The lady is in a fit. I wish you well home." The younger daughter reported this to

me afterwards. When I came a little to myself, I found the three women only with me. I was in a cold sweat, all over shivering. There was no fire in that room. They led me into the parlor, which the two men had quitted, and sat me down in an elbow-chair; for I could hardly stand, or support myself; and chafed my temples with Hungary-water. The mother and elder sister left me soon after, and went to Sir Hargrave. The younger sister, with compassionate frankness, answered all my questions, and let me know all the above particulars. Yet she wondered I could refuse so handsome and so rich a man as Sir Hargrave. She boasted much of their reputation. Her mother would not do an ill thing, she said, for the world; and she had a brother who had a place in the Custom-House, and was as honest a man, though she said it, as any in it. She owned that she knew my new vile servant; and praised his fidelity to the masters he had served in such high terms, as if she thought all duties were comprised in that one, of obeying his principals, right or wrong. Mr. William, she said, was a pretty man, a genteel man, and she believed he was worth money; and she was sure would make an excellent husband. I soon found that this simple girl was in love with this vile, this specious fellow. She could not bear to hear me hint anything in his disfavor, as, by way of warning to her, I would have done. We were broke in upon, as I was intending to ask more questions, and instantly came in Sir Hargrave. He took a chair, and sat down by me, biting his lips, looking at me, then from me, then at me again, five or six times, as in malice. At last I broke silence. I thought I would be as mild as I could, and not provoke him to do me further mischief. "Well have you done, Sir Hargrave (have you not?), to commit such a violence upon a poor young creature, that never did nor thought you evil!" I paused. He was silent. "What distraction have you given to my poor cousin Reeves's! How my heart bleeds for them!" I stopped. He was silent. "I hope, sir, you are sorry for the mischief you have done me; and for the pain you have given my friends! — I hope, sir —"

Then up he started. "Miss Byron," said he, "you are a *woman*, a *true* woman," and held up his hand, clenched. "You are the most consummate hypocrite that I ever knew in my life: and yet I thought that the best of you all could fall into fits and swoonings whenever you pleased."

I was now silent. I trembled.

"Damn'd fool! ass! blockhead! *woman's* fool! I ought to be d—n'd for my credulous folly! I tell you, Miss Byron —" Then he looked at me as if he were crazy, and walked two or three times about the room.

"To be dying one half-hour, and the next to look so provoking!"

I was still silent.

"I could *curse* myself for sending away the parson. I thought I had known something of women's tricks. But yet your arts, your hypocrisy, shall not serve you, madam. What I failed in *here* shall be done *elsewhere*. By the great God of heaven it shall."

I wept. I *could not* then speak.

"Can't you go into fits again? Can't you?" said the barbarian, with an air of a piece with his words, and using other words of the lowest reproach.

"God deliver me," prayed I to myself, "from the hands of this madman."

"Your fate is *determined*, Miss Byron."

Just then came in a servant-maid with a capuchin, who whispered something to him; to which he answered, "*That's well.*"

He took the capuchin; the maid withdrew, and approached me with it. I was ready to faint, and caught hold of the back of the elbow-chair.

"*Your fate is determined*, madam," repeated the savage. "Here, put this on. Now fall into fits again. Put this on."

"Pray, Sir Hargrave —"

"And pray, Miss Byron, what has not been completed here shall be completed in a safer place, and that in my own way. Put this on, I tell you. Your compliance may yet befriend you."

"Where are the gentlewomen? Where are —"

"Gone to rest, madam. John! Frank!" called he out. In came two men-servants. I cried out, "Mrs. ——, I forget your name — Miss ——, and t'other Miss ——; I forget your names. If you are good creatures, as I hoped you were —" I called as loud as my fears would let me. At last came in the elder sister. "Oh, madam! Good young gentlewoman! I am glad you are come," said I.

"And so am I," said the wicked man. "Pray, Miss Sally,

put on this lady's capuchin." I would not permit her to put it on, as she would have done. The savage then wrapped his arms about mine, and made me so very sensible, by his force, of the pain I had had by the squeeze of the door, that I could not help crying out. The young woman put on the capuchin, whether I would or not.

"Now, Miss Byron," said he, "make yourself easy. Miss Sally, give orders." She ran out with the candle. "Frank, give me the cloak," said Sir Hargrave. The fellow had a red cloak on his arm. His barbarous master took it from him. "To your posts," said he. The two men withdrew in haste. He threw the cloak about me. I begged, prayed, would have kneeled to him; but all was in vain. He muffled me up in it, and by force carried me through a long entry to the fore-door. There was ready a chariot and six; and that Sally was at the door with a lighted candle. I called out to her. I called out for her mother, for the other sister. I besought him to let me say but six words to the widow. But no widow was to appear; no younger sister; she was, perhaps, more tender-hearted than the elder; and, in spite of all my struggles, prayers, resistance, he lifted me into the chariot. Men on horseback were about it. I thought *that* Wilson was one of them; and so it proved. Sir Hargrave said to that fellow, "You know what tale to tell, if you meet with impertinents." And in he came himself. I screamed. "Scream on, my dear," upbraidingly, said he; and barbarously mocked me; imitating, low wretch! the bleating of a sheep. [Could you not have killed him for this, my Lucy?] Then rearing himself up, "Now am I lord of Miss Byron!" exulted he.

Still I screamed for help; and he put his hand before my mouth, though vowing honor, and such sort of stuff; and with his unmanly roughness made me bite my lip. And away lashed the coachman with your poor Harriet.

As the chariot drove by houses, I cried out for help. But, under pretense of preventing my taking cold, he tied a handkerchief over my face, head, and mouth, having first muffled me up in the cloak; and with his right arm thrown round me, kept me fast on the seat: and, except that now and then my struggling head gave me a little opening, I was blinded.

On the road, just after I had screamed, and made another effort to get my hands free, I heard voices; and immediately the chariot stopped. Then how my heart was filled with hope! But, alas! it was momentary. I heard one of his men say — "The best of husbands, I assure you, sir; and she is the worst of wives." I screamed again. "Aye, scream and be d—d! Poor gentleman, I pity him with all my heart." And immediately the coachman drove on again. The vile wretch laughed.

I was ready to faint several times. I begged for air; and when we were in an open road, and I suppose there was nobody in sight, he vouchsafed to pull down the blinding handkerchief, but kept it over my mouth; so that, except now and then, that I struggled it aside with my head (and my neck is very stiff with my efforts to free my face), I could only make a murmuring kind of noise. The curtain of the fore-glass was pulled down, and generally the canvas on both sides drawn up. But I was sure to be made acquainted when we came near houses, by his care again to blind and stifle me up. A little before we were met by my deliverer, I had, by getting one hand free, unmuffled myself so far as to see (as I had guessed once or twice before, by the stone pavements) that we were going through a town; and then I again vehemently screamed; but he had the cruelty to thrust a handkerchief into my mouth, so that I was almost strangled, and my mouth was hurt, and is still sore.

At one place the chariot drove out of the road, over rough ways, and little hillocks, as I thought, by its rocking; and then, it stopping, he let go my hands, and endeavored to soothe me. He begged I would be pacified, and offered, if I would forbear crying out for help, to leave my eyes unmuffled all the rest of the way. But I would not, I told him, give such a sanction to his barbarous violence. On the chariot's stopping, one of his men came up, and put a handkerchief into his master's hands, in which were some cakes and sweetmeats, and gave him also a bottle of sack, with a glass. Sir Hargrave was very urgent with me to take some of the sweetmeats and to drink a glass of the wine; but I had neither stomach nor will to touch either. He eat himself very cordially. God forgive me! I wished in my heart there were pins and needles in every bit he put into his mouth. He drank two glasses of the wine. Again he urged me. I said I hoped I had eat and drank my last.

I saw that I was upon a large, wild, heath-like place, between two roads, as it seemed. I asked nothing about my journey's end. All I had to hope for as to an escape (though then I began to despair of it) was upon the road, or in some town. My journey's end, I knew, must be the beginning of new trials; for I was resolved to suffer death rather than to marry him.

The chariot had not many minutes got into the great road again, over the like rough, and sometimes plashy ground, when it stopped on a dispute between the coachman and the coachman of another chariot and six, as it proved. Sir Hargrave looked out of his chariot to see the occasion of this stop; and then I found means to disengage one hand. I heard a gentleman's voice directing his own coachman to give way. I then pushed up the handkerchief with my disengaged hand from my mouth, and pulled it down from over my eyes, and cried out for help — "Help, for God's sake!" A man's voice (it was my deliverer's, as it happily proved) bid Sir Hargrave's coachman proceed at his peril. Sir Hargrave, with terrible oaths and curses, ordered him to proceed, and to drive through all opposition.

The gentleman called Sir Hargrave by his name, and charged him with being upon a bad design. The vile wretch said he had only secured a runaway wife, eloped to, and intending to elope from, a masquerade, to her adulterer: [horrid!] He put aside the cloak, and appealed to my dress. The gentleman would not be satisfied with Sir Hargrave's story. He would speak to *me*, and asked me, with an air that promised deliverance, if I were Sir Hargrave's wife?

"No, no, no, no!" I could only say.

For my own part, I could have no scruple, distressed as I was, and made desperate, to throw myself into the protection, and even into the arms of my deliverer, though a very fine young gentleman. But you may better conceive than I can express the terror I was in when Sir Hargrave drew his sword and pushed at the gentleman, with such words as denoted (for I could not look that way) he had done him mischief. But when I found my oppressor pulled out of the chariot by the brave, the gallant man (which was done with such force as made the chariot rock) and my protector safe, I was as near fainting with joy as before I

had been with terror. I had shaken off the cloak, and untied the handkerchief. He carried me in his arms (I could not walk) to his own chariot. I heard Sir Hargrave curse, swear, and threaten. I was glad, however, he was not dead.

"Mind him not, madam — fear him not!" said Sir Charles Grandison. [You know his noble name, my Lucy.] "Coachman, drive not over your master: take care of your master!" or some such words he said, as he lifted me into his own chariot. He just surveyed, as it were, the spot, and bid a servant let Sir Hargrave know who he was; and then came back to me. He ordered his coachman to drive back to Colnebrook. In accents of kindness, he told me that he had there at present the most virtuous and prudent of sisters, to whose care he would commit me, and then proceed on his journey to town.

How irresistibly welcome to me was his supporting arm, thrown round me, as we *flew* back, compared to that of the vile Sir Hargrave! Mr. Reeves has given you an account from the angelic sister. Oh! my Lucy, they are a pair of angels! I have written a long, long letter, or rather five letters in one, of my distresses, of my deliverance; and, when my heart is stronger, I will say more of the persons, as well as minds, of this excellent brother and sister.

. . . . . .

Mr. Reeves will send you, with the above packet, a letter from Sir Charles Grandison, inclosing one from that vile Wilson. I can write no more just now, and they will sufficiently explain themselves.

Adieu, my dearest Lucy; I need not say how much I am, and ever will be, *your faithful and affectionate* HARRIET BYRON.

JEAN PAUL RICHTER

JEAN PAUL FRIEDRICH RICHTER. Born at Wunsiedel, Bavaria, March 21, 1763; died at Bayreuth, November 14, 1825. Author of "The Invisible Lodge," "Hesperus," "Biographical Recreations under the Cranium of a Giantess," "The Life of Quintus Fixlein," "Flower, Fruit, and Thorn Pieces," "The Jubilating Senior," "The Country Valley," "Titan," "Wild Oats," "Introduction to Æsthetics," and "Levana, or Pedagogics."

Jean Paul is a name greatly honored and loved in his own land, not only for his poetic love of nature, but for his pictures of childhood and youth. If he is thought of as the greatest German humorist, he is also the prime minister of love and friendship.

(From "FLOWER, FRUIT, AND THORN PIECES")

THE evening of nectar and ambrosia really arrived, and was without its parallel in all the evenings that had preceded it. A young married couple at one table, with one candle, seated opposite each other in harmless and quiet occupation, may indeed be said to know what happiness is. He was full of conceits and kisses, she full of smiles; and when she handled the frying-pan, no sound fell upon his ear louder than that made by the plying of her needle.

"When people," said he, in great delight, "earn double wages by one candle, they need not, as far as I can see, confine themselves to a miserable dip as thin as a worm, by which one can see nothing but the stupid candle itself. To-morrow we will set up a mold candle."

As I assume some merit to myself in this history for selecting and communicating only events of general interest and importance, I shall merely mention that in the evening the mold candle appeared, and kindled a feeble strife; for the Advocate took occasion, on its appearance, to bring forward again his new theory of lighting candles. He held the somewhat schismatic belief, that every candle, but particularly thick ones, ought to be lighted at the thick instead of the thin end, and that it was for this very purpose there were always two wicks projecting from every candle.

"In favor of this law of burning," he added, "I need only direct the attention of every sensible woman to the self-evident

fact, that as a candle burns down, it always grows thicker at the lower extremity, — just as consuming debauchees are swollen out below by fat and dropsy. Now, if a candle is lighted at the top, the thin end, we have below an useless overflowing lump of tallow, a stump and stalk in the candlestick; while on the contrary, by lighting the thick end first, how beautifully and symmetrically the melted fat of the thicker half wraps itself by degrees round the thinner one, feeding it as it were and giving it proportion!"

Lenette opposed to his reasons a forcible argument, Shaftesbury's touchstone of truth, — ridicule. "Verily," said she, "every one who chanced to come in of an evening, and saw my candle stuck topsyturvy into the candlestick, would burst out laughing, and the wife would have to bear all the blame."

To close this candle-strife, therefore, an agreement was drawn up between them, wherein it was mutually established that he should light his candle at the bottom, she hers at the top; and with regard to the common candle, which was in itself thick at the top, he consented to endure the '*Interim*,' viz. the false lighting.

But the devil, who always blessed and crossed himself at such things, managed to shuffle the cards in such a way that the Advocate, this very evening, chanced to stumble upon the touching anecdote of the younger Pliny's wife, who held the lamp for her husband whilst he was writing. Now, it came into the Advocate's head that it would be a glorious thing, and would save him from many interruptions, if Lenette would always snuff the candle for him during his joyful composition of the selection from the above-mentioned Devil's Papers.

"Most gladly," answered she; and for the first fifteen or twenty minutes everything went on brilliantly.

But soon afterwards he beckoned with his chin sideways towards the candle, as if with his forefinger, to remind her to snuff it; again, for the same purpose, he quietly touched the snuffers with the tip of his pen; afterwards, he pushed the candlestick slightly towards her, and said gently, "The light!" But the affair soon became more serious, inasmuch as he began to attend to the obscuration of his paper, and was more impeded than assisted in his progress by the very snuffers from which,

in Lenette's hand, he had promised himself as much advantage as Hercules received from crabs' claws in his battle with the Hydra.

The miserable meager twin thoughts, the snuffers and the snuff, danced impudently hand in hand up and down every letter of his most biting satires, and exhibited themselves before him. "Lenette," he soon repeated, "prithee amputate the stupid black stump, for the benefit of both."

"Have I forgotten it?" said she, and hastily snuffed the candle.

Readers imbued with the spirit of history — and such I should wish mine to be — can now plainly foresee that things must naturally get more and more out of joint. In fact, he was often obliged to control himself, and wait, while he was smearing letters a yard long, for some benevolent hand to liberate him from the black thorn of the rose of light, until at length he broke out with the word, "Snuff!" He rang the changes on the verbs; now calling out, "Enlighten!" now "Behead!" and again, "Pinch off!" or, he sought agreeable variety in other figures of speech, and said, "Cap the candle, cap maker!" "There is again a long solar spot in our sun!" or, "A pleasant night-light for night thoughts in a pleasant Correggio's night; in the meantime, snuff!"

At last, shortly before supper-time, when the charcoal in the flame had really risen to a great height, he drew in half a river full of breath, and exhaling it slowly drop by drop, said, with grim mildness: "I perceive that you do not snuff and clip at all; the burning stake may grow up to the ceiling for what you care. Well, be it so. I will be candle snuffer at the theater and chimney-sweep myself until the cloth is laid; but at supper I will tell you, like a reasonable man, all I have to say."

"Do so," said she, very gladly.

"I had certainly anticipated," he began, after she had laid out the supper table, placing two eggs before each of them, — "I had promised myself great advantage from my night-work, because I took for granted that you would always be careful to snuff the candle at the right moment. It is so easy, particularly since a noble Roman lady once even turned herself

into a candlestick, and held the lamp for her noble husband, Plinius junior, to speak commercially; but as it happens, no good comes of it, for I am not fortunate enough to be able to write under the table with my foot, like a person crippled in the arms, nor yet to see in the dark like a cat. All the benefit I now derive from the candle is, that it is turned into an old lamp of Epictetus, by which I am to practise stoicism. Like the sun in an eclipse, our candle had often twelve inches of obscuration; and I sighed in vain, darling, for an invisible eclipse, such as frequently takes place in the heavens. Those detestable candle snuffs hatch the obscure ideas and gloomy night thoughts which an author so often produces. Oh, that you would only have snuffered properly!"

"You must surely be joking," answered she; "my stitches are much finer than your pen-strokes, and I saw very well."

"Then I must explain to you psychologically," he continued, "that it is a matter of no importance whatever to an author, or a thinker, whether he can see a little better or worse; but when the snuffers and the snuff are always in his head, they get between his spiritual legs, like the pole between a horse's, and impede his movements. Immediately after you have well snuffed the candle, and while I am living in light, I am already looking forward to the moment when it will require to be re-snuffed. Now this lying in wait, inasmuch as it is invisible and inaudible, can consist of nothing but a thought; but every thought that exists is the cause that no other thought can exist at the same time in its place, and thus the whole *posse comitatus* of an author's better thoughts go to the dogs. And yet I am only speaking of the least evil, for there is no occasion for me to think more about snuffing the candle than about taking snuff into my nose: but when the much-desired snuffing never does take place when the black smut on the ripe ear of light is ever increasing, the darkness visibly augmenting; when a half-dead author is illuminated by a truly funereal torch, and cannot banish the idea that one clip from the conjugal hand might liberate him from all these drag-chains; then verily, my dear Lenette, an author must possess more than common talent not to write like an ass, or stamp like a dromedary. At least I can sing a song about it."

She here assured him, that, if he were really in earnest, she would do better to-morrow.

And indeed, to do her justice, on the following day she kept her word, and not only snuffed much oftener than yesterday, but, to speak correctly, without ceasing, particularly after he had thanked her once or twice by a nod of the head. At last he said very kindly, "But don't snuff too often; if you aim at too fine sub-sub-sub-divisions of the wick, we shall return almost to the old misery, as a candle too closely snuffed burns as dimly as one with a wick of free growth; which, if you ever could do such a thing, you might apply figuratively to the lights of the world and of the church; but it is only some time after and before snuffing, as it were *entre chien et loup*, that the delightful middle-age of the soul prevails, when it sees beautifully; then, indeed, it is in very truth a life for a god — a well-proportioned black-upon-white, both in the candle and in the book!"

This new turn of affairs is not particularly satisfactory; for it is too evident that the Advocate of the Poor burdens himself, while writing, with the additional task of calculating, though it may be superficially enough, the mean distance or state between the short wick and the long wick; and, if so, what time has he left for his work?

Some minutes after, when the snuffing came too soon, he asked Lenette, with some hesitation, "Is there dirty linen again for the wash?" afterwards, when she was somewhat too late, "Eh, eh!"

"Directly, directly," said she.

At last, when some time had elapsed, and he became absorbed in his productions, she in hers, he found, on suddenly looking up, one of the longest spears that had ever yet been seen in the candle, surrounded moreover by one or two thieves. "Alas, this is a wretched life!" he exclaimed; and, seizing the snuffers fiercely, snuffed the candle — *out.*

In the dark vacation he had leisure to fly into a passion, and represent to Lenette, in detail, how much she tormented him even in his best arrangements; like all women, never keeping any medium, but always snuffing the candle either too often or too seldom; but on her relighting the candle, he fired up still more, and asked her, whether he had ever demanded any-

thing of her but the veriest trifles, and who it was that had refused them *all*, but his own wife. "Answer!" said he.

She did not answer, but placed the lighted candle on the table, and tears filled her eyes. It was the first time since her marriage. Suddenly, like a person magnetized, he beheld the whole diseased system in his interior, and described it to himself; and then at once, and with ease, flung the old Adam from him contemptuously into the farthest corner. His heart was always so open to love and justice, that as soon as these goddesses made their appearance, his voice, raised in anger at the beginning of a sentence, reached its close modified to the gentlest tones; he could arrest his battle-ax even in the very midst of its descent.

Domestic peace was thus concluded. A pair of moist eyes and a pair of bright ones were the instruments of peace, and a Westphalian treaty between themselves accorded one light to each party, with absolute freedom of snuffing.

JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY

JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY. Born at Greenfield, Indiana, 1853. Author of "Songs of Summer," "The Boss Girl, and Other Sketches," "Afterwhiles," "Pipes o' Pan at Zekesbury," "Green Fields and Running Brooks," "Poems Here at Home," "Flying Islands of the Night," "Armazindy: a Child World," "Home Folks," "Songs o' Cheer," "The Book of Joyous Children," "A Defective Santa Claus," "Morning." Riley's homely verse, like the homespun garments of a rustic, often clothes sentiments and ideas of great worth and nobility.

(From "SONGS O' CHEER," copyright 1905; used by special permission of the publishers, the Bobbs-Merrill Company.)

WHILE THE HEART BEATS YOUNG

WHILE the heart beats young! — Oh, the splendor of the Spring,
With all her dewy jewels on, is not so fair a thing!
The fairest, rarest morning of the blossom-time of May
Is not so sweet a season as the season of to-day

While youth's diviner climate folds and holds us, close caressed,
As we feel our mothers with us by the touch of face and breast;
Our bare feet in the meadows, and our fancies up among
The airy clouds of morning — while the heart beats young.

While the heart beats young and our pulses leap and dance,
With every day a holiday and life a glad romance, —
We hear the birds with wonder, and with wonder watch their flight —
Standing, still the more enchanted, both of hearing and of sight,
When they have vanished wholly, — for, in fancy, wing-to-wing
We fly to Heaven with them; and, returning, still we sing
The praises of this *lower* Heaven with tireless voice and tongue,
Even as the Master sanctions — while the heart beats young.

While the heart beats young! — While the heart beats young!
O green and gold old Earth of ours, with azure overhung
And looped with rainbows! — Grant us yet this grassy lap of thine —
We would be still thy children, through the shower and the shine!
So pray we, lisping, whispering, in childish love and trust,
With our beseeching hands and faces lifted from the dust
By fervor of the poem, all unwritten and unsung,
Thou givest us in answer, while the heart beats young.

(From "AFTERWHILES," copyright 1898; used by special permission of the publishers, the Bobbs-Merrill Company.)

A LIFE LESSON

THERE! little girl; don't cry!
They have broken your doll, I know;
And your tea-set blue,
And your playhouse, too,
Are things of long ago;
But childish troubles will soon pass by. —
There! little girl; don't cry!

There! little girl; don't cry!
They have broken your slate, I know;
And the glad, wild ways
Of your school-girl days
Are things of the long ago;
But life and love will soon come by. —
There! little girl; don't cry!

There! little girl; don't cry!
They have broken your heart, I know;
And the rainbow gleams
Of your youthful dreams
Are things of the long ago;
But Heaven holds all for which you sigh. —
There! little girl; don't cry!

(From "Songs of Summer," copyright, 1908; used by special permission of the publishers, the Bobbs-Merrill Company.)

THE OLD SWIMMIN'-HOLE

Oh! the old swimmin'-hole! whare the crick so still and deep
Looked like a baby-river that was laying half asleep,
And the gurgle of the worter round the drift jest below
Sounded like the laugh of something we onc't ust to know
Before we could remember anything but the eyes
Of the angels lookin' out as we left Paradise;
But the merry days of youth is beyond our controle,
And it's hard to part ferever with the old swimmin'-hole.

Oh! the old swimmin'-hole! In the happy days of yore,
When I ust to lean above it on the old sickamore,
Oh! it showed me a face in its warm sunny tide
That gazed back at me so gay and glorified,
It made me love myself, as I leaped to caress
My shadder smilin' up at me with such tenderness.
But them days is past and gone, and old Time's tuck his toll
From the old man come back to the old swimmin'-hole.

Oh! the old swimmin'-hole! In the long, lazy days
When the humdrum of school made so many run-a-ways,
How pleasant was the jurney down the old dusty lane,
Whare the tracks of our bare feet was all printed so plain
You could tell by the dent of the heel and the sole
They was lots o' fun on hand at the old swimmin'-hole.
But the lost joys is past! Let your tears in sorrow roll
Like the rain that ust to dapple up the old swimmin'-hole.

Thare the bulrushes growed, and the cat-tails so tall,
And the sunshine and shadder fell over it all;
And it mottled the worter with amber and gold
Till the glad lilies rocked in the ripples that rolled;
And the snake-feeder's four gauzy wings fluttered by
Like the ghost of a daisy dropped out of the sky,
Or a wownded apple-blossom in the breeze's controle,
As it cut acrost some orchard to'rds the old swimmin'-hole.

Oh! the old swimmin'-hole! When I last saw the place,
The scenes was all changed, like the change in my face;
The bridge of the railroad now crosses the spot
Whare the old divin'-log lays sunk and fergot.
And I stray down the banks whare the trees ust to be —
But never again will their shade shelter me!
And I wish in my sorrow I could strip to the soul,
And dive off in my grave like the old swimmin'-hole.

FREDERICK WILLIAM ROBERTSON

Frederick William Robertson, a distinguished English clergyman. Born in London, February 3, 1816; died at Brighton, August 15, 1853. Author of "Sermons Preached at Trinity Chapel, Brighton," "Lectures and Addresses on Literary and Social Topics," "Expository Lectures on St. Paul's Epistles to the Corinthians," and "Notes on Genesis."

Robertson's preaching was aided by a fine personal presence and a winning voice. His writings are clear, compact, and characterized by deep spiritual insight.

THE IRREPARABLE PAST

"And he cometh the third time, and saith unto them, Sleep on now, and take your rest: it is enough, the hour is come; behold the Son of man is betrayed into the hands of sinners. Rise up, let us go; lo, he that betrayeth me is at hand." — Mark xiv, 41, 42.

It is upon two sentences of this passage that our attention is to be fixed to-day — sentences which in themselves are apparently contradictory, but which are pregnant with a lesson of the deepest practical import. Looked at in the mere meaning of the words as they stand, our Lord's first command given to His disciples, "Sleep on now, and take your rest," is inconsistent with the second command which follows almost in the same breath, "Rise, let us be going." A permission to slumber, and a warning to arouse at once, are injunctions which can scarcely stand together in the same sentence consistently.

Our first inquiry therefore is, what did our Redeemer mean? We shall arrive at the true solution of this difficulty if we review the circumstances under which these words were spoken.

The account with which these verses stand connected, belongs to one of the last scenes in the drama of our Master's earthly pilgrimage: it is found in the history of the trial-hour which was passed in the Garden of Gethsemane. And an hour it was indeed big with the destinies of the world, for the command had gone forth to seize the Saviour's person: but the Saviour was still at large and free. Upon the success or the frustration of that plan the world's fate was trembling. Three men were selected to be witnesses of the sufferings of that hour: three men, the favored ones on all occasions of the apostolic band, and the single injunction which had been laid upon them was, "Watch with me one hour."

That charge to watch or keep awake, seems to have been given with two ends in view. He asked them to keep awake, first that they might sympathize with him. He commanded them to keep awake that they might be on their guard against surprise: that they might afford sympathy, because never in all His career did Christ more stand in need of such soothing as it was in the power of man to give. It is true that was not

much: the struggle, and the agony, and the making up of the mind to death had something in them too Divine and too mysterious to be understood by the disciples, and therefore sympathy could but reach a portion of what our Redeemer felt. Yet still it appears to have been an additional pang in Christ's anguish to find that He was left thoroughly alone — to endure, while even His own friends did not compassionate His endurance. We know what a relief it is to see the honest affectionate face of a menial servant, or some poor dependant, regretting that your suffering may be infinitely above his comprehension. It may be a secret which you cannot impart to him: or it may be a mental distress which his mind is too uneducated to appreciate: yet still his sympathy in your dark hour is worth a world. What you suffer he knows not, but he knows you do suffer, and it pains him to think of it: there is balm to you in that. This is the power of sympathy.

We can do little for one another in this world. Little, very little, can be done when the worst must come; but yet to know that the pulses of a human heart are vibrating with yours, there is something in that, let the distance between man and man be ever so immeasurable, exquisitely soothing. It was this, and but this, in the way of feeling, that Christ asked of Peter, James, and John: Watch — be awake: let me not feel that when I agonize, you can be at ease and comfortable. But it would seem there was another thing which He asked in the way of assistance. The plot to capture Him was laid; the chance of that plot's success lay in making the surprise so sudden as to cut off all possibility of escape. The hope of defeating that plot depended upon the fidelity of apostolic vigilance. Humanly speaking, had they been vigilant they might have saved Him. Breathless listening for the sound of footsteps in the distance: eyes anxiously straining through the trees to distinguish the glitter of the lanterns; unremitting apprehension catching from the word of Christ an intimation that He was in danger, and so giving notice on the first approach of anything like intrusion, — that would have been watching.

That command to watch was given twice — first, when Christ first retired aside, leaving the disciples by themselves; secondly, in a reproachful way, when He returned and found His request

disregarded. He waked them up once and said, "What, could ye not watch with me one hour?" He came again, and found their eyes closed once more. On that occasion not a syllable fell from His lips; He did not waken them a second time. He passed away sad and disappointed, and left them to their slumbers. But when He came the third time, it was no longer possible for their sleep to do Him harm, or their watching to do Him good. The precious opportunity was lost forever. Sympathy — vigilance — the hour for these was past. The priests had succeeded in their surprise, and Judas had well led them through the dark, with unerring accuracy, to the very spot where his Master knelt; and there were seen quite close, the dark figures shown in relief against the glare of the red torch-light, and every now and then the gleam glittering from the bared steel and the Roman armor. It was all over, they might sleep as they liked, their sleeping could do no injury now; their watching could do no good. And, therefore, partly in bitterness, partly in reproach, partly in a kind of irony, partly in sad earnest, our Master said to His disciples: Sleep on now: there is no use in watching now: take your rest — forever if you will. Sleep and rest can do me no more harm now, for all that watching might have done is lost.

But, brethren, we have to observe that in the next sentence our Redeemer addresses Himself to the consideration of what could yet be done; the best thing as circumstances then stood. So far as any good to be got from watching went they might sleep on: there was no reparation for the fault that had been done: but so far as duty went, there was still much of endurance to which they had to rouse themselves. They could not save their Master, but they might loyally and manfully share His disgrace, and if it must be, His death. They could not put off the penalty, but they might steel themselves cheerfully to share it. Safety was out of the question: but they might meet their fate, instead of being overwhelmed by it: and so, as respected what was gone by, Christ said, "Sleep, what is done cannot be undone": but as respected the duties that were lying before them still, He said, "We must make the best of it that can be made: rouse yourselves to dare the worst: on to enact your parts like men. Rise, let us be going — we have something still left to do." Here then

we have two subjects of contemplation distinctly marked out for us.

I. The irreparable Past.
II. The available Future.

The words of Christ are not like the words of other men: His sentences do not end with the occasion which called them forth: every sentence of Christ's is a deep principle of human life, and it is so with these sentences: "Sleep on now" — that is a principle. "Rise up, and let us be going" — that is another principle. The principle contained in "Sleep on now" is this, that the past is irreparable, and after a certain moment waking will do no good. You may improve the future, the past is gone beyond recovery. As to all that is gone by, so far as the hope of altering it goes, you may sleep on and take your rest: there is no power in earth or heaven that can undo what has once been done.

Now let us proceed to give illustrations of this principle.

It is true, first of all, with respect to *Time* that is gone by. Time is the solemn inheritance to which every man is born heir, who has a life-rent of this world — a little section cut out of eternity and given us to do our work in: an eternity before, an eternity behind; and the small stream between, floating swiftly from the one into the vast bosom of the other. The man who has felt with all his soul the significance of Time will not be long in learning any lesson that this world has to teach him. Have you ever felt it, my Christian brethren? Have you ever realized how your own little streamlet is gliding away, and bearing you along with it towards that awful other world of which all things here are but the thin shadows, down into that eternity towards which the confused wreck of all earthly things are bound? Let us realize that, beloved brethren: until that sensation of time, and the infinite meaning which is wrapped up in it, has taken possession of our souls, there is no chance of our ever feeling other than that it is worse than madness to sleep that time away. Every day in this world has its work; and every day as it rises out of eternity keeps putting to each of us the question afresh, What will you do before to-day has sunk into eternity and nothingness again? And now what have we to say

with respect to this strange solemn thing — Time? That men do with it through life, just what the apostles did for one precious and irreparable hour of it in the garden of Gethsemane: they go to sleep. Have you ever seen those marble statues in some public square or garden, which art has so fashioned into a perennial fountain that through the lips or through the hands the clear water flows in a perpetual stream, on and on forever; and the marble stands there — passive, cold — making no effort to arrest the gliding water?

It is so that Time flows through the hands of men — swift, never pausing till it has run itself out; and there is the man petrified into a marble sleep, not feeling what it is which is passing away forever. It is so, brethren, just so, that the destiny of nine men out of ten accomplishes itself, slipping away from them, aimless, useless, till it is too late. And this passage asks us with all the solemn thoughts which crowd around an approaching eternity, — what has been our life, and what do we intend it shall be? Yesterday, last week, last year — they are gone. Yesterday, for example, was such a day as never was before, and never can be again. Out of darkness and eternity it was born a new fresh day: into darkness and eternity it sank again forever. It had a voice calling to us, of its own. Its own work — its own duties. What were we doing yesterday? Idling, whiling away the time in light and luxurious literature — not as life's relaxation, but as life's business? thrilling our hearts with the excitements of life — contriving how to spend the day most pleasantly? Was that our day? Sleep, brethren! all that is but the sleep of the three apostles. And now let us remember this: there is a day coming when that sleep will be broken rudely, with a shock: there is a day in our future lives when our time will be counted not by years nor by months nor yet by hours, but by minutes — the day when unmistakable symptoms shall announce that the Messengers of Death have come to take us.

That startling moment will come which it is vain to attempt to realize now, when it will be felt that it is all over at last — that our chance and our trial are past. The moment that we have tried to think of, shrunk from, put away from us, here it is — going too, like all other moments that have gone before it:

and then with eyes unsealed at last, you look back on the life which is gone by. There is no mistake about it: there it is, a sleep, a most palpable sleep — self-indulged unconsciousness of high destinies, and God and Christ: a sleep when Christ was calling out to you to watch with Him one hour — a sleep when there was something to be done — a sleep broken, it may be, once or twice by restless dreams, and by a voice of truth which *would* make itself heard at times, but still a sleep which was only rocked into deeper stillness by interruption. And now from the undone eternity, the boom of whose waves is distinctly audible upon your soul, there comes the same voice again — a solemn sad voice — but no longer the same word, "Watch" — other words altogether, "You may go to sleep." It is too late to wake; there is no science in earth or heaven to recall time that once has fled.

Again, this principle of the irreparable past holds good with respect to preparing for temptation. That hour in the garden was a precious opportunity given for laying in spiritual strength. Christ knew it well. He struggled and fought *then:* therefore there was no struggling afterwards — no trembling in the judgment-hall — no shrinking on the cross, but only dignified and calm victory; for he had fought the Temptation on His knees beforehand, and conquered all in the garden. The battle of the Judgment-hall, the battle of the Cross, were already fought and over, in the Watch and in the Agony. The apostles missed the meaning of that hour; and therefore when it came to the question of trial, the loudest boaster of them all shrunk from acknowledging Whose he was, and the rest played the part of the craven and the renegade. And if the reason of this be asked, it is simply this: They went to trial unprepared: they had not prayed: and what is a Christian without prayer but Samson without his talisman of hair?

Brethren, in this world, when there is any foreseen or suspected danger before us, it is our duty to forecast our trial. It is our wisdom to put on our armor — to consider what lies before us — to call up resolution in God's strength to go through what we may have to do. And it is marvelous how difficulties smooth away before a Christian when he does this. Trials that cost him a struggle to meet even in imagination — like the heavy

sweat of Gethsemane, when Christ was looking forward and feeling exceeding sorrowful even unto death — come to their crisis; and behold, to his astonishment they are nothing — they have been fought and conquered already. But if you go to meet those temptations, not as Christ did, but as the apostles did, prayerless, trusting to the chance impulse of the moment, you may make up your mind to fail. That opportunity lost is irreparable: it is your doom to yield then. Those words are true, you may "sleep on now, and take your rest," for you have betrayed yourselves into the hands of danger.

And now one word about Prayer. It is a preparation for danger, it is the armor for battle. Go not, my Christian brother, into the dangerous world without it. You kneel down at night to pray, and drowsiness weighs down your eyelids. A hard day's work is a kind of excuse, and you shorten your prayer and resign yourself softly to repose. The morning breaks, and it may be you rise late, and so your early devotions are not done, or done with irregular haste. No watching unto prayer — wakefulness once more omitted. And now we ask, is that reparable? Brethren, we solemnly believe not. There has been that done which cannot be undone. You have given up your prayer, and you will suffer for it. Temptation is before you, and you are not fit to meet it. There is a guilty feeling on the soul, and you linger at a distance from Christ. It is no marvel if that day in which you suffer drowsiness to interfere with prayer, be a day on which you betray Him by cowardice and soft shrinking from duty. Let it be a principle through life, moments of prayer intruded upon by sloth cannot be made up. We may get experience, but we cannot get back the rich freshness and the strength which were wrapped up in these moments.

Once again this principle is true in another respect. Opportunities of doing good do not come back. We are here, brethren, for a most definite and intelligible purpose — to educate our own hearts by deeds of love, and to be the instrument of blessing to our brother men. There are two ways in which this is to be done — by guarding them from danger, and by soothing them in their rough path by kindly sympathies — the two things which the apostles were asked to do for Christ. And it is an encouraging thought, that he who cannot do the one

has at least the other in his power. If he cannot protect he can sympathize. Let the weakest — let the humblest in this congregation remember, that in his daily course, he can, if he will, shed around him almost a heaven. Kindly words, sympathizing attentions, watchfulness against wounding men's sensitiveness — these cost very little, but they are priceless in their value. Are they not, brethren, almost the staple of our daily happiness? From hour to hour, from moment to moment, we are supported, blest, by small kindnesses. And then consider: Here is a section of life one-third, one-half, it may be three-fourths gone by, and the question before us is, how much has been done in that way? Who has charged himself with the guardianship of his brother's safety? Who has laid on himself as a sacred duty to sit beside his brother suffering? Oh! my brethren, it is the omission of these things which is irreparable: irreparable, when you look to the purest enjoyment which might have been your own: irreparable, when you consider the compunction which belongs to deeds of love not done; irreparable, when you look to this groaning world and feel that its agony of bloody sweat has been distilling all night, and you were dreaming away in luxury! Shame, shame upon our selfishness! There is an infinite voice in the sin and sufferings of earth's millions, which makes every idle moment, every moment, that is, which is not relaxation, guilt; and seems to cry out, If you will not bestir yourself for love's sake now, it will soon be too late.

Lastly, this principle applies to a misspent youth. There is something very remarkable in the picture which is placed before us. There is a picture of *One* struggling, toiling, standing between others and danger, and those others quietly content to reap the benefit of that struggle without anxiety of their own. And there is something in this singularly like the position in which all young persons are placed. The young are by God's Providence exempted in a great measure from anxiety: they are as the apostles were in relation to their Master: their friends stand between them and the struggles of existence. They are not called upon to think for themselves: the burden is borne by others. They get their bread without knowing or caring how it is paid for: they smile and laugh without a suspicion of the anxious thoughts of day and night which a parent bears to enable

them to smile. So to speak they are sleeping — and it is not a guilty sleep — while another watches.

My young brethren — youth is one of the precious opportunities of life — rich in blessing if you choose to make it so, but having in it the materials of undying remorse if you suffer it to pass unimproved. Your quiet Gethsemane is now. Gethsemane's struggles you cannot know yet. Take care that you do not learn too well Gethsemane's sleep. Do you know how you can imitate the apostles in their fatal sleep? You can suffer your young days to pass idly and uselessly away; you can live as if you had nothing to do but to enjoy yourselves: you can let others think for you, and not try to become thoughtful yourselves: till the business and the difficulties of life come upon you unprepared, and you find yourselves like men waking from sleep, hurried, confused, scarcely able to stand, with all the faculties bewildered, not knowing right from wrong, led headlong to evil, just because you have not given yourselves in time to learn what is good. All that is sleep.

And now let us mark it. You cannot repair that in afterlife. Oh! remember every period of human life has its own lesson, and you cannot learn that lesson in the next period. The boy has one set of lessons to learn, and the young man another, and the grown-up man another. Let us consider one single instance. The boy has to learn docility, gentleness of temper, reverence, submission. All those feelings which are to be transferred afterwards in full cultivation to God, like plants nursed in a hotbed and then planted out, are to be cultivated first in youth. Afterwards, those habits which have been merely habits of obedience to an earthly parent, are to become religious submission to a heavenly parent. Our parents stand to us in the place of God. Veneration for our parents is intended to become afterwards adoration for something higher. Take that single instance; and now suppose that *that* is not learnt in boyhood. Suppose that the boy sleeps to that duty of veneration, and learns only flippancy, insubordination, and the habit of deceiving his father, — can that, my young brethren, be repaired afterwards? Humanly speaking, not. Life is like the transition from class to class in school. The school-boy who has not learnt arithmetic in the earlier classes cannot secure it when he

comes to mechanics in the higher: each section has its own sufficient work. He may be a good philosopher or a good historian, but a bad arithmetician he remains for life; for he cannot lay the foundation at the moment when he must be building the superstructure. The regiment which has not perfected itself in its manœuvers on the parade-ground cannot learn them before the guns of the enemy. And just in the same way, the young person who has slept his youth away, and become idle, and selfish, and hard, cannot make up for that afterwards. He may do something, he may be religious — yes; but he cannot be what he might have been. There is a part of his heart which will remain uncultivated to the end. The apostles could share their Master's sufferings — they could not save Him. Youth has its irreparable past.

And therefore, my young brethren, let it be impressed upon you, — NOW is a time, infinite in its value for eternity, which will never return again. Sleep not; learn that there is a very solemn work of heart which must be done while the stillness of the garden of your Gethsemane gives you time. Now — or Never. The treasures at your command are infinite. Treasures of time — treasures of youth — treasures of opportunity that grown-up men would sacrifice everything they have to possess. O for ten years of youth back again with the added experience of age! But it cannot be: they must be content to sleep on now, and take their rest.

We are to pass on next to a few remarks on the other sentence in this passage, which brings before us for consideration the future which is still available: for we are to observe, that our Master did not limit His apostles to a regretful recollection of their failure. Recollection of it He did demand. There were the materials of a most cutting self-reproach in the few words He said: for they contained all the desolation of that sad word *never*. Who knows not what that word wraps up — Never — it *never* can be undone. Sleep on. But yet there was no sickly lingering over the irreparable. Our Master's words are the words of One who had fully recognized the hopelessness of His position, but yet manfully and calmly had numbered His resources and scanned His duties, and then braced up His mind to meet the exigencies of His situation with no passive endurance: the moment was come for action — "Rise, let us be going."

Now the broad general lesson which we gain from this is not hard to read. It is that a Christian is to be forever rousing himself to recognize the duties which lie before him *now*. In Christ the motto is ever this, "Let us be going." Let me speak to the conscience of some one. Perhaps yours is a very remorseful past — a foolish, frivolous, disgraceful, frittered past. Well, Christ says, — My servant, be sad, but no languor; there is work to be done for me yet — Rise up, be going! O my brethren, Christ takes your wretched remnants of life — the feeble pulses of a heart which has spent its best hours not for Him, but for self and for enjoyment, and in His strange love He condescends to accept them.

Let me speak to another kind of experience. Perhaps we feel that we have faculties which never have and now never will find their right field; perhaps we are ignorant of many things which cannot be learnt now; perhaps the seedtime of life has gone by, and certain powers of heart and mind will not grow now; perhaps you feel that the best days of life are gone and it is too late to begin things which were in your power once: — still, my repentant brother, there is encouragement from your Master yet. Wake to the opportunities that yet remain. Ten years of life — five years — one year — say you have only that, — Will you sleep *that* away because you have already slept too long? Eternity is crying out to you louder and louder as you near its brink, — Rise, be going: count your resources: learn what you are not fit for, and give up wishing for it: learn what you *can* do, and do it with the energy of a man. That is the great lesson of this passage. But now consider it a little more closely.

Christ impressed two things on His apostles' minds. 1. The duty of Christian earnestness — "Rise." 2. The duty of Christian energy — "Let us be going."

Christ roused them to earnestness when He said, "Rise." A short, sharp, rousing call. They were to start up and wake to the realities of their position. The guards were on them: their Master was about to be led away to doom. That was an awakening which would make men spring to their feet in earnest. Brethren, goodness and earnestness are nearly the same thing. In the language in which this Bible was written

there was one word which expressed them both: what we translate a good man, in Greek is literally "earnest." The Greeks felt that to be earnest was nearly identical with being good. But however, there is a day in life when a man must be earnest, but it does not follow that he will be good. "Behold the bridegroom cometh; go ye out to meet him." That is a sound that will thunder through the most fast-locked slumber, and rouse men whom sermons cannot rouse. But that will not make them holy. Earnestness of life, brethren, that is goodness. Wake in death you *must*, for it is an earnest thing to die. Shall it be this, I pray you? — Shall it be the voice of death which first says, "Arise," at the very moment when it says, "Sleep on forever"? — Shall it be the bridal train sweeping by, and the shutting of the doors, and the discovery that the lamp is gone out? — Shall *that* be the first time you know that it is an earnest thing to live? Let us feel that we have been *doing:* learn what time is — sliding from you, and not stopping when you stop: learn what sin is: learn what "*never*" is: "Awake, thou that sleepest."

Lastly, Christian energy — "Let us be going." There were two ways open to Christ in which to submit to His doom. He might have waited for it: instead of which He went to meet the soldiers. He took up the Cross, the cup of anguish was not forced between His lips, He took it with His own hands, and drained it quickly to the last drop. In after-years the disciples understood the lesson, and acted on it. They did not wait till persecution overtook them; they braved the Sanhedrim: they fronted the world: they proclaimed aloud the unpopular and unpalatable doctrines of the Resurrection and the Cross. Now in this there lies a principle. Under no conceivable set of circumstances are we justified in sitting

> "By the poison'd springs of life,
> Waiting for the morrow which shall free us from the strife."

Under no circumstances, whether of pain, or grief, or disappointment, or irreparable mistake, can it be true that there is not something to be *done*, as well as something to be suffered. And thus it is that the spirit of Christianity draws over our life, not a leaden cloud of Remorse and Despondency, but a sky, —

not perhaps of radiant, but yet — of most serene and chastened and manly hope. There is a past which is gone forever. But there is a future which is still our own.

SAMUEL ROGERS

SAMUEL ROGERS, a notable English poet. Born at Newington Green, London, July 30, 1763; died in London, December 18, 1855. Author of a popular and widely read poem upon the "Pleasures of Memory," "The Voyage of Columbus," "Jacqueline," "Human Life," and "Italy." He was the personal friend of the most distinguished literary men of England during his lifetime.

(From "ITALY")

THERE is a glorious city in the sea.
The sea is in the broad, the narrow streets,
Ebbing and flowing; and the salt seaweed
Clings to the marble of her palaces.
No track of men, no footsteps to and fro,
Lead to her gates. The path lies o'er the sea,
Invisible; and from the land we went,
As to floating city — steering in,
And gliding up her streets as in a dream,
So smoothly, silently — by many a dome
Mosque-like, and many an ancient portico,
The statues ranged along an azure sky;
By many a pile in more than Eastern splendor,
Of old the residence of merchant-kings;
The fronts of some, tho' time had shattered them,
Still glowing with the richest hues of art,
As though the wealth within them had run o'er

O Italy, how beautiful thou art!
Yet I could weep — for thou art lying, alas,
Low in the dust; and they who come, admire thee

As we admire the beautiful in death.
Thine was a dangerous gift, the gift of beauty.
Would thou hadst less, or wert as once thou wast.
Inspiring awe in those who now enslave thee!
— But why despair? Twice thou hast lived already;
Twice shone among the nations of the world,
As the sun shines among the lesser lights
Of heaven; and shalt again. The hour shall come,
When they who think to bind the ethereal spirit,
Who, like the eagle cowering o'er his prey,
Watch with quick eye, and strike and strike again
If but a sinew vibrate, shall confess
Their wisdom folly. Even now the flame
Bursts forth where once it burnt so gloriously,
And, dying, left a splendor like the day,
That like the day diffused itself, and still
Blesses the earth — the light of genius, virtue,
Greatness in thought and act, contempt of death,
God-like example. Echoes that have slept
Since Athens, Lacedæmon, were themselves,
Since men invoked "By those in Marathon!"
Awake along the Ægean; and the dead,
They of the sacred shore, have heard the call
And thro' the ranks, from wing to wing, are seen
Moving as once they were — instead of rage
Breathing deliberate valor.

PIERRE DE RONSARD

Pierre de Ronsard. Born in the Château de La Poissonnière, Vendômois, September 11, 1524; died at the priory of St. Come, Touraine, December 27, 1585. Author of "Odes," "Sonnets," and "Hymnes." He is known as the father of French lyric poetry, and his influence on French language and literature was most important.

TO HIS MISTRESS

SOME winter night, shut snugly in
Beside the fagot in the hall,
I think I see you sit and spin,
Surrounded by your maidens all.
Old tales are told, old songs are sung,
Old days come back to memory;
You say, "When I was fair and young,
A poet sang of me!"

There's not a maiden in your hall,
Though tired and sleepy ever so,
But wakes, as you my name recall,
And longs the history to know.
And, as the piteous tale is said,
Of lady cold and lover true,
Each, musing, carries it to bed,
And sighs and envies you!

"Our lady's old and feeble now,"
They'll say; "she once was fresh and fair,
And yet she spurn'd her lover's vow,
And heartless left him to despair:
The lover lies in silent earth,
No kindly mate the lady cheers;
She sits beside a lonely hearth,
With threescore and ten years!"

Ah! dreary thoughts and dreams are those,
But wherefore yield me to despair,
While yet the poet's bosom glows,
While yet the dame is peerless fair!
Sweet lady mine! while yet 'tis time
Requite my passion and my truth,
And gather in their blushing prime
The roses of your youth!

—Paraphrase of W. M. Thackeray.

CHRISTINA GEORGINA ROSSETTI

Christina Georgina Rossetti. Born in London, December 5, 1830; died December 29, 1894. Author of poetic volumes, "Goblin Market," "The Prince's Progress," "Commonplace, and Other Short Stories," "Sing-Song, a Nursery Rhyme Book," "Annus Domini: A Prayer for Each Day in the Year," "Speaking Likenesses," "Seek and Find," "A Pageant, and Other Poems," "Letter and Spirit."

This author more truly than any other modern poet stands for a medieval austerity, humility, and sanctity in her own life. She twice refused marriage upon religious grounds. In delicate health she suffered much. Her firm religious faith, and her appreciation of nature at its best, find expression in her saintly lyrics, which are characterized by a sensuous glow, as well as by a rare metrical music, that rank her name among the foremost of the British poets.

REMEMBER

Remember me when I am gone away,
  Gone far away into the silent land;
  When you can no more hold me by the hand,
Nor I half turn to go yet turning stay.
Remember me when no more, day by day,
  You tell me of our future that you planned:
  Only remember me; you understand
It will be late to counsel then or pray.
Yet if you should forget me for a while
  And afterwards remember, do not grieve:
  For if the darkness and corruption leave
  A vestige of the thoughts that once I had,
Better by far you should forget and smile
  Than that you should remember and be sad.

ECHO

Come to me in the silence of the night;
  Come in the speaking silence of a dream;
Come with soft rounded cheeks and eyes as bright
  As sunlight on a stream;
    Come back in tears,
O memory, hope, love of finished years.

O dream how sweet, too sweet, too bitter sweet,
  Whose wakening should have been in Paradise,
Where souls brimful of love abide and meet;
  Where thirsting longing eyes
    Watch the slow door
That opening, letting in, lets out no more.

Yet come to me in dreams, that I may live
  My very life again though cold in death:
Come back to me in dreams, that I may give
  Pulse for pulse, breath for breath:
    Speak low, lean low,
As long ago, my love, how long ago!

SONG

When I am dead, my dearest,
  Sing no sad songs for me;
Plant thou no roses at my head,
  Nor shady cypress tree:
Be the green grass above me
  With showers and dewdrops wet;
And if thou wilt, remember,
  And if thou wilt, forget.

I shall not see the shadows,
  I shall not feel the rain;
I shall not hear the nightingale
  Sing on, as if in pain:
And dreaming through the twilight
  That doth not rise nor set,
Haply I may remember,
  And haply may forget.

UPHILL

Does the road wind uphill all the way?
  Yes, to the very end.
Will the day's journey take the whole long day?
  From morn to night, my friend.

But is there for the night a resting-place?
A roof for when the slow dark hours begin.
May not the darkness hide it from my face?
You cannot miss that inn.

Shall I meet other wayfarers at night?
Those who have gone before.
Then must I knock or call when just in sight?
They will not keep you standing at that door.

Shall I find comfort, travel-sore and weak?
Of labor you shall find the sum.
Will there be beds for me and all who seek?
Yea, beds for all who come.

HE AND SHE

"SHOULD one of us remember,
And one of us forget,
I wish I knew what each will do —
But who can tell as yet?"

"Should one of us remember,
And one of us forget,
I promise you what I will do —
And I'm content to wait for you,
And not be sure as yet."

DANTE GABRIEL ROSSETTI

DANTE GABRIEL ROSSETTI, an illustrious painter and poet. Born in London, May 12, 1828; died at Birchington, Kent, April 9, 1882. Author of "The Blessed Damozel," "Sister Helen," "Rose Mary," "The White Ship," "The King's Tragedy," "The House of Life," "Hand and Soul."

Rossetti had written many poems previous to the death of his wife, intending them for publication, but in his first grief and despair he buried his manuscripts with her. Six years later, however, they were exhumed and printed. They are characterized by many delicate and exquisite subtleties in poetic thought.

THE BLESSED DAMOZEL

The blessed damozel leaned out
From the gold bar of Heaven;
Her eyes were deeper than the depth
Of waters stilled at even;
She had three lilies in her hand,
And the stars in her hair were seven.

Her robe, ungirt from clasp to hem,
No wrought flowers did adorn,
But a white rose of Mary's gift,
For service meetly worn;
Her hair that lay along her back
Was yellow like ripe corn.

Her seemed she scarce had been a day
One of God's choristers;
The wonder was not yet quite gone
From that still look of hers;
Albeit, to them she left, her day
Had counted as ten years.

(To one, it is ten years of years.
. . . Yet now, and in this place,
Surely she leaned o'er me — her hair
Fell all about my face. . . .
Nothing: the autumn fall of leaves.
The whole year sets apace.)

It was the rampart of God's house
That she was standing on;
By God built over the sheer depth
The which is Space begun;
So high, that looking downward thence
She scarce could see the sun.

It lies in Heaven, across the flood
Of ether, as a bridge.
Beneath, the tides of day and night
With flame and darkness ridge
The void, as low as where this earth
Spins like a fretful midge.

Around her, lovers, newly met
'Mid deathless love's acclaims,
Spoke evermore among themselves
Their heart-remembered names;
And the souls mounting up to God
Went by her like thin flames.

And still she bowed herself and stooped
Out of the circling charm;
Until her bosom must have made
The bar she leaned on warm,
And the lilies lay as if asleep
Along her bended arm.

From the fixed place of Heaven she saw
Time like a pulse shake fierce
Through all the world. Her gaze still strove
Within the gulf to pierce
Its path; and now she spoke as when
The stars sang in their spheres.

The sun was gone now; the curled moon
Was like a little feather
Fluttering far down the gulf; and now
She spoke through the still weather.
Her voice was like the voice the stars
Had when they sang together.

(Ah sweet! Even now, in that bird's song,
Strove not her accents there,
Fain to be hearkened? When those bells
Possessed the midday air,
Strove not her steps to reach my side
Down all the echoing stair?)

"I wish that he were come to me,
For he will come," she said.
"Have I not prayed in Heaven? — on earth,
Lord, Lord, has he not pray'd?
Are not two prayers a perfect strength?
And shall I feel afraid?

"When round his head the aureole clings,
And he is clothed in white,
I'll take his hand and go with him
To the deep wells of light;
As unto a stream we will step down,
And bathe there in God's sight.

"We two will stand beside that shrine,
Occult, withheld, untrod,
Whose lamps are stirred continually
With prayer sent up to God;
And see our old prayers, granted, melt
Each like a little cloud.

"We two will lie i' the shadow of
That living mystic tree
Within whose secret growth the Dove
Is sometimes felt to be,
While every leaf that His plumes touch
Saith His Name audibly.

"And I myself will teach to him,
I myself, lying so,
The songs I sing here; which his voice
Shall pause in, hushed and slow,
And find some knowledge at each pause,
Or some new thing to know."

(Alas! We two, we two, thou say'st!
Yea, one wast thou with me
That once of old. But shall God lift
To endless unity

The soul whose likeness with thy soul
Was but its love for thee?)

"We two," she said, "will seek the groves
Where the lady Mary is,
With her five handmaidens, whose names
Are five sweet symphonies,
Cecily, Gertrude, Magdalen,
Margaret and Rosalys.

"Circlewise sit they, with bound locks
And foreheads garlanded;
Into the fine cloth white like flame
Weaving the golden thread,
To fashion the birth-robes for them
Who are just born, being dead.

"He shall fear, haply, and be dumb:
Then will I lay my cheek
To his, and tell about our love,
Not once abashed or weak:
And the dear Mother will approve
My pride, and let me speak.

"Herself shall bring us, hand in hand,
To Him round whom all souls
Kneel, the clear-ranged unnumbered heads
Bowed with their aureoles:
And angels meeting us shall sing
To their citherns and citoles.

"There will I ask of Christ the Lord
Thus much for him and me:—
Only to live as once on earth
With Love, only to be,
As then awhile, forever now
Together, I and he."

She gazed and listened and then said,
Less sad of speech than mild, —
"All this is when he comes." She ceased.
The light thrilled towards her, fill'd
With angels in strong level flight.
Her eyes prayed, and she smil'd.

(I saw her smile.) But soon their path
Was vague in distant spheres:
And then she cast her arms along
The golden barriers,
And laid her face between her hands,
And wept. (I heard her tears.)

THE WHITE SHIP

HENRY I OF ENGLAND. — 25TH NOVEMBER, 1120

By none but me can the tale be told,
The butcher of Rouen, poor Berold.
(*Lands are swayed by a King on a throne.*)
'Twas a royal train put forth to sea,
Yet the tale can be told by none but me.
(*The sea hath no King but God alone.*)

King Henry held it as life's whole gain
That after his death his son should reign.

'Twas so in my youth I heard men say,
And my old age calls it back to-day.

King Henry of England's realm was he,
And Henry Duke of Normandy.

The times had changed when on either coast
"Clerkly Harry" was all his boast.

Of ruthless strokes full many an one
He had struck to crown himself and his son;
And his elder brother's eyes were gone.

And when to the chase his court would crowd,
The poor flung plowshares on his road,
And shrieked: "Our cry is from King to God!"

But all the chiefs of the English land
Had knelt and kissed the Prince's hand,

And next with his son he sailed to France
To claim the Norman allegiance:

And every baron in Normandy
Had taken the oath of fealty.

'Twas sworn and sealed, and the day had come
When the King and the Prince might journey home:

For Christmas cheer is to home hearts dear,
And Christmas now was drawing near.

Stout Fitz-Stephen came to the King, —
A pilot famous in seafaring;

And he held to the King, in all men's sight,
A mark of gold for his tribute's right.

"Liege Lord! my father guided the ship
From whose boat your father's foot did slip
When he caught the English soil in his grip,

"And cried: 'By this clasp I claim command
O'er every rood of English land!'

"He was borne to the realm you rule o'er now
In that ship with the archer carved at her prow:

"And thither I'll bear, an' it be my due,
Your father's son and his grandson too.

"The famed White Ship is mine in the bay;
From Harfleur's harbor she sails to-day,

"With masts fair-pennoned as Norman spears
And with fifty well-tried mariners."

Quoth the King: "My ships are chosen each one,
But I'll not say nay to Stephen's son.

"My son and daughter and fellowship
Shall cross the water in the White Ship."

The King set sail with the eve's south wind,
And soon he left that coast behind.

The Prince and all his, a princely show,
Remained in the good White Ship to go.

With noble knights and with ladies fair,
With courtiers and sailors gathered there,
Three hundred living souls we were:

And I Berold was the meanest hind
In all that train to the Prince assign'd.

The Prince was a lawless, shameless youth;
From his father's loins he sprang without ruth:

Eighteen years till then he had seen,
And the devil's dues in him were eighteen.

And now he cried: "Bring wine from below;
Let the sailors revel ere yet they row:

"Our speed shall o'ertake my father's flight
Though we sail from the harbor at midnight."

The rowers made good cheer without check;
The lords and ladies obeyed his beck;
The night was light, and they danced on the deck.

But at midnight's stroke they cleared the bay,
And the White Ship furrowed the water-way.

The sails were set, and the oars kept tune
To the double flight of the ship and the moon:

Swifter and swifter the White Ship sped
Till she flew as the spirit flies from the dead:

As white as a lily glimmered she
Like a ship's fair ghost upon the sea.

And the Prince cried, "Friends, 'tis the hour to sing!
Is a song-bird's course so swift on the wing?"

And under the winter stars' still throng,
From brown throats, white throats, merry and strong,
The knights and the ladies raised a song.

A song, — nay, a shriek that rent the sky,
That leaped o'er the deep! — the grievous cry
Of three hundred living that now must die.

An instant shriek that sprang to the shock
As the ship's keel felt the sunken rock.

'Tis said that afar — a shrill, strange sigh —
The King's ships heard it and knew not why.

Pale Fitz-Stephen stood by the helm
'Mid all those folk that the waves must whelm.

A great King's heir for the waves to whelm
And the helpless pilot pale at the helm!

The ship was eager and sucked athirst,
By the stealthy stab of the sharp reef pierc'd:

And like the moil round a sinking cup,
The waters against her crowded up.

A moment the pilot's senses spin, —
The next he snatched the Prince 'mid the din,
Cut the boat loose, and the youth leaped in.

A few friends leaped with him, standing near.
"Row! the sea's smooth and the night is clear!"

"What! none to be saved but these and I?"
"Row, row as you'd live! All here must die!"

Out of the churn of the choking ship,
Which the gulf grapples and the waves strip,
They struck with the strained oars' flash and dip.

'Twas then o'er the splitting bulwarks' brim
The Prince's sister screamed to him.

He gazed aloft, still rowing apace,
And through the whirled surf he knew her face.

To the toppling decks clave one and all
As a fly cleaves to a chamber-wall.

I Berold was clinging anear;
I prayed for myself and quaked with fear,
But I saw his eyes as he looked at her.

He knew her face and he heard her cry,
And he said, "Put back! she must not die!"

And back with the current's force they reel
Like a leaf that's drawn to a water-wheel.

'Neath the ship's travail they scarce might float,
But he rose and stood in the rocking boat.

Low the poor ship leaned on the tide:
O'er the naked keel as she best might slide,
The sister toiled to the brother's side.

He reached an oar to her from below,
And stiffened his arms to clutch her so.

But now from the ship some spied the boat,
And "Saved!" was the cry from many a throat.

And down to the boat they leaped and fell:
It turned as a bucket turns in a well,
And nothing was there but the surge and swell.

The Prince that was and the King to come,
There in an instant gone to his doom,

Despite of all England's bended knee
And maugre the Norman fealty!

He was a Prince of lust and pride;
He showed no grace till the hour he died.

When he should be King he oft would vow,
He'd yoke the peasant to his own plow.
O'er him the ships score their furrows now.

God only knows where his soul did wake,
But I saw him die for his sister's sake.

By none but me can the tale be told,
The butcher of Rouen, poor Berold.
(*Lands are swayed by a King on a throne.*)
'Twas a royal train put forth to sea,
Yet the tale can be told by none but me.
(*The sea hath no King but God alone.*)

And now the end came o'er the waters' womb
Like the last great Day that's yet to come.

With prayers in vain and curses in vain,
The White Ship sundered on the mid-main:

And what were men and what was a ship
Were toys and splinters in the sea's grip.

I Berold was down in the sea;
And passing strange though the thing may be,
Of dreams then known I remember me.

Blithe is the shout on Harfleur's strand
When morning lights the sails to land:

And blithe is Honfleur's echoing gloam
When mothers call the children home:

And high do the bells of Rouen beat
When the Body of Christ goes down the street.

These things and the like were heard and shown
In a moment's trance 'neath the sea alone;

And when I rose, 'twas the sea did seem,
And not these things, to be all a dream.

The ship was gone and the crowd was gone,
And the deep shuddered and the moon shone:

And in a strait grasp my arms did span
The main-yard rent from the mast where it ran;
And on it with me was another man.

Where lands were none 'neath the dim sea-sky,
We told our names, that man and I.

"O I am Godefroy de l'Aigle hight,
And son I am to a belted knight."

"And I am Berold the butcher's son
Who slays the beasts in Rouen town."

Then cried we upon God's name, as we
Did drift on the bitter winter sea.

But lo! a third man rose o'er the wave,
And we said, "Thank God! us three may He save!"

He clutched to the yard with panting stare,
And we looked and knew Fitz-Stephen there.

He clung, and "What of the Prince?" quoth he.
"Lost, lost!" we cried. He cried, "Woe on me!"
And loosed his hold and sank through the sea.

And soul with soul again in that space
We two were together face to face:

And each knew each, as the moments sped,
Less for one living than for one dead:

And every still star overhead
Seemed an eye that knew we were but dead.

And the hours passed; till the noble's son
Sighed, "God be thy help! my strength's foredone!

"O farewell, friend, for I can no more!"
"Christ take thee!" I moaned; and his life was o'er.

Three hundred souls were all lost but one,
And I drifted over the sea alone.

At last the morning rose on the sea
Like an angel's wing that beat tow'rds me.

Sore numbed I was in my sheepskin coat;
Half dead I hung, and might nothing note,
Till I woke sun-warmed in a fisher-boat.

The sun was high o'er the eastern brim
As I praised God and gave thanks to Him.

That day I told my tale to a priest,
Who charged me, till the shrift were releas'd,
That I should keep it in mine own breast.

And with the priest I thence did fare
To King Henry's court at Winchester.

We spoke with the King's high chamberlain,
And he wept and mourned again and again,
As if his own son had been slain:

And round us ever there crowded fast
Great men with faces all aghast:

And who so bold that might tell the thing
Which now they knew to their lord the King?
Much woe I learnt in their communing.

The King had watched with a heart sore stirred
For two whole days, and this was the third:

And still to all his court would he say,
"What keeps my son so long away?"

And they said: "The ports lie far and wide
That skirt the swell of the English tide;

"And England's cliffs are not more white
Than her women are, and scarce so light
Her skies as their eyes are blue and bright;

"And in some port that he reached from France
The Prince has lingered for his pleasaùnce."

But once the King asked: "What distant cry
Was that we heard 'twixt the sea and sky?"

And one said: "With suchlike shouts, pardie!
Do the fishers fling their nets at sea."

And one: "Who knows not the shrieking quest
When the sea-mew misses its young from the nest?"

'Twas thus till now they had soothed his dread
Albeit they knew not what they said:

But who should speak to-day of the thing
That all knew there except the King?

Then pondering much they found a way,
And met round the King's high seat that day.

And the King sat with a heart sore stirred,
And seldom he spoke and seldom heard.

'Twas then through the hall the King was 'ware
Of a little boy with golden hair,

As bright as the golden poppy is
That the beach breeds for the surf to kiss:

Yet pale his cheek as the thorn in Spring,
And his garb black like the raven's wing.

Nothing heard but his foot through the hall,
For now the lords were silent all.

And the King wondered, and said, "Alack!
Who sends me a fair boy dressed in black?

"Why, sweet heart, do you pace through the hall
As though my court were a funeral?"

Then lowly knelt the child at the dais,
And looked up weeping in the King's face.

"O wherefore black, O King, ye may say,
For white is the hue of death to-day.

"Your son and all his fellowship
Lie low in the sea with the White Ship."

King Henry fell as a man struck dead;
And speechless still he stared from his bed
When to him next day my rede I read.

There's many an hour must needs beguile
A King's high heart that he should smile, —

Full many a lordly hour, full fain
Of this realm's rule and pride of his reign: —

But this King never smiled again.

By none but me can the tale be told,
The butcher of Rouen, poor Berold.
(*Lands are swayed by a King on a throne.*)
'Twas a royal train put forth to sea,
Yet the tale can be told by none but me.
(*The sea hath no King but God alone.*)

NEW-BORN DEATH

I

To-day Death seems to me an infant child
Which her worn mother Life upon my knee
Has set to grow my friend and play with me;
If haply so my heart might be beguil'd
To find no terrors in a face so mild, —
If haply so my weary heart might be
Unto the new-born milky eyes of thee,
O Death, before resentment reconcil'd.

How long, O Death? And shall thy feet depart
Still a young child's with mine, or wilt thou stand
Fullgrown the helpful daughter of my heart,
What time with thee indeed I reach the strand
Of the pale wave which knows thee what thou art,
And drink it in the hollow of thy hand?

II

And thou, O Life, the lady of all bliss,
With whom, when our first heart beat full and fast,

I wandered till the haunts of men were pass'd,
And in fair places found all bowers amiss
Till only woods and waves might hear our kiss,
While to the winds all thought of Death we cast: —
Ah, Life! and must I have from thee at last
No smile to greet me and no babe but this?

Lo! Love, the child once ours; and Song, whose hair
Blew like a flame and blossomed like a wreath;
And Art, whose eyes were worlds by God found fair;
These o'er the book of Nature mixed their breath
With neck-twined arms, as oft we watched them there:
And did these die that thou mightest bear me Death?

THE SEA LIMITS

Consider the sea's listless chime:
Time's self it is, made audible, —
The murmur of the earth's own shell.
Secret continuance sublime
Is the sea's end: our sight may pass
No furlong further. Since time was,
This sound hath told the lapse of time.

No quiet, which is death's, — it hath
The mournfulness of ancient life,
Enduring alway at dull strife.
As the world's heart of rest and wrath,
Its painful pulse is in the sands.
Last utterly, the whole sky stands,
Gray and not known, along its path.

Listen alone beside the sea,
Listen alone among the woods;
Those voices of twin solitudes
Shall have one sound alike to thee:
Hark where the murmurs of thronged men
Surge and sink back and surge again, —
Still the one voice of wave and tree.

Gather a shell from the strown beach
And listen at its lips: they sigh
The same desire and mystery,
The echo of the whole sea's speech.
And all mankind is thus at heart
Not anything but what thou art:
And Earth, Sea, Man, are all in each.

THE CLOUD CONFINES

THE day is dark and the night
To him that would search their heart;
No lips of cloud that will part
Nor morning song in the light:
Only, gazing alone,
To him wild shadows are shown,
Deep under deep unknown
And height above unknown height.
Still we say as we go, —
"Strange to think by the way,
Whatever there is to know,
That shall we know one day."

The Past is over and fled;
Named new, we name it the old;
Thereof some tale hath been told,
But no word comes from the dead;
Whether at all they be,
Or whether as bond or free,
Or whether they too were we,
Or by what spell they have sped.
Still we say as we go, —
"Strange to think by the way,
Whatever there is to know,
That shall we know one day."

What of the heart of hate
That beats in thy breast, O Time? —
Red strife from the furthest prime,

And anguish of fierce debate;
War that shatters her slain,
And peace that grinds them as grain,
And eyes fixed ever in vain
On the pitiless eyes of Fate.
Still we say as we go, —
"Strange to think by the way,
Whatever there is to know,
That shall we know one day."

What of the heart of love
That bleeds in thy breast, O Man? —
Thy kisses snatch'd 'neath the ban
Of fangs that mock them above;
Thy bells prolonged unto knells,
Thy hope that a breath dispels,
Thy bitter forlorn farewells
And the empty echoes thereof?
Still we say as we go, —
"Strange to think by the way,
Whatever there is to know,
That shall we know one day."

The sky leans dumb on the sea,
Aweary with all its wings;
And oh! the song the sea sings
Is dark everlastingly.
Our past is clean forgot,
Our present is and is not,
Our future's a sealed seed-plot,
And what betwixt them are we? —
We who say as we go, —
"Strange to think by the way,
Whatever there is to know,
That shall we know one day."

EDMOND ROSTAND

EDMOND ROSTAND, the most successful of modern French dramatists and poets. Born in Marseilles, 1869. Author of "Cyrano de Bergerac," "Les Romanesques," "La Princesse Lointaine," "La Samaritaine."

(From "CYRANO DE BERGERAC")

(Cyrano and Christian are both lovers of Roxane; Christian, however, has found favor in Roxane's sight, while Cyrano, who is possessed of more brains, nevertheless has been unsuccessful on account of his ungainly appearance. De Guiche, who appears a little later in the scene, is the villain and Christian's rival.)

Scene: Beneath Roxane's Balcony

CHRISTIAN, CYRANO, TWO PAGES

Christian. Come to my aid!
Cyrano. Not I!
Christian. But I shall die,
Unless at once I win back her fair favor.
Cyrano. And how can I, at once, i' th' devil's name,
Lesson you in . . .
Christian (*seizing his arm*). Oh, she is there!
(*The window of the balcony is now lighted up.*)
Cyrano (*moved*). Her window!
Christian. Oh! I shall die!
Cyrano. Speak lower!
Christian (*in a whisper*). I shall die!
Cyrano. The night is dark . . .
Christian. Well!
Cyrano. All can be repaired.
Although you merit not. Stand there, poor wretch!
Fronting the balcony! I'll go beneath
And prompt your words to you . . .
Christian. But . . .
Cyrano. Hold your tongue!
The Pages (*reappearing at back — to* CYRANO). Ho!
Cyrano. Hush!

(*He signs to them to speak softly.*)

First Page (*in a low voice*). We've play'd the serenade you bade
To Montfleury!

Cyrano (*quickly, in a low voice*). Go! lurk in ambush there,
One at this street corner, and one at that;
And if a passer-by should here intrude,
Play you a tune!

Second Page. What tune, Sir Gassendist?

Cyrano. Gay, if a woman comes, — for a man, sad!
(*The* PAGES *disappear, one at each street corner. To* CHRISTIAN.) Call her!

Christian. Roxane!

Cyrano (*picking up stones and throwing them at the window*). Some pebbles! wait awhile!

Roxane (*half opening the casement*). Who calls me?

Christian. I

Roxane. Who's that?

Christian. Christian!

Roxane (*disdainfully*). Oh! you?

Christian. I would speak with you.

Cyrano (*under the balcony — to* CHRISTIAN). Good. Speak soft and low.

Roxane. No, you speak stupidly!

Christian. Oh, pity me!

Roxane. No! you love me no more!

Christian (*prompted by* CYRANO). You say — Great Heaven!
I love no more? — when — I — love more and more!

Roxane (*who was about to shut the casement, pausing*). Hold!
'tis a trifle better! aye, a trifle!

Christian (*same play*). Love grew apace, rocked by the anxious beating . . .
Of this poor heart, which the cruel wanton boy . . .
Took for a cradle!

Roxane (*coming out on to the balcony*). That is better! But
An if you deem that Cupid be so cruel
You should have stifled baby-love in 's cradle!

Christian (*same play*). Ah, madame, I assayed, but all in vain

This . . . new-born babe is a young . . . Hercules!
Roxane. Still better!
Christian (*same play*). Thus he strangled in my heart
The . . . serpents twain, of . . . Pride . . . and Doubt!
Roxane (*leaning over the balcony*). Well said!
— But why so faltering? Has mental palsy
Seized on your faculty imaginative?
Cyrano (*drawing* CHRISTIAN *under the balcony, and slipping into his place*). Give place! This waxes critical! . . .
Roxane. To-day . . .
Your words are hesitating.
Cyrano (*imitating* CHRISTIAN — *in a whisper*). Night has come. . . .
In the dusk they grope their way to find your ear.
Roxane. But my words find no such impediment.
Cyrano. They find their way at once? Small wonder that!
For 'tis within my heart they find their home;
Bethink how large my heart, how small your ear!
And, — from fair heights descending, words fall fast,
But mine must mount, madame, and that takes time!
Roxane. Meseems that your last words have learned to climb.
Cyrano. With practice such gymnastic grows less hard!
Roxane. In truth, I seem to speak from distant heights!
Cyrano. True, far above; at such a height 'twere death
If a hard word from you fell on my heart.
Roxane (*moving*). I will come down. . . .
Cyrano (*hastily*). No!
Roxane (*showing him the bench under the balcony*). Mount then on the bench!
Cyrano (*starting back alarmed*). No!
Roxane. How, you will not?
Cyrano (*more and more moved*). Stay awhile! 'Tis sweet.
The rare occasion, when our hearts can speak,
Ourselves unseen, unseeing!
Roxane. Why — unseen?
Cyrano. Aye, it is sweet! Half hidden, — half revealed —
You see the dark folds of my shrouding cloak,
And I, the glimmering whiteness of your dress:
I but a shadow — you a radiance fair!

Know you what such a moment holds for me?
If ever I were eloquent . . .
Roxane. You were!
Cyrano. Yet never till to-night my speech has sprung
Straight from my heart as now it springs.
Roxane. Why not?
Cyrano. Till now I spoke haphazard . . .
Roxane. What?
Cyrano. Your eyes
Have beams that turn men dizzy! — But to-night
Methinks I shall find speech for the first time!
Roxane. 'Tis true, your voice rings with a tone that's new.
Cyrano (*coming nearer, passionately*). Aye, a new tone! In the tender, sheltering dusk
I dare to be myself for once,— at last!
(*He stops, falters.*)
What say I? I know not! — Oh, pardon me —
It thrills me, — 'tis so sweet, so novel . . .
Roxane. How?
So novel?
Cyrano (*off his balance, trying to find the thread of his sentence*). Aye, — to be at last sincere;
Till now, my chilled heart, fearing to be mocked . . .
Roxane. Mocked, and for what?
Cyrano. For its mad beating! Aye,
My heart has clothed itself with witty words,
To shroud itself from curious eyes: — impelled
At times to aim at a star, I stay my hand,
And, fearing ridicule, — cull a wild flower!
Roxane. A wild flower's sweet.
Cyrano. Aye! but to-night — the star!
Roxane. Oh! never have you spoken thus before!
Cyrano. If, leaving Cupid's arrows, quivers, torches,
We turned to seek for sweeter — fresher things!
Instead of sipping in a pygmy glass
Dull fashionable waters, — did we try
How the soul slakes its thirst in fearless draught
By drinking from the river's flooding brim!
Roxane. But wit? . . .

Cyrano. If I have used it to arrest you
At the first starting, — now, 'twould be an outrage,
An insult — to the perfumed Night — to Nature —
To speak fine words that garnish vain love-letters!
Look up but at her stars! The quiet Heaven
Will ease our hearts of all things artificial;
I fear lest, 'midst the alchemy we're skilled in,
The truth of sentiment dissolve and vanish, —
The soul exhausted by these empty pastimes,
The gain of fine things be the loss of all things!

Roxane. But wit? I say . . .

Cyrano. In love 'tis crime, — 'tis hateful!
Turning frank loving into subtle fencing!
At last the moment comes, inevitable, —
— Oh, woe for those who never know that moment!
When feeling love exists in us, ennobling,
Each well-weighed word is futile and soul-saddening!

Roxane. Well, if that moment's come for us — suppose it!
What words would serve you?

Cyrano. All, all, all, whatever
That came to me, e'en as they came, I'd fling them
In a wild cluster, not a careful bouquet.
I love thee! I am mad! I love, I stifle!
Thy name is in my heart as in a sheep-bell,
And as I ever tremble, thinking of thee,
Ever the bell shakes, ever thy name ringeth!
All things of thine I mind, for I love all things;
I know that last year on the twelfth of May-month,
To walk abroad, one day you changed your hair-plaits!
I am so used to take your hair for daylight
That, — like as when the eye stares on the sun's disk,
One sees long after a red blot on all things —
So, when I quit thy beams, my dazzled vision
Sees upon all things a blond stain imprinted.

Roxane (*agitated*). Why, this is love indeed! . . .

Cyrano. Aye, true, the feeling
Which fills me, terrible and jealous, truly
Love, — which is ever sad amid its transports!
Love, — and yet, strangely, not a selfish passion!

I for your joy would gladly lay mine own down,
— E'en though you never were to know it, — never!
— If but at times I might — far off and lonely, —
Hear some gay echo of the joy I bought you!
Each glance of thine awakes in me a virtue, —
A novel, unknown valor. Dost begin, sweet,
To understand? So late, dost understand me?
Feel'st thou my soul, here, through the darkness mounting?
Too fair the night! Too fair, too fair the moment!
That I should speak thus, and that you should harken!
Too fair! In moments when my hopes rose proudest,
I never hoped such guerdon. Naught is left me
But to die now! Have words of mine the power
To make you tremble, — throned there in the branches?
Aye, like a leaf among the leaves, you tremble!
You tremble! For I feel, — an if you will it,
Or will it not, — your hand's beloved trembling
Thrill through the branches, down your sprays of jasmine!
(*He kisses passionately one of the hanging tendrils.*)
Roxane. Aye! I am trembling, weeping! — I am thine!
Thou hast conquered all of me!
Cyrano. Then let death come!
'Tis I, 'tis I myself, who conquered thee!
One thing, but one, I dare to ask —
Christian (*under the balcony*). A kiss!
Roxane (*drawing back*). What?
Cyrano. Oh!
Roxane. You ask . . . ?
Cyrano. I . . .
(*To* CHRISTIAN, *whispering.*) Fool! you go too quick!
Christian. Since she is moved thus — I will profit by it!
Cyrano (*to* ROXANE). My words sprung thoughtlessly, but now I see —
Shame on me! — I was too presumptuous.
Roxane (*a little chilled*). How quickly you withdraw!
Cyrano. Yes, I withdraw
Without withdrawing! Hurt I modesty?
If so — the kiss I asked — oh, grant it not.
Christian (*to* CYRANO, *pulling him by his cloak*). Why?

Cyrano. Silence, Christian! Hush!
Roxane (*leaning over*). What whisper you?
Cyrano. I chid myself for my too bold advances;
Said, "Silence, Christian!"
(*The lutes begin to play.*)
Hark! Wait awhile, . . .
Steps come!
(*Roxane shuts the window.* CYRANO *listens to the lutes, one of which plays a merry, the other a melancholy, tune.*)
Why, they play sad — then gay — then sad!
What? Neither man nor woman? — oh! a monk!
(*Enter a* CAPUCHIN FRIAR, *with a lantern. He goes from house to house, looking at every door.*)
Cyrano (*to the* FRIAR). What do you, playing at Diogenes?
The Friar. I seek the house of Madame . . .
Christian. Oh! plague take him!
The Friar. Madeleine Robin . . .
Christian. What would he? . . .
Cyrano (*pointing to a street at the back*). This way!
Straight on . . .
The Friar. I thank you, and in your intention
Will tell my rosary to its last bead.
(*He goes out.*)
Cyrano. Good luck! My blessings rest upon your cowl!
(*He goes back to* CHRISTIAN.)
Christian. Oh! win for me that kiss . . .
Cyrano. No!
Christian. Soon or late! . . .
Cyrano. 'Tis true! The moment of intoxication —
Of madness, — when your mouths are sure to meet,
Thanks to your fair mustache — and her rose lips!
(*To himself.*)
I'd fainer it should come, thanks to . . .
(*A sound of shutters reopening.* CHRISTIAN *goes in again under the balcony.*)
Roxane (*coming out on balcony*). Still there?
We spoke of a . . .
Cyrano. A kiss! The word is sweet.
I see not why your lip should shrink from it;

If the word burns it, — what would the kiss do?
Oh! let it not your bashfulness affright;
Have you not, all this time, insensibly,
Left badinage aside, and unalarmèd
Glided from smile to sigh, — from sigh to weeping?
Glide gently, imperceptibly, still onward —
From tear to kiss, — a moment's thrill! — a heart-beat!

Roxane. Hush! hush!

Cyrano. A kiss, when all is said, — what is it?
An oath that's ratified, — a sealèd promise,
A heart's avowal claiming confirmation, —
A rose-dot on the "i" of "adoration," —
A secret that to mouth, not ear, is whispered, —
Brush of a bee's wing, that makes time eternal, —
Communion perfumed like the spring's wild flowers, —
The heart's relieving in the heart's outbreathing,
When to the lips the soul's flood rises, brimming!

Roxane. Hush! hush!

Cyrano. A kiss, madame, is honorable:
The Queen of France, to a most favored lord
Did grant a kiss — the Queen herself!

Roxane. What then?

Cyrano (*speaking more warmly*). Buckingham suffered dumbly, — so have I, —
Adored his Queen, as loyally as I, —
Was sad, but faithful, — so am I . . .

Roxane. And you
Are fair as Buckingham!

Cyrano (*aside — suddenly cooled*). True, — I forgot!

Roxane. Must I then bid thee mount to cull this flower? . . .

Cyrano (*pushing* CHRISTIAN *toward the balcony*). Mount!

Roxane. This heart-breathing! . . .

Cyrano. Mount!

Roxane. This brush of bee's wing! . . .

Cyrano. Mount!

Christian (*hesitating*). But I feel now, as though 'twere ill done!

Roxane. This moment infinite! . . .

Cyrano (*still pushing him*). Come, blockhead, mount!

(CHRISTIAN *springs forward, and by means of the bench, the branches, and the pillars, climbs to the balcony and strides over it.*)

Christian. Ah, Roxane!

(*He takes her in his arms, and bends over her lips.*)

Cyrano. Aie! Strange pain that wrings my heart!
The kiss, love's feast, so near! I, Lazarus,
Lie at the gate in darkness. Yet to me
Falls still a crumb or two from the rich man's board —
Aye, 'tis my heart receives thee, Roxane — mine!
For on the lips you press you kiss as well
The words I spoke just now! — my words — my words!

. . . . . .

De Guiche (*who enters, masked, feeling his way in the dark*).
What can that cursèd Friar be about?

Cyrano. The devil! . . . If he knows my voice!

(*Letting go with one hand, he pretends to turn an invisible key. Solemnly.*) Cric! crac!
Assume thou, Cyrano, to serve the turn,
The accent of thy native Bergerac! . . .

De Guiche (*looking at the house*). 'Tis there. I see dim, — this mask hinders me!

(*He is about to enter, when* CYRANO *leaps from the balcony, holding on to the branch, which bends, dropping him between the door and* DE GUICHE; *he pretends to fall heavily, as from a great height, and lies flat on the ground, motionless, as if stunned.* DE GUICHE *starts back.*)

What's this?

(*When he looks up, the branch has sprung back into its place. He sees only the sky, and is lost in amazement.*)

Where fell that man from?

Cyrano (*sitting up, and speaking with a Gascon accent*). From the moon!

De Guiche. From . . . ?

Cyrano (*in a dreamy voice*). What's o'clock?

De Guiche. He's lost his mind, for sure!

Cyrano. What hour? What country this? What month? What day?

De Guiche. But . . .

Cyrano. I am stupefied!
De Guiche. Sir!
Cyrano. Like a bomb
I fell from the moon!
De Guiche (*impatiently*). Come now!
Cyrano (*rising, in a terrible voice*). I say, — the moon!
De Guiche (*recoiling*). Good, good! let it be so! . . . He's raving mad!
Cyrano (*walking up to him*). I say from the moon! I mean no metaphor! . . .
De Guiche. But . . .
Cyrano. Was't a hundred years — a minute, since?
— I cannot guess what time that fall embraced! —
That I was in that saffron-colored ball!
De Guiche (*shrugging his shoulders*). Good! let me pass!
Cyrano (*intercepting him*). Where am I? Tell the truth!
Fear not to tell! Oh, spare me not! Where? where?
Have I fallen like a shooting star?
De Guiche. *Morbleu!*
Cyrano. The fall was lightning-quick! no time to choose
Where I should fall — I know not where it be!
Oh, tell me! Is it on a moon or earth,
That my posterior weight has landed me?
De Guiche. I tell you, sir . . .
Cyrano (*with a screech of terror, which makes* De Guiche *start back*). No? Can it be? I'm on
A planet where men have black faces?
De Guiche (*putting his hand to his face*). What?
Cyrano (*feigning great alarm*). Am I in Africa? A native you?
De Guiche (*who has remembered his mask*). This mask of mine . . .
Cyrano (*pretending to be reassured*). In Venice? ha! — or Rome?
De Guiche (*trying to pass*). A lady waits . . .
Cyrano (*quite reassured*). Oh-ho! I am in Paris!
De Guiche (*smiling in spite of himself*). The fool is comical!
Cyrano. I laugh,
De Guiche. You laugh?

But would get by!

Cyrano (*beaming with joy*). I have shot back to Paris!
(*Quite at ease, laughing, dusting himself, bowing.*)
Come — pardon me — by the last waterspout,
Covered with ether, — accident of travel!
My eyes still full of star-dust, and my spurs
Encumbered by the planets' filaments!
(*Picking something off his sleeve.*)
Ha! on my doublet? — ah, a comet's hair! . . .
(*He puffs as if to blow it away.*)

De Guiche (*beside himself*). Sir! . . .

Cyrano (*just as he is about to pass, holds out his leg as if to show him something and stops him*). In my leg — the calf — there is a tooth
Of the Great Bear, — and, passing Neptune close,
I would avoid his trident's point, and fell,
Thus sitting, plump, right in the Scales! My weight
Is marked, still registered, up there in heaven!
(*Hurriedly preventing* DE GUICHE *from passing, and detaining him by the button of his doublet.*)
I swear to you that if you squeezed my nose
It would spout milk!

De Guiche. Milk?

Cyrano. From the Milky Way!

De Guiche. Oh, go to hell!

Cyrano (*crossing his arms*). I fall, sir, out of heaven!
Now, would you credit it, that as I fell
I saw that Sirius wears a nightcap? True!
(*Confidentially.*) The other Bear is still too small to bite.
(*Laughing.*) I went through the Lyre, but I snapped a cord;
(*Grandiloquent.*) I mean to write the whole thing in a book;
The small gold stars, that, wrapped up in my cloak,
I carried safe away at no small risks,
Will serve for asterisks i' the printed page!

De Guiche. Come, make an end! I want . . .

Cyrano. Oh-ho! You are sly!

De Guiche. Sir!

Cyrano. You would worm all out of me! — the way
The moon is made, and if men breathe and live

In its rotund cucurbita?
De Guiche (*angrily*). No, no!
I want . . .
Cyrano. Ha, ha! — to know how I got up?
Hark! It was by a method all my own.
De Guiche (*wearied*). He's mad!
Cyrano (*contemptuously*). No! not for me the stupid eagle
Of Regiomontanus, nor the timid
Pigeon of Archytas — neither of those!
De Guiche. Aye, 'tis a fool! But 'tis a learned fool!
Cyrano. No imitator I of other men!
(DE GUICHE *has succeeded in getting by, and goes toward* ROXANE'S *door.* CYRANO *follows him, ready to stop him by force.*)
Six novel methods, all, this brain invented!
De Guiche (*turning round*). Six?
Cyrano (*volubly*). First, with body naked as your hand,
Festooned about with crystal flacons, full
O' th' tears the early morning dew distils;
My body to the sun's fierce rays exposed
To let it suck me up, as 't sucks the dew!
De Guiche (*surprised, making one step toward* CYRANO). Ah! that makes one!
Cyrano (*stepping back, and enticing him further away*). And then, the second way,
To generate wind — for my impetus —
To rarefy air, in a cedar case,
By mirrors placed icosahedron-wise.
De Guiche (*making another step*). Two!
Cyrano (*still stepping backward*). Or — for I have some mechanic skill —
To make a grasshopper, with springs of steel,
And launch myself by quick succeeding fires
Saltpeter-fed to the stars' pastures blue!
De Guiche (*unconsciously following him and counting on his fingers*). Three!
Cyrano. Or (since fumes have property to mount)—
To charge a globe with fumes, sufficiently
To carry me aloft!

De Guiche (*same play, more and more astonished*). Well, that makes four!

Cyrano. Or smear myself with marrow from a bull,
Since, at the lowest point of Zodiac,
Phœbus well loves to suck that marrow up!

De Guiche (*amazed*). Five!

Cyrano (*who, while speaking, has drawn him to the other side of the square near a bench*). Sitting on an iron platform — thence
To throw a magnet in the air. This is
A method well conceived — the magnet flown,
Infallibly the iron will pursue:
Then quick! relaunch your magnet, and you thus
Can mount and mount unmeasured distances!

De Guiche. Here are six excellent expedients!
Which of the six chose you?

Cyrano. Why, none! — a seventh!

De Guiche. Astonishing! What was it?

Cyrano. I'll recount.

De Guiche. This wild eccentric becomes interesting!

Cyrano (*making a noise like the waves, with weird gestures*).
Houüh! houüh!

De Guiche. Well.

Cyrano. You have guessed?

De Guiche. Not I!

Cyrano. The tide!
I' th' witching hour when the moon wooes the wave,
I laid me, fresh from a sea-bath, on the shore —
And, failing not to put head foremost — for
The hair holds the sea-water in its mesh —
I rose in air, straight! straight! — like angel's flight,
And mounted, mounted, gently, effortless, . . .
When lo! a sudden shock! Then . . .

De Guiche (*overcome by curiosity, sitting down on the bench*). Then?

Cyrano. Oh! then . . .
(*Suddenly returning to his natural voice.*) The quarter's gone — I'll hinder you no more:
The marriage vows are made.

De Guiche (*springing up*). What? Am I mad?
That voice?
(*The house-door opens. Lackeys appear carrying lighted candelabra. Light.* CYRANO *gracefully uncovers.*)
That nose — Cyrano?
Cyrano (*bowing*). Cyrano.
While we were chatting, they have plighted troth.
De Guiche. Who?
[*He turns round. Tableau. Behind the lackeys appear* ROXANE *and* CHRISTIAN, *holding each other by the hand. The* FRIAR *follows them, smiling.* RAGUENEAU *also holds a candlestick. The* DUENNA *closes the rear, bewildered, having made a hasty toilet.*]
Heavens!

. . . . . .

Scene: The Convent Garden

(Christian has been killed in the wars and Roxane has retired to a convent, where Cyrano, in his steadfast character of an old friend, often visits her.)

Roxane. What, have you nothing new to tell,
My Court Gazette?
Cyrano. Listen.
Roxane. Ah!
Cyrano (*growing whiter and whiter*). Saturday
The nineteenth: having eaten to excess
Of pear conserve, the King felt feverish;
The lancet quelled this treasonable revolt,
And the august pulse beats at normal pace.
At the Queen's ball on Sunday thirty score
Of best white waxen tapers were consumed.
Our troops, they say, have chased the Austrians.
Four sorcerers were hanged. The little dog
Of Madame d'Athis took a dose . . .
Roxane. I bid
You hold your tongue, Monsieur de Bergerac!
Cyrano. Monday — not much — Claire changed protector.
Roxane. Oh!

Cyrano (*whose face changes more and more*). Tuesday, the
Court repaired to Fontainebleau.
Wednesday, the Montglat said to Comte de Fiesque . . .
No! Thursday — Mancini, Queen of France! (*almost!*)
Friday, the Montglat to Count Fiesque said — "Yes!"
And Saturday the twenty-sixth . . .
(*He closes his eyes. His head falls forward. Silence.*)
Roxane (*surprised at his voice ceasing, turns round, looks at him, and rising, terrified*). He swoons!
(*She runs toward him crying.*) Cyrano!
Cyrano (*opening his eyes, in an unconcerned voice*). What is this?
(*He sees* ROXANE *bending over him, and, hastily pressing his hat on his head, and shrinking back in his chair.*)
Nay, on my word
'Tis nothing! Let me be!
Roxane. But . . .
Cyrano. That old wound
Of Arras, sometimes, — as you know . . .
Roxane. Dear friend!
Cyrano. 'Tis nothing, 'twill pass soon. (*He smiles with an effort.*) See! — it has passed!
Roxane. Each of us has his wound; ay, I have mine, —
Never healed up — not healed yet, my old wound!
(*She puts her hand on her breast.*) 'Tis here, beneath this letter brown with age,
All stained with tear-drops, and still stained with blood.
(*Twilight begins to fall.*)
Cyrano. His letter! Ah! you promised me one day
That I should read it.
Roxane. What would you? — His letter?
Cyrano. Yes, I would fain, — to-day . . .
Roxane (*giving the bag hung at her neck*). See! here it is!
Cyrano (*taking it*). Have I your leave to open?
Roxane. Open — read!
(*She comes back to her tapestry frame, folds it up, sorts her wools.*)
Cyrano (*reading*). "Roxane, adieu! I soon must die!
This very night, belovèd; and I
Feel my soul heavy with love untold.

I die! No more, as in days of old,
My loving, longing eyes will feast
On your least gesture — ay, the least!
I mind me the way you touch your cheek
With your finger, softly, as you speak!
Ah me! I know that gesture well!
My heart cries out! — I cry 'Farewell'!"

Roxane. But how you read that letter! One would think . . .

Cyrano (*continuing to read*). "My life, my love, my jewel, my sweet,
My heart has been yours in every beat!"

(*The shades of evening fall imperceptibly.*)

Roxane. You read in such a voice — so strange — and yet —
It is not the first time I hear that voice!

(*She comes nearer very softly, without his perceiving it, passes behind his chair, and, noiselessly leaning over him, looks at the letter. The darkness deepens.*)

Cyrano. "Here, dying, and there, in the land on high,
I am he who loved, who loves you, — I . . ."

Roxane (*putting her hand on his shoulder*). How can you read? It is too dark to see!

(*He starts, turns, sees her close to him. Suddenly alarmed, he holds his head down. Then in the dusk, which has now completely infolded them, she says, very slowly, with clasped hands*)

And, fourteen years long, he has played this part
Of the kind old friend who comes to laugh and chat!

Cyrano. Roxane!

Roxane. 'Twas you!

Cyrano. No, never; Roxane, no!

Roxane. I should have guessed, each time he said my name!

Cyrano. No; it was not I!

Roxane. It was you!

Cyrano. I swear!

Roxane. I see through all the generous counterfeit —
The letters — you!

Cyrano. No.

Roxane. The sweet, mad love-words!
You!

Cyrano. No!

Roxane. The voice that thrilled the night — you, you!
Cyrano. I swear you err.
Roxane. The soul — it was your soul!
Cyrano. I loved you not.
Roxane. You loved me not?
Cyrano. 'Twas he!
Roxane. You loved me!
Cyrano. No!
Roxane. See! how you falter now!
Cyrano. No, my sweet love, I never loved you!
Roxane. Ah!
Things dead, long dead, see! how they rise again!
— Why, why keep silence all these fourteen years,
When, on this letter, which he never wrote,
The tears were your tears?
Cyrano (*holding out the letter to her*). The blood-stains were his.
Roxane. Why, then, that noble silence, — kept so long —
Broken to-day for the first time — why?
Cyrano. Why? . . .
(LE BRET *and* RAGUENEAU *enter running.*)
Le Bret. What madness! Here? I knew it well!
Cyrano (*smiling and sitting up*). What now?
Le Bret. He has brought his death by coming, madame.
Roxane. God!
Ah, then! that faintness of a moment since . . . ?
Cyrano. Why, true! It interrupted the "Gazette":
. . . Saturday, twenty-sixth, at dinner-time,
Assassination of De Bergerac.
(*He takes off his hat; they see his head bandaged.*)
Roxane. What says he! Cyrano! — His head all bound!
Ah, what has chanced? How? — Who? . . .
Cyrano. "To be struck down,
Pierced by a sword i' the heart, from a hero's hand!"
That I had dreamed. O mockery of Fate!
— Killed, I! of all men — in an ambuscade!
Struck from behind, and by a lackey's hand!
'Tis very well. I am foiled, foiled in all,
Even in my death.

Ragueneau. Ah, monsieur! . . .
Cyrano (*holding out his hand to him*). Ragueneau,
Weep not so bitterly! . . . What do you now,
Old comrade?
Ragueneau (*amid his tears*). Trim the lights for Molière's stage.
Cyrano. Molière!
Ragueneau. Yes; but I shall leave to-morrow.
I cannot bear it! — Yesterday, they played
"Scapin" — I saw he'd thieved a scene from you!
Le Bret. What! a whole scene?
Ragueneau. Oh, yes, indeed, monsieur,
The famous one, "Que Diable allait-il faire?"
Le Bret. Molière has stolen that?
Cyrano. Tut! He did well! . . .
(*To* RAGUENEAU.) How went the scene? It told — I think it told?
Ragueneau (*sobbing*). Ah! how they laughed!
Cyrano. Look you, it was my life
To be the prompter every one forgets!
(*To* ROXANE.)
That night when 'neath your window Christian spoke
— Under your balcony, you remember? Well!
There was the allegory of my whole life:
I, in the shadow, at the ladder's foot,
While others lightly mount to Love and Fame!
Just! very just! Here on the threshold drear
Of death, I pay my tribute with the rest,
To Molière's genius,— Christian's fair face!
(*The chapel bell chimes. The Nuns are seen passing down the alley at the back to say their office.*)
Let them go pray, go pray, when the bell rings!
Roxane (*rising and calling*). Sister! Sister!
Cyrano (*holding her fast*). Call no one. Leave me not;
When you come back, I should be gone for aye.
(*The Nuns have all entered the chapel. The organ sounds.*)
I was somewhat fain for music — hark! 'tis come.
Roxane. Live, for I love you!
Cyrano. No! In fairy tales

When to the ill-starred Prince the lady says
"I love you!" all his ugliness fades fast —
But I remain the same, up to the last!
Roxane. I have marred your life — I, I!
Cyrano. You blessed my life!
Never on me had rested woman's love.
My mother even could not find me fair;
I had no sister; and, when grown a man,
I feared the mistress who would mock at me.
But I have had your friendship — grace to you,
A woman's charm has passed across my path.
Le Bret (*pointing to the moon, which is seen between the trees*).
Your other lady-love is come.
Cyrano (*smiling*). I see.
Roxane. I loved but once, yet twice I lose my love!
Cyrano. Hark you, Le Bret! I soon shall reach the moon.
To-night, alone, with no projectile's aid! . . .
Le Bret. What are you saying?
Cyrano. I tell you, it is there,
There, that they send me for my Paradise,
There I shall find at last the souls I love,
In exile, — Galileo — Socrates!
Le Bret (*rebelliously*). No, no! It is too clumsy, too unjust!
So great a heart! So great a poet! Die
Like this? what, die . . . ?
Cyrano. Hark to Le Bret, who scolds.
Le Bret (*weeping*). Dear friend . . .
Cyrano (*starting up, his eyes wild*). What ho! Cadets of Gascony!
The elemental mass — ah yes! the *hic* . . .
Le Bret. His science still — he raves!
Cyrano. Copernicus
Said . . .
Roxane. Oh!
Cyrano. Mais que diable allait-il faire,
Mais que diable allait-il faire dans cette galère?
Philosopher, metaphysician,
Rhymer, brawler, and musician,
Famed for his lunar expedition,

And the unnumbered duels he fought, —
And lover also, — by interposition! —
Here lies Hercule Savinien
De Cyrano de Bergerac,
Who was everything, yet was naught.
I cry you pardon, but I may not stay;
See, the moon-ray that comes to call me hence!
(*He has fallen back in his chair; the sobs of* ROXANE *recall him to reality; he looks long at her, and, touching her veil*)
I would not bid you mourn less faithfully
That good, brave Christian: I would only ask
That when my body shall be cold in clay
You wear those sable mourning weeds for two,
And mourn awhile for me, in mourning him.

Roxane. I swear it you! . . .

Cyrano (*shivering violently, then suddenly rising*). Not there! what, seated? — no!

(*They spring toward him.*)

Let no one hold me up —

(*He props himself against the tree.*)

Only the tree!

(*Silence.*)

It comes. E'en now my feet have turned to stone,
My hands are gloved with lead!

(*He stands erect.*)

But since Death comes,
I meet him still afoot,

(*He draws his sword.*)

And sword in hand!

Le Bret. Cyrano!

Roxane (*half fainting*). Cyrano!

(*All shrink back in terror.*)

Cyrano. Why, I well believe
He dares to mock my nose? Ho! insolent!

(*He raises his sword.*)

What say you? It is useless? Aye, I know!
But who fights ever hoping for success?
I fought for lost cause, and for fruitless quest!
You there, who are you? — You are thousands! Ah!

I know you now, old enemies of mine!
Falsehood!
(*He strikes in the air with his sword.*)
Have at you! Ha! and Compromise!
Prejudice, Treachery! . . .
(*He strikes.*)
Surrender, I?
Parley? No, never! You too, Folly,—you?
I know that you will lay me low at last;
Let be! Yet I fall fighting, fighting still!
(*He makes passes in the air, and stops, breathless.*)
You strip from me the laurel and the rose!
Take all! Despite you there is yet one thing
I hold against you all, and, when to-night,
I enter Christ's fair courts, and, lowly bowed,
Sweep with doffed casque the heavens' threshold blue,
One thing is left, that, void of stain or smutch,
I bear away despite you.
(*He springs forward, his sword raised; it falls from his hand; he staggers, falls back into the arms of* LE BRET *and* RAGUENEAU.)
Roxane (*bending over him and kissing his forehead*). 'Tis? . . .
Cyrano (*opening his eyes, recognizing her, and smiling*). My plume.

Curtain.

CLAUDE JOSEPH ROUGET DE LISLE

CLAUDE JOSEPH ROUGET DE LISLE. A French officer and song-writer. Born at Lons-le-Saulnier, May 10, 1760; died at Choisy-le-Roi, June 26, 1836. Author of the words and music of "La Marseillaise, or Song of the Army of the Rhine," written upon the night of April 25, 1792.

THE MARSEILLAISE

COME, children of your country, come,
New glory dawns upon the world,
Our tyrants, rushing to their doom,
Their bloody standard have unfurl'd;

Already on our plains we hear
The murmurs of a savage horde;
They threaten with the murderous sword
Your comrades and your children dear.
Then up, and from your ranks, the hireling foe withstand;
March on, — his craven blood must fertilize the land.

Those banded serfs — what would they have,
By tyrant kings together brought?
Whom are those fetters to enslave
Which long ago their hands have wrought?
You, Frenchmen, you, they would enchain!
Doth not the thought your bosoms fire?
The ancient bondage they desire
To force upon your necks again.
Then up, etc.

Those marshaled foreigners — shall they
Make laws to reach the Frenchman's hearth?
Shall hireling troops who fight for pay
Strike down our warriors to the earth?
God! shall we bow beneath the weight
Of hands, that slavish fetters wear?
Shall ruthless despots once more dare
To be the masters of our fate?
Then up, etc.

Then tremble, tyrants, — traitors all, —
Ye, whom both friends and foes despise;
On you shall retribution fall,
Your crimes shall gain a worthy prize.
Each man opposes might to might;
And when our youthful heroes die
Our France can well their place supply;
We're soldiers all with you to fight.
Then up, etc.

Yet, generous warriors, still forbear
To deal on all your vengeful blows;

The train of hapless victims spare,
Against their will they are our foes.
But oh, those despots stained with blood,
Those traitors leagued with base Bouillé,
Who make their native land their prey; —
Death to the savage tiger-brood!
Then up, etc.

And when our glorious sires are dead,
Their virtues we shall surely find
When on the self-same path we tread,
And track the fame they leave behind.
Less to survive them we desire
Than to partake their noble grave;
The proud ambition we shall have
To live for vengeance or expire.
Then up, etc.

Come, love of country, guide us now,
Endow our vengeful arms with might,
And, dearest liberty, do thou
Aid thy defenders in the fight.
Unto our flags let victory,
Called by thy stirring accents, haste;
And may thy dying foes at last
Thy triumph and our glory see.
Then up, etc.

JEAN JACQUES ROUSSEAU

Jean Jacques Rousseau, the renowned French philosopher. Born in Geneva, June 28, 1712; died near Paris, July 2, 1778. Author of "Dissertation on Modern Music," "The Village Soothsayer," "Narcissus," "Letter on French Music," "Letters to Voltaire," "A Project of Perpetual Peace," "Letters from the Mountain," "Dictionary of Music," "Letters on his Exile," "Consolations of my Life," "The Social Compact," "Confessions." The extraordinary influence of his writings is commonly reckoned one of the chief causes of the French Revolution.

(From "The Social Compact")

My design, in the present treatise, is to inquire, whether the nature of society admits of any fixed and equitable rules of government, supposing mankind to be such as they are, and their laws such as they might be made. In this investigation I shall endeavor constantly to join the considerations of natural right and public interest, so that justice and utility may never be disunited.

This being premised, I shall enter on my subject without expatiating on its importance. If it be asked whether I am a prince or legislator, that I thus take upon me to write on politics, I answer, I am neither; and that it is for this reason I write. Were I a prince or legislator, I would not throw away my time in pointing out what ought to be done. I would myself put it in practice, or be silent.

As the citizen of a free state, and a member of the supreme power, by birth, however weak may be the influence of my single vote in public affairs, the right of giving that vote is sufficient to impose on me the duty of making those affairs my study; thinking myself happy in discussing the various forms of government, to find every day new reasons for admiring that of my own country!

Man is born free, and yet is universally enslaved. At the same time, an individual frequently conceives himself to be the lord and master over others, though only more eminently deprived of liberty. Whence can this change arise? Are there any means by which it may be rendered lawful? The former question I cannot answer, though I imagine myself capable of resolving the latter.

If I took into consideration only the existence and effects of power, I should say, So long as a people are compelled to obey, they do well to be obedient; but, as soon as they are in a capacity to resist, they do better to throw off the yoke of restraint; for, in recovering their liberty on the same plea by which they lost it, either they have a just right to reassume it, or those could have none who deprived them of it. But there is an inviolable right founded on the very nature of society,

which serves as the basis of all others. Man doth not derive this right, however, immediately from nature; it is founded on mutual convention. We must proceed, then, to inquire of what kind such convention must have been. But, before we come to argue this point, I should establish what I have already advanced.

The most ancient of all societies, and the only natural one, is that of family. And even in this, children are no longer connected with their father than while they stand in need of his assistance. When this becomes needless, the natural tie is of course dissolved, the children are exempted from the obedience they owe their father, and the father is equally so from the solicitude due from him to his children; both assume a state of independence respecting each other. They may continue, indeed, to live together afterwards; but their connection, in that case, is no longer natural, but voluntary; and even the family union is maintained by mutual convention.

This liberty, which is common to all mankind, is the necessary consequence of our very nature, whose first law being that of self-preservation, our principal concerns are those which relate to ourselves; no sooner, therefore, doth man arrive at years of discretion, than he becomes the only proper judge of the means of that preservation, and of course his own master.

In a family, then, we see the first model of political societies: their chief is represented by the father, and the people by his children, while all of them being free and equal by birth, they cannot alienate their liberty, but for their common interest. All the difference between a family and a state lies in this: that, in the former, the love which a father naturally bears to his children is a compensation for his solicitude concerning them; and, in the latter, it is the pleasure of command that supplies the place of this love, which a chief doth not entertain for his people.

Grotius denies that government is invested with power solely for the benefit of those who are governed, and cites the case of slaves as an example. It is, indeed, his constant practice to establish the matter of right on the matter of fact. He might have employed a more conclusive method, though not a more favorable one for tyrannical governments.

It is then doubtful, according to Grotius, whether the whole race of mankind, except about a hundred individuals, belong to those individuals, or whether the latter belong to the whole race of mankind; and he appears, throughout his whole work, to lean to the former opinion. This is also the opinion of Hobbes. Thus they divide the human species into herds of cattle, each of which hath its keeper, who protects it from others, only that he may make a property of it himself.

As a shepherd is of a superior nature to his flock, so the herd-keepers of men, or their chiefs, are of a superior nature to the herd over which they preside. Such was the reasoning, according to Philo, of the Emperor Caligula, who concluded logically enough from this analogy that either kings were gods, or their subjects no better than brutes.

This argument of Caligula bears much resemblance to those of Hobbes and Grotius. Aristotle had said, indeed, before either of them, that men were not naturally equal; but that some of them were born to slavery, and others to dominion.

Aristotle was right as to the fact, but mistook the effect for the cause. Nothing is more certain than that every man born in slavery is born to be a slave. In such a state, men lose even the desire of freedom, as the companions of Ulysses did their brutality. If there are any slaves, therefore, by nature, it is because they are slaves contrary to nature. Power first made slaves, and cowardice hath perpetuated them.

I have said nothing of king Adam or the emperor Noah, father of three monarchs who, like the children of Saturn, as some have imagined to be, divided the world among them. I hope my moderation also in this respect will be esteemed some merit; for, as I am descended in a right line from one of these princes, and probably from the eldest branch of the family, how do I know that, by a regular deduction of my descent, I might not find myself the legitimate heir to universal monarchy? Be this, however, as it may, it cannot be denied that Adam had as good a title to the sovereignty of the world, when he was the only person in it, as Robinson Crusoe had to that of his island under the same circumstances. A very great conveniency also attended their government, in that the monarch might rest securely on his throne, without fear of wars, conspiracies, or rebellions.

The strongest is not strong enough to continue always master unless he transforms his power into a right of command, and obedience into a duty. Hence is deduced the right of the strongest, — a right taken ironically in appearance, and laid as an established principle in reality. But will this term never be rightly explained? Force, in the simplest sense, is a physical power; nor can I see what morality can result from its effects. To yield to superior force is an act of necessity, not of the will; at most it is but an act of prudence. And in what sense can this be called a duty?

Let us suppose, however, for a moment, this pretended right established, and we shall see it attended with inexplicable absurdities; for, if it be admitted that power constitutes right, the effect changes with the cause, and every succeeding power, if greater than the former, succeeds also to the right; so that men may lawfully disobey, as soon as they can do it with impunity; and, as right is always on the strongest side, they have nothing more to do than to acquire superior force. Now what kind of right can that be which vanishes with the power of enforcing it? If obedience be only exacted by compulsion, there is no need to make such obedience a duty, as when we are no longer compelled to obey we are no longer obliged to it. It appears, therefore, that the word *right* adds nothing in this case to that of force, and, in fact, is a term of no signification.

Be obedient to the higher powers. If by this precept is meant *subject to a superior force*, the advice is good, though superfluous; I will answer for it, such a rule will never be broken. All power, I own, is derived from God, but every corporeal malady is derived also from the same source. But are we therefore forbid to call in the physician? If a robber should stop me on the highway, am I not only obliged, on compulsion, to give him my purse, but am I also obliged to it in point of conscience, though I might possibly conceal it from him? This will hardly be averred; and yet the pistol he holds to my breast is, in effect, a superior force.

On the whole, we must conclude, then, that mere power doth not constitute right, and that men are obliged only to pay obedience to lawful authority. Thus we are constantly recurring to my first question.

I suppose mankind arrived at that term, when the obstacles to their preservation, in a state of nature, prevail over the endeavors of individuals to maintain themselves in such a state. At such a crisis this primitive state, therefore, could no longer subsist, and the human race must have perished, if they had not changed their manner of living.

Now as men cannot create new powers, but only compound and direct those which really exist, they have no other means of preservation than that of forming, by their union, an accumulation of forces sufficient to oppose the obstacles to their security, and of putting these in action by a first mover, capable of making them act in concert with each other.

This general accumulation of power cannot arise but from the concurrence of many particular forces; but the force and liberty of each individual being the principal instruments of his own preservation, how is he to engage them in the common interest, without hurting his own and neglecting the obligations he lies under to himself? This difficulty, being applied to my present subject, may be expressed in the following terms:—

"To find that form of association which shall protect and defend, with the whole force of the community, the person and property of each individual, and in which each person, by uniting himself to the rest, shall nevertheless be obedient only to himself, and remain as fully at liberty as before." Such is the fundamental problem, of which the social compact gives the solution.

The clauses of this compact are so precisely determined by the nature of the act that the least restriction or modification renders them void and of no effect; in so much, that, although they may perhaps never have been formally promulgated, they are yet universally the same, and are everywhere tacitly acknowledged and received. When the social pact, however, is violated, individuals recover their natural liberty and are reinvested with their original rights by losing that conventional liberty for the sake of which they have renounced them.

Again: these clauses, well understood, are all reducible to one, viz. the total alienation of every individual, with all his rights and privileges, to the whole community. For, in the

first place, as every one gives himself up entirely and without reserve, all are in the same circumstances, so that no one can be interested in making their common connection burdensome to others.

Besides, as the alienation is made without reserve, the union is as perfect as possible, nor hath any particular associate anything to reclaim; whereas, if they should severally retain any peculiar privileges, there being no common umpire to determine between them and the public, each being his own judge in some cases, would, in time, pretend to be so in all, the state of nature would still subsist, and their association would necessarily become tyrannical or void.

In fine, the individual, by giving himself up to all, gives himself to none; and, as he acquires the same right over every other person in the community, as he gives them over himself, he gains an equivalent for what he bestows, and still a greater power to preserve what he retains.

If, therefore, we take from the social compact everything that is not essential to it, we shall find it reduced to the following terms: "We, the contracting parties, do jointly and severally submit our persons and abilities to the supreme direction of the general will of all, and, in a collective body, receive each member into that body as an indivisible part of the whole."

This act of association accordingly converts the several individual contracting parties into one moral collective body, composed of as many members as there are votes in the assembly, which receives also from the same act its unity and existence. This public personage, which is thus formed by the union of all its members used formerly to be denominated a CITY, and, at present, takes the name of a *republic*, or *body politic*. It is also called by its several members a *state*, when it is passive; the *sovereign* when it is active; and simply a *power*, when it is campared with other bodies of the same nature. With regard to the associates themselves, they take collectively the name of the *people*, and are separately called *citizens*, as partaking of the sovereign authority, and *subjects*, as subjected to the laws of the state.

JOHN RUSKIN

JOHN RUSKIN, an English art critic and reformer. Born in London, February 8, 1819; died at Brantwood, January 20, 1900. Author of "Modern Painters," "The Seven Lamps of Architecture," "The Stones of Venice," "Giotto and his Works in Padua," "Lectures on Art," "Relations between Michael Angelo and Tintoret," "The Art of England," "Verona, and Other Lectures," "Sesame and Lilies," "Ethics of the Dust," "The Crown of Wild Olives," "The Queen of the Air," "The Eagle's Nest," "St. Mark's Rest," "The King of the Golden River," "Præterita," "Fors Clavigera."

As a professor of art at Oxford, he set his pupils to improving the country roads. Model tea shops and model lodging-houses interested his practical benevolence. To improve social conditions he gave away the most of his patrimony. His books are widely read, and no name is more deservedly honored than that of Ruskin. His style was peculiarly his own, and that of a master of English composition.

(From "THE STONES OF VENICE")

ALL European architecture, bad and good, old and new, is derived from Greece through Rome, and colored and perfected from the East. The history of architecture is nothing but the tracing of the various modes and directions of this derivation. Understand this, once for all: if you hold fast this great connecting clue, you may string all the types of successive architectural invention upon it like so many beads. The Doric and the Corinthian orders are the roots, the one of all Romanesque, massy-capitaled buildings — Norman, Lombard, Byzantine, and what else you can name of the kind; and the Corinthian of all Gothic, Early English, French, German, and Tuscan. Now observe: those old Greeks gave the shaft; Rome gave the arch; the Arabs pointed and foliated the arch. The shaft and arch, the framework and strength of architecture, are from the race of Japheth; the spirituality and sanctity of it from Ismael, Abraham, and Shem.

There is high probability that the Greek received his shaft system from Eygpt; but I do not care to keep this earlier derivation in the mind of the reader. It is only necessary that he should be able to refer to a fixed point of origin, when the form of the shaft was first perfected. But it may be incidentally

observed, that if the Greeks did indeed receive their Doric from Egypt, then the three families of the earth have each contributed their part to its noblest architecture: and Ham, the servant of the others, furnishes the sustaining or bearing member, the shaft; Japheth the arch; Shem the spiritualization of both.

I have said that the two orders, Doric and Corinthian, are the roots of all European architecture. You have, perhaps, heard of five orders; but there are only two real orders, and there never can be any more until doomsday. On one of these orders the ornament is convex: those are Doric, Norman, and what else you recollect of the kind. On the other the ornament is concave: those are Corinthian, Early English, Decorated, and what else you recollect of that kind. The transitional form, in which the ornamental line is straight, is the center or root of both. All other orders are varieties of those, or phantasms and grotesques altogether indefinite in number and species.

This Greek architecture, then, with its two orders, was clumsily copied and varied by the Romans with no particular result, until they began to bring the arch into extensive practical service; except only that the Doric capital was spoiled in endeavors to mend it, and the Corinthian much varied and enriched with fanciful, and often very beautiful, imagery. And in this state of things came Christianity: seized upon the arch as her own; decorated it, and delighted in it; invented a new Doric capital to replace the spoiled Roman one: and all over the Roman empire set to work, with such materials as were nearest at hand, to express and adorn herself as best she could. This Roman Christian architecture is the exact expression of the Christianity of the time, very fervid and beautiful — but very imperfect; in many respects ignorant, and yet radiant with a strong, childlike light of imagination, which flames up under Constantine, illumines all the shores of the Bosphorus and the Ægean and the Adriatic Sea, and then gradually, as the people give themselves up to idolatry, becomes Corpse-light. The architecture sinks into a settled form — a strange, gilded, and embalmed repose: it, with the religion it expressed; and so would have remained forever, — so *does* remain, where its languor has been undisturbed. But rough wakening was ordained for it.

This Christian art of the declining empire is divided into two great branches, western and eastern; one centered at Rome, the other at Byzantium, of which the one is the early Christian Romanesque, properly so called, and the other, carried to higher imaginative perfection by Greek workmen, is distinguished from it as Byzantine. But I wish the reader, for the present, to class these two branches of art together in his mind, they being, in points of main importance, the same; that is to say, both of them a true continuance and sequence of the art of old Rome itself, flowing uninterruptedly down from the fountainhead, and intrusted always to the best workmen who could be found — Latins in Italy and Greeks in Greece; and thus both branches may be ranged under the general term of Christian Romanesque, an architecture which had lost the refinement of Pagan art in the degradation of the empire, but which was elevated by Christianity to higher aims, and by the fancy of the Greek workmen endowed with brighter forms. And this art the reader may conceive as extending in its various branches over all the central provinces of the empire, taking aspects more or less refined, according to its proximity to the seats of government; dependent for all its power on the vigor and freshness of the religion which animated it; and as that vigor and purity departed, losing its own vitality, and sinking into nerveless rest, not deprived of its beauty, but benumbed and incapable of advance or change.

Meantime there had been preparation for its renewal. While in Rome and Constantinople, and in the districts under their immediate influence, this Roman art of pure descent was practised in all its refinement, an impure form of it — a patois of Romanesque — was carried by inferior workmen into distant provinces; and still ruder imitations of this patois were executed by the barbarous nations on the skirts of the empire. But these barbarous nations were in the strength of their youth; and while, in the center of Europe a refined and purely descended art was sinking into graceful formalism, on its confines a barbarous and borrowed art was organizing itself into strength and consistency. The reader must therefore consider the history of the work of the period as broadly divided into two great heads: the one embracing the elaborately languid succession of the Christian art of Rome; and the other, the imitations of

it executed by nations in every conceivable phase of early organization, on the edges of the empire, or included in its now merely nominal extent.

Some of the barbaric nations were, of course, not susceptible of this influence; and when they burst over the Alps, appear, like the Huns, as scourges only, or mix, as the Ostrogoths, with the enervated Italians, and give physical strength to the mass with which they mingle, without materially affecting its intellectual character. But others, both south and north of the empire, had felt its influence, back to the beach of the Indian Ocean on the one hand, and to the ice creeks of the North Sea on the other. On the north and west the influence was of the Latins; on the south and east, of the Greeks. Two nations, preëminent above all the rest, represent to us the force of derived mind on either side. As the central power is eclipsed, the orbs of reflected light gather into their fullness; and when sensuality and idolatry had done their work, and the religion of the empire was laid asleep in a glittering sepulcher, the living light rose upon both horizons, and the fierce swords of the Lombard and Arab were shaken over its golden paralysis.

The work of the Lombard was to give hardihood and system to the enervated body and enfeebled mind of Christendom; that of the Arab was to punish idolatry, and to proclaim the spirituality of worship. The Lombard covered every church which he built with the sculptured representations of bodily exercises — hunting and war. The Arab banished all imagination of creature form from his temples, and proclaimed from their minarets, "There is no god but God." Opposite in their character and mission, alike in their magnificence of energy, they came from the North and from the South, the glacier torrent and the lava stream: they met and contended over the wreck of the Roman empire; and the very center of the struggle, the point of pause of both, the dead water of the opposite eddies, charged with embayed fragments of the Roman wreck is VENICE.

The ducal palace of Venice contains the three elements in exactly equal proportions — the Roman, Lombard, and Arab. It is the central building of the world.

The reader will now begin to understand something of the importance of the study of the edifices of a city which includes,

VENICE; TO RUSKIN THE WORLD OWES ITS APPRECIATION
OF THE SPLENDORS OF THE "CITY OF THE SEA"

within the circuit of some seven or eight miles, the field of contest between the three preëminent architectures of the world — each architecture expressing a condition of religion; each an erroneous condition, yet necessary to the correction of the others and corrected by them.

(From "The Seven Lamps of Architecture")

THE LAMP OF TRUTH

There is a marked likeness between the virtues of man and the enlightenment of the globe he inhabits — the same diminishing gradation in vigor up to the limits of their domains, the same essential separation from their contraries — the same twilight at the meeting of the two: a something wider belt than the line where the world rolls into night, that strange twilight of the virtues; that dusky debatable land, wherein zeal becomes impatience, and temperance becomes severity, and justice becomes cruelty, and faith superstition, and each and all vanish into gloom.

Nevertheless, with the greater number of them, though their dimness increases gradually, we may mark the moment of their sunset; and, happily, may turn the shadow back by the way by which it had gone down: but for one, the line of the horizon is irregular and undefined; and this, too, the very equator and girdle of them all — Truth; that only one of which there are no degrees, but breaks and rents continually; that pillar of the earth, yet a cloudy pillar; that golden and narrow line, which the very powers and virtues that lean upon it bend, which policy and prudence conceal, which kindness and courtesy modify, which courage overshadows with his shield, imagination covers with her wings, and charity dims with her tears. How difficult must the maintenance of that authority be, which, while it has to restrain the hostility of all the worst principles of man, has also to restrain the disorders of his best — which is continually assaulted by the one and betrayed by the other, and which regards with the same severity the lightest and the boldest violations of its law! There are some faults slight in the sight of love, some errors slight in the estimate of wisdom; but truth forgives no insult, and endures no stain.

We do not enough consider this; nor enough dread the slight and continual occasions of offense against her. We are too much in the habit of looking at falsehood in its darkest associations, and through the color of its worst purposes. That indignation which we profess to feel at deceit absolute is indeed only at deceit malicious. We resent calumny, hypocrisy, and treachery, because they harm us, not because they are untrue. Take the detraction and the mischief from the untruth, and we are little offended by it; turn it into praise, and we may be pleased with it. And yet it is not calumny nor treachery that does the largest sum of mischief in the world; they are continually crushed, and are felt only in being conquered. But it is the glistening and softly spoken lie; the amiable fallacy; the patriotic lie of the historian, the provident lie of the politician, the zealous lie of the partizan, the merciful lie of the friend, and the careless lie of each man to himself, that cast that black mystery over humanity, through which any man who pierces, we thank as we would thank one who dug a well in a desert; happy in that the thirst for truth still remains with us, even when we have wilfully left the fountains of it.

It would be well if moralists less frequently confused the greatness of a sin with its unpardonableness. The two characters are altogether distinct. The greatness of a fault depends partly on the nature of the person against whom it is committed, partly upon the extent of its consequences. Its pardonableness depends, humanly speaking, on the degree of temptation to it. One class of circumstances determines the weight of the attaching punishment; the other, the claim to remission of punishment: and since it is not easy for men to estimate the relative weight, nor possible for them to know the relative consequences, of crime, it is usually wise in them to quit the care of such nice measurements, and to look to the other and clearer condition of culpability; esteeming those faults worst which are committed under least temptation. I do not mean to diminish the blame of the injurious and malicious sin, of the selfish and deliberate falsity; yet it seems to me that the shortest way to check the darker forms of deceit is to set watch more scrupulous against those which have mingled, unregarded and unchastised, with the current of our life. Do not let us lie at all. Do not

think of one falsity as harmless, and another as slight, and another as unintended. Cast them all aside: they may be light and accidental; but they are an ugly soot from the smoke of the pit, for all that; and it is better that our hearts should be swept clean of them, without overcare as to which is largest or blackest. Speaking truth is like writing fair, and comes only by practice; it is less a matter of will than of habit, and I doubt if any occasion can be trivial which permits the practice and formation of such a habit. To speak and act truth with constancy and precision is nearly as difficult, and perhaps as meritorious, as to speak it under intimidation or penalty; and it is a strange thought how many men there are, as I trust, who would hold to it at the cost of fortune or life, for one who would hold to it at the cost of a little daily trouble. And seeing that of all sin there is, perhaps, no one more flatly opposite to the Almighty, no one more "wanting the good of virtue and of being," than this of lying, it is surely a strange insolence to fall into the foulness of it on light or on no temptation, and surely becoming an honorable man to resolve that, whatever semblances or fallacies the necessary course of his life may compel him to bear or to believe, none shall disturb the serenity of his voluntary actions, nor diminish the reality of his chosen delights.

If this be just and wise for truth's sake, much more is it necessary for the sake of the delights over which she has influence. For, as I advocated the expression of the Spirit of Sacrifice in the acts and pleasures of men, not as if thereby those acts could further the cause of religion, but because most assuredly they might therein be infinitely ennobled themselves, so I would have the Spirit or Lamp of Truth clear in the hearts of our artists and handicraftsmen, not as if the truthful practice of handicrafts could far advance the cause of truth, but because I would fain see the handicrafts themselves urged by the spurs of chivalry: and it is, indeed, marvelous to see what power and universality there is in this single principle, and how in the consulting or forgetting of it lies half the dignity or decline of every art and act of man. I have before endeavored to show its range and power in painting; and I believe a volume, instead of a chapter, might be written on its authority over all that is great in architecture. But I must

be content with the force of instances few and familiar, believing that the occasions of its manifestation may be more easily discovered by a desire to be true than embraced by an analysis of truth.

Only it is very necessary in the outset to mark clearly wherein consists the essence of fallacy as distinguished from supposition.

For it might be at first thought that the whole kingdom of imagination was one of deception also. Not so. the action of the imagination is a voluntary summoning of the conceptions of things absent or impossible; and the pleasure and nobility of the imagination partly consist in its knowledge and contemplation of them as such, *i.e.* in the knowledge of their actual absence or impossibility at the moment of their apparent presence or reality. When the imagination deceives, it becomes madness. It is a noble faculty so long as it confesses its own ideality; when it ceases to confess this, it is insanity. All the difference lies in the fact of the confession, in there being *no* deception. It is necessary to our rank as spiritual creatures that we should be able to invent and to behold what is not; and to our rank as moral creatures that we should know and confess at the same time that it is not.

Again, it might be thought, and has been thought, that the whole art of painting is nothing else than an endeavor to deceive. Not so: it is, on the contrary, a statement of certain facts, in the clearest possible way. For instance: I desire to give an account of a mountain or of a rock; I begin by telling its shape. But words will not do this distinctly, and I draw its shape, and say, "This was its shape." Next: I would fain represent its color; but words will not do this either, and I dye the paper, and say, "This was its color." Such a process may be carried on until the scene appears to exist, and a high pleasure may be taken in its apparent existence. This is a communicated act of imagination, but no lie. The lie can consist only in an *assertion* of its existence (which is never for one instant made, implied, or believed), or else in false statements of forms and colors (which are, indeed, made and believed to our great loss, continually). And observe, also, that so degrading a thing is deception in even the approach and appearance of it, that all painting which even reaches the

mark of apparent realization is degraded in so doing. I have enough insisted on this point in another place.

The violations of truth, which dishonor poetry and painting, are thus for the most part confined to the treatment of their subjects. But in architecture another and a less subtle, more contemptible, violation of truth is possible; a direct falsity of assertion respecting the nature of material, or the quantity of labor. And this is, in the full sense of the word, wrong; it is as truly deserving of reprobation as any other moral delinquency; it is unworthy alike of architects and of nations; and it has been a sign, wherever it has widely and with toleration existed, of a singular debasement of the arts; that it is not a sign of worse than this, of a general want of severe probity, can be accounted for only by our knowledge of the strange separation which has for some centuries existed between the arts and all other subjects of human intellect, as matters of conscience. This withdrawal of conscientiousness from among the faculties concerned with art, while it has destroyed the arts themselves, has also rendered in a measure nugatory the evidence which otherwise they might have presented respecting the character of the respective nations among whom they have been cultivated; otherwise, it might appear more than strange that a nation so distinguished for its general uprightness and faith as the English, should admit in their architecture more of pretense, concealment, and deceit, than any other of this or of past time.

They are admitted in thoughtlessness, but with fatal effect upon the art in which they are practised. If there were no other causes for the failures which of late have marked every great occasion for architectural exertion, these petty dishonesties would be enough to account for all. It is the first step and not the least, towards greatness to do away with these; the first, because so evidently and easily in our power. We may not be able to command good, or beautiful, or inventive architecture; but we *can* command an honest architecture: the meagerness of poverty may be pardoned, the sternness of utility respected; but what is there but scorn for the meanness of deception?

Architectural Deceits are broadly to be considered under three heads: —

1st. The suggestion of a mode of structure or support, other than the true one; as in pendants of late Gothic roofs.

2d. The painting of surfaces to represent some other material than that of which they actually consist (as in the marbling of wood), or the deceptive representation of sculptured ornament upon them.

3d. The use of cast or machine-made ornaments of any kind.

Now, it may be broadly stated that architecture will be noble exactly in the degree in which all these false expedients are avoided. Nevertheless, there are certain degrees of them which, owing to their frequent usage, or to other causes, have so far lost the nature of deceit as to be admissible; as, for instance, gilding, which is in architecture no deceit, because it is therein not understood for gold; while in jewelry it is a deceit, because it is so understood, and therefore altogether to be reprehended. So that there arise, in the application of the strict rules of right, many exceptions and niceties of conscience; which let us as briefly as possible examine.

1st. Structural Deceits. I have limited these to the determined and purposed suggestion of a mode of support other than the true one. The architect is not *bound* to exhibit structure; nor are we to complain of him for concealing it, any more than we should regret that the outer surfaces of the human frame conceal much of its anatomy; nevertheless, that building will generally be the noblest, which to an intelligent eye discovers the great secrets of its structure, as an animal form does, although from a careless observer they may be concealed. In the vaulting of a Gothic roof it is no deceit to throw the strength into the ribs of it, and make the intermediate vault a mere shell. Such a structure would be presumed by an intelligent observer the first time he saw such a roof; and the beauty of its traceries would be enhanced to him if they confessed and followed the lines of its main strength. If, however, the intermediate shell were made of wood instead of stone, and whitewashed to look like the rest, — this would, of course, be direct deceit, and altogether unpardonable.

There is, however, a certain deception necessarily occurring in Gothic architecture, which relates, not to the points, but to the manner, of support. The resemblance in its shafts

and ribs to the external relations of stems and branches, which has been the ground of so much foolish speculation, necessarily induces in the mind of the spectator a sense or belief of a correspondent internal structure; that is to say, of a fibrous and continuous strength from the root into the limbs, and an elasticity communicated *upwards*, sufficient for the support of the ramified portions. The idea of the real conditions, of a great weight of ceiling thrown upon certain narrow, jointed lines, which have a tendency partly to be crushed, and partly to separate and be pushed outwards, is with difficulty received; and the more so when the pillars would be, if unassisted, too slight for the weight, and are supported by external flying buttresses, as in the apse of Beauvais, and other such achievements of the bolder Gothic. Now, there is a nice question of conscience in this, which we shall hardly settle but by considering that, when the mind is informed beyond the possibility of mistake as to the true nature of things, the affecting it with a contrary impression, however distinct, is not dishonesty, but on the contrary, a legitimate appeal to the imagination. For instance, the greater part of the happiness which we have in contemplating clouds results from the impression of their having massive, luminous, warm, and mountain-like surfaces; and our delight in the sky frequently depends upon our considering it as a blue vault. But we know the contrary, in both instances; we know the cloud to be a damp fog, or a drift of snowflakes; and the sky to be a lightless abyss. There is, therefore, no dishonesty, while there is much delight, in the irresistibly contrary impression. In the same way, so long as we see the stones and joints, and are not deceived as to the points of support in any piece of architecture, we may rather praise than regret the dexterous artifices which compel us to feel as if there were fiber in its shafts and life in its branches. Nor is even the concealment of the support of the external buttress reprehensible, so long as the pillars are not sensibly inadequate to their duty. For the weight of a roof is a circumstance of which the spectator generally has no idea, and the provisions for it, consequently, circumstances whose necessity or adaptation he could not understand. It is no deceit, therefore, when the weight to be borne is necessarily unknown, to conceal also the means of bearing it, leaving only to be per-

ceived so much of the support as is indeed adequate to the weight supposed. For the shafts do, indeed, bear as much as they are ever imagined to bear, and the system of added support is no more, as a matter of conscience, to be exhibited, than, in the human or any other form, mechanical provisions for those functions which are themselves unperceived.

But the moment that the conditions of weight are comprehended, both truth and feeling require that the conditions of support should be also comprehended. Nothing can be worse, either as judged by the taste or the conscience, than affectedly inadequate supports — suspensions in air, and other such tricks and vanities. Mr. Hope wisely reprehends, for this reason, the arrangement of the main piers of St. Sophia at Constantinople. King's College Chapel, Cambridge, is a piece of architectural juggling, if possible, still more to be condemned, because less sublime.

With deceptive concealments of structure are to be classed, though still more blamable, deceptive assumptions of it — the introduction of members which should have, or profess to have, a duty, and have none. One of the most general instances of this will be found in the form of the flying buttress in late Gothic. The use of that member is, of course, to convey support from one pier to another when the plan of the building renders it necessary or desirable that the supporting masses should be divided into groups, the most frequent necessity of this kind arising from the intermediate range of chapels or aisles between the nave or choir walls and their supporting piers. The natural, healthy, and beautiful arrangement is that of a steeply sloping bar of stone, sustained by an arch with its spandril carried farthest down on the lowest side, and dying into the vertical of the outer pier; that pier being, of course, not square, but rather a piece of wall set at right angles to the supported walls, and, if need be, crowned by a pinnacle to give it greater weight. The whole arrangement is exquisitely carried out in the choir of Beauvais. In later Gothic the pinnacle became gradually a decorative member, and was used in all places merely for the sake of its beauty. There is no objection to this; it is just as lawful to build a pinnacle for its beauty as a tower; but also the buttress became a decorative member;

and was used, first, where it was not wanted, and, secondly, in forms in which it could be of no use, becoming a mere tie, not between the pier and wall, but between the wall and the top of the decorative pinnacle, thus attaching itself to the very point where its thrust, if it made any, could not be resisted. The most flagrant instance of this barbarism that I remember (though it prevails partially in all the spires of the Netherlands) is the lantern of St. Ouen at Rouen, where the pierced buttress, having an ogee curve, looks about as much calculated to bear a thrust as a switch of willow; and the pinnacles, huge and richly decorated, have evidently no work to do whatsoever, but stand round the central tower, like four idle servants, as they are — heraldic supporters, that central tower being merely a hollow crown, which needs no more buttressing than a basket does. In fact, I do not know anything more strange or unwise than the praise lavished upon this lantern; it is one of the basest pieces of Gothic in Europe; its flamboyant traceries of the last and most degraded forms; and its entire plan and decoration resembling, and deserving little more credit than, the burnt sugar ornaments of elaborate confectionery. There are hardly any of the magnificent and serene constructions of the early Gothic which have not, in the course of time, been gradually thinned and pared away into these skeletons, which sometimes, indeed, when their lines truly follow the structure of the original masses, have an interest like that of the fibrous framework of leaves from which the substance has been dissolved, but which are usually distorted as well as emaciated, and remain but the sickly phantoms and mockeries of things that were; they are to true architecture what the Greek ghost was to the armed and living frame; and the very winds that whistle through the threads of them are to the diapasoned echoes of the ancient walls as to the voice of the man was the pining of the specter.

Perhaps the most fruitful source of these kinds of corruption which we have to guard against in recent times is one which, nevertheless, comes in a "questionable shape," and of which it is not easy to determine the proper laws and limits; I mean the use of iron. The definition of the art of architecture, given in the first chapter, is independent of its materials: nevertheless, that art having been, up to the beginning of the present century

practised for the most part in clay, stone, or wood, it has resulted that the sense of proportion and the laws of structure have been based, the one altogether, the other in great part, on the necessities consequent on the employment of those materials; and that the entire or principal employment of metallic framework would, therefore, be generally felt as a departure from the first principles of the art. Abstractedly there appears no reason why iron should not be used as well as wood; and the time is probably near when a new system of architectural laws will be developed, adapted entirely to metallic construction. But I believe that the tendency of all present sympathy and association is to limit the idea of architecture to non-metallic work; and that not without reason. For architecture being in its perfection the earliest, as in its elements it is necessarily the first, of arts, will always precede, in any barbarous nation, the possession of the science necessary either for the obtaining or the management of iron. Its first existence and its earliest laws must, therefore, depend upon the use of materials accessible in quantity, and on the surface of the earth; that is to say, clay, wood, or stone: and as I think it cannot but be generally felt that one of the chief dignities of architecture is its historical use; and since the latter is partly dependent on consistency of style, it will be felt right to retain as far as may be, even in periods of more advanced science, the materials and principles of earlier ages.

But whether this be granted me or not, the fact is, that every idea respecting size, proportion, decoration, or construction, on which we are at present in the habit of acting or judging, depends on presupposition of such materials: and as I both feel myself unable to escape the influence of these prejudices, and believe that my readers will be equally so, it may be perhaps permitted to me to assume that true architecture does not admit iron as a constructive material, and that such works as the cast-iron central spire of Rouen Cathedral, or the iron roofs and pillars of our railway stations, and of some of our churches, are not architecture at all. Yet it is evident that metals may, and sometimes must, enter into the construction to a certain extent, as nails in wooden architecture, and therefore as legitimately rivets and solderings in stone; neither can we well deny to the Gothic architect the power of supporting statues, pin-

nacles, or traceries by iron bars; and if we grant this, I do not see how we can help allowing Brunelleschi his iron chain around the dome of Florence, or the builders of Salisbury their elaborate iron binding of the central tower. If, however, we would not fall into the old sophistry of the grains of corn and the heap, we must find a rule which may enable us to stop somewhere. This rule is, I think, that metals may be used as a *cement* but not as a *support*. For as cements of other kinds are often so strong that the stones may easier be broken than separated, and the wall becomes a solid mass without for that reason losing the character of architecture, there is no reason why, when a nation has obtained the knowledge and practice of ironwork, metal rods or rivets should not be used in the place of cement, and establish the same or a greater strength and adherence, without in any wise inducing departure from the types and system of architecture before established; nor does it make any difference except as to sightliness, whether the metal bands or rods so employed be in the body of the wall or on its exterior, or set as stays and cross-bands; so only that the use of them be always and distinctly one which might be superseded by mere strength of cement; as, for instance, if a pinnacle or mullion be propped or tied by an iron band, it is evident that the iron only prevents the separation of the stones by lateral force, which the cement would have done, had it been strong enough. But the moment that the iron in the least degree takes the place of the stone, and acts by its resistance to crushing, and bears superincumbent weight, or if it acts by its own weight as a counterpoise, and so supersedes the use of pinnacles or buttresses in resisting a lateral thrust, or if, in the form of a rod or girder, it is used to do what wooden beams would have done as well, that instant the building ceases, so far as such applications of metal extend, to be true architecture.

The limit, however, thus determined, is an ultimate one, and it is well in all things to be cautious how we approach the utmost limit of lawfulness; so that, although the employment of metal within this limit cannot be considered as destroying the very being and nature of architecture, it will, if extravagant and frequent, derogate from the dignity of the work, as well as (which is especially to our present point) from its honesty. For although

the spectator is not informed as to the quantity or strength of the cement employed, he will generally conceive the stones of the building to be separable; and his estimate of the skill of the architect will be based in a great measure on his supposition of this condition, and of the difficulties attendant upon it: so that it is always more honorable, and it has a tendency to render the style of architecture both more masculine and more scientific, to employ stone and mortar simply as such, and to do as much as possible with the weight of the one and the strength of the other, and rather sometimes to forego a grace, or to confess a weakness, than attain the one, or conceal the other, by means verging upon dishonesty.

Nevertheless, where the design is of such delicacy and slightness as, in some parts of very fair and finished edifices, it is desirable that it should be; and where both its completion and security are in a measure dependent on the use of metal, let not such use be reprehended; so only that as much is done as may be by good mortar and good masonry; and no slovenly workmanship admitted through confidence in the iron helps; for it is in this license as in that of wine, a man may use it for his infirmities, but not for his nourishment.

And, in order to avoid an overuse of this liberty, it would be well to consider what application may be conveniently made of the dovetailing and various adjusting of stones; for when any artifice is necessary to help the mortar, certainly this ought to come before the use of metal, for it is both safer and more honest. I cannot see that any objection can be made to the fitting of the stones in any shapes the architect pleases: for although it would not be desirable to see buildings put together like Chinese puzzles, there must always be a check upon such an abuse of the practice in its difficulty; nor is it necessary that it should be always exhibited, so that it be understood by the spectator as an admitted help, and that no principal stones are introduced in positions apparently impossible for them to retain, although a riddle here and there, in unimportant features, may sometimes serve to draw the eye to the masonry, and make it interesting, as well as to give a delightful sense of a kind of necromantic power in the architect. There is a pretty one in the lintel of the lateral door of the cathedral of Prato, where the maintenance of the visibly separate

stones, alternate marble and serpentine, cannot be understood until their cross-cutting is seen below.

Lastly, before leaving the subject of structural deceits, I would remind the architect who thinks that I am unnecessarily and narrowly limiting his resources or his art that the highest greatness and the highest wisdom are shown, the first by a noble submission to, the second by a thoughtful providence for, certain voluntarily admitted restraints. Nothing is more evident than this, in that supreme government which is the example, as it is the center, of all others. The Divine Wisdom is, and can be, shown to us only in its meeting and contending with the difficulties which are voluntarily, and *for the sake of that contest*, admitted by the Divine Omnipotence: and these difficulties, observe, occur in the form of natural laws or ordinances, which might, at many times and in countless ways, be infringed with apparent advantage, but which are never infringed, whatever costly arrangements or adaptations their observance may necessitate for the accomplishment of given purposes. The example most apposite to our present subject is the structure of the bones of animals. No reason can be given, I believe, why the system of the higher animals should not have been made capable, as that of the *Infusoria* is, of secreting flint, instead of phosphate of lime, or more naturally still, carbon; so framing the bones of adamant at once. The elephant or rhinoceros, had the earthy part of their bones been made of diamond, might have been as agile and light as grasshoppers, and other animals might have been framed far more magnificently colossal than any that walk the earth. In other worlds, we may, perhaps, see such creations; a creation for every element, and elements infinite. But the architecture of animals *here* is appointed by God to be a marble architecture, not a flint nor adamant architecture; and all manner of expedients are adopted to attain the utmost degree of strength and size possible under that great limitation. The jaw of the ichthyosaurus is pieced and riveted, the leg of the megatherium is a foot thick, and the head of the myodon has a double skull; we, in our wisdom, should, doubtless, have given the lizard a steel jaw, and the myodon a cast-iron head-piece, and forgotten the great principle to which all creation bears witness, that order and system are nobler things than power. But God shows us in

Himself, strange as it may seem, not only authoritative perfection but even the perfection of Obedience — an obedience to His own laws: and in the cumbrous movement of those unwieldiest of His creatures we are reminded, even in His divine essence, of that attribute of uprightness in the human creature "that sweareth to his own hurt and changeth not."

2d. Surface Deceits. These may be generally defined as the inducing the supposition of some form or material which does not actually exist; as commonly in the painting of wood to represent marble, or in the painting of ornaments in deceptive relief, etc. But we must be careful to observe that the evil of them consists always in definitely attempted *deception*, and that it is a matter of some nicety to mark the point where deception begins or ends.

Thus, for instance, the roof of Milan Cathedral is seemingly covered with elaborate fan tracery, forcibly enough painted to enable it, in its dark and removed position, to deceive a careless observer. This is, of course, gross degradation; it destroys much of the dignity even of the rest of the building, and is in the very strongest terms to be reprehended.

The roof of the Sistine Chapel has much architectural design in grisaille mingled with the figures of its frescos; and the effect is increase of dignity.

In what lies the distinctive character?

In two points, principally: First. That the architecture is so closely associated with the figures, and has so grand fellowship with them in its forms and cast shadows, that both are at once felt to be of a piece; and as the figures must necessarily be painted, the architecture is known to be so, too. There is thus no deception.

Second. That so great a painter as Michael Angelo would always stop short in such minor parts of his design, of the degree of vulgar force which would be necessary to induce the supposition of their reality; and, strangely as it may sound, would never paint badly enough to deceive.

But though right and wrong are thus found broadly opposed in works severally so mean and so mighty as the roof of Milan and that of the Sistine, there are works neither so great nor so mean, in which the limits of right are vaguely defined, and will

need some care to determine; care only, however, to apply accurately the broad principle with which we set out, that no form nor material is to be *deceptively* represented.

Evidently, then, painting, confessedly such, is no deception: it does not assert any material whatever. Whether it be on wood or on stone, or, as will naturally be supposed, on plaster, does not matter. Whatever the material, good painting makes it more precious; nor can it ever be said to deceive respecting the ground of which it gives us no information. To cover brick with plaster, and this plaster with fresco, is, therefore, perfectly legitimate; and as desirable a mode of decoration as it is constant in the great periods. Verona and Venice are now seen deprived of more than half their former splendor; it depended far more on their frescos than their marbles. The plaster, in this case, is to be considered as the gesso ground on panel or canvas. But to cover brick with cement, and to divide this cement with joints that it may look like stone, is to tell a falsehood; and is just as contemptible a procedure as the other is noble.

It being lawful to paint, then, is it lawful to paint everything? So long as the painting is confessed — yes; but if, even in the slightest degree, the sense of it be lost, and the thing painted be supposed real — no. Let us take a few instances. In the Campo Santo at Pisa, each fresco is surrounded with a border composed of flat, colored patterns of great elegance — no part of it in attempted relief. The certainty of flat surface being thus secured, the figures, though the size of life, do not deceive, and the artist thenceforward is at liberty to put forth his whole power, and to lead us through fields and groves, and depths of pleasant landscape, and to soothe us with the sweet clearness of far-off sky, and yet never lose the severity of his primal purpose of architectural decoration.

In the Camera di Correggio of San Lodovico at Parma, the trellises of vine shadow the walls, as if with an actual arbor; and the troops of children, peeping through the oval openings, luscious in color and faint in light, may well be expected every instant to break through, or hide behind the covert. The grace of their attitudes, and the evident greatness of the whole work, mark that it is painting, and barely redeem it from the charge of

falsehood; but even so saved, it is utterly unworthy to take a place among noble or legitimate architectural decoration.

In the cupola of the duomo of Parma the same painter has represented the Assumption with so much deceptive power that he has made a dome of some thirty feet diameter look like a cloud-wrapt opening in the seventh heaven, crowded with a rushing sea of angels. Is this wrong? Not so: for the subject at once precludes the possibility of deception. We might have taken the vines for a veritable pergola, and the children for its haunting ragazzi; but we know the stayed clouds and moveless angels must be man's work; let him put his utmost strength to it and welcome, he can enchant us, but cannot betray.

We may thus apply the rule to the highest, as well as the art of daily occurrence, always remembering that more is to be forgiven to the great painter than to the mere decorative workman; and this especially, because the former, even in deceptive portions, will not trick us so grossly; as we have just seen in Correggio, where a worse painter would have made the thing look like life at once. There is, however, in room, villa, or garden decoration, some fitting admission of trickeries of this kind, as of pictured landscapes at the extremities of alleys and arcades, and ceilings like skies, or painted with prolongations upwards of the architecture of the walls, which things have sometimes a certain luxury and pleasurableness in places meant for idleness, and are innocent enough as long as they are regarded as mere toys.

Touching the false representation of material, the question is infinitely more simple, and the law more sweeping; all such imitations are utterly base and inadmissible. It is melancholy to think of the time and expense lost in marbling the shop-fronts of London alone, and of the waste of our resources in absolute vanities, in things about which no mortal cares, by which no eye is ever arrested, unless painfully, and which do not add one whit to comfort or cleanliness, or even to that great object of commercial art — conspicuousness. But in architecture of a higher rank, how much more is it to be condemned? I have made it a rule in the present work not to blame specifically; but I may, perhaps, be permitted, while I express my sincere admiration of

the very noble entrance and general architecture of the British Museum, to express also my regret that the noble granite foundation of the staircase should be mocked at its landing by an imitation, the more blamable because tolerably successful. The only effect of it is to cast a suspicion upon the true stones below, and upon every bit of granite afterwards encountered. One feels a doubt, after it, of the honesty of Memnon himself. But even this, however derogatory to the noble architecture around it, is less painful than the want of feeling with which, in our cheap modern churches, we suffer the wall decorator to erect about the altar frameworks and pediments daubed with mottled color, and to dye in the same fashions such skeletons or caricatures of columns as may emerge above the pews; this is not merely bad taste; it is no unimportant or excusable error which brings even these shadows of vanity and falsehood into the house of prayer. The first condition which just feeling requires in church furniture is that it should be simple and unaffected, not fictitious nor tawdry. It may be in our power to make it beautiful, but let it at least be pure; and if we cannot permit much to the architect, do not let us permit anything to the upholsterer; if we keep to solid stone and solid wood, whitewashed, if we like, for cleanliness' sake (for whitewash has so often been used as the dress of noble things that it has thence received a kind of nobility itself), it must be a bad design indeed which is grossly offensive. I recollect no instance of a want of sacred character, or of any marked and painful ugliness, in the simplest or the most awkwardly built village church, where stone and wood were roughly and nakedly used, and the windows latticed with white glass. But the smoothly stuccoed walls, the flat roofs with ventilator ornaments, the barred windows with jaundiced borders and dead ground square panes, the gilded or bronzed wood, the painted iron, the wretched upholstery of curtains and cushions, and pew heads and altar railings, and Birmingham metal candlesticks, and, above all, the green and yellow sickness of the false marble — disguises all, observe; falsehoods all — who are they who like these things? who defend them? who do them? I have never spoken to any one who *did* like them, though to many who thought them matters of no consequence. Perhaps not to religion (though I cannot but

believe that there are many to whom, as to myself, such things are serious obstacles to the repose of mind and temper which should precede devotional exercises); but to the general tone of our judgment and feeling — yes; for assuredly we shall regard with tolerance, if not with affection, whatever forms of material things we have been in the habit of associating with our worship, and be little prepared to detect or blame hypocrisy, meanness, and disguise in other kinds of decoration when we suffer objects belonging to the most solemn of all services to be tricked out in a fashion so fictitious and unseemly.

Painting, however, is not the only mode in which material may be concealed, or rather simulated; for merely to conceal is, as we have seen, no wrong. Whitewash, for instance, though often (by no means always) to be regretted as a concealment, is not to be blamed as a falsity. It shows itself for what it is, and asserts nothing of what is beneath it. Gilding has become, from its frequent use, equally innocent. It is understood for what it is, a film merely, and is, therefore, allowable to any extent. I do not say expedient: it is one of the most abused means of magnificence we possess, and I much doubt whether any use we ever make of it balances that loss of pleasure, which, from the frequent sight and perpetual suspicion of it, we suffer in the contemplation of anything that is verily of gold. I think gold was meant to be seldom seen and to be admired as a precious thing; and I sometimes wish that truth should so far literally prevail as that all should be gold that glittered, or rather that nothing should glitter that was not gold. Nevertheless, nature herself does not dispense with such semblance, but uses light for it; and I have too great a love for old and saintly art to part with its burnished field, or radiant nimbus; only it should be used with respect, and to express magnificence, or sacredness, and not in lavish vanity, or in sign-painting. Of its expedience, however, any more than of that of color, it is not here the place to speak; we are endeavoring to determine what is lawful, not what is desirable. Of other and less common modes of disguising surface, as of powder of lapis lazuli, or mosaic imitations of colored stones, I need hardly speak. The rule will apply to all alike, that whatever is pretended, is wrong; commonly enforced also by the exceeding ugliness and insufficient appear-

ance of such methods, as lately in the style of renovation by which half of the houses in Venice have been defaced, the brick covered first with stucco, and this painted with zigzag veins in imitation of alabaster. But there is one more form of architectural fiction which is so constant in the great periods that it needs respectful judgment. I mean the facing of brick with precious stone.

It is well known that what is meant by a church's being built of marble is, in nearly all cases, only that a veneering of marble has been fastened on the rough brick wall, built with certain projections to receive it; and that what appear to be massy stones are nothing more than external slabs.

Now, it is evident that, in this case, the question of right is on the same ground as in that of gilding. If it be clearly understood that a marble facing does not pretend or imply a marble wall, there is no harm in it; and as it is also evident that, when very precious stones are used, as jaspers and serpentines, it must become not only an extravagant and vain increase of expense, but sometimes an actual impossibility, to obtain mass of them enough to build with, there is no resource but this of veneering; nor is there anything to be alleged against it on the head of durability, such work having been by experience found to last as long, and in as perfect condition, as any kind of masonry. It is, therefore, to be considered as simply an art of mosaic on a large scale, the ground being of brick, or any other material; and when lovely stones are to be obtained, it is a manner which should be thoroughly understood, and often practised. Nevertheless, as we esteem the shaft of a column more highly from its being of a single block, and as we do not regret the loss of substance and value which there is in things of solid gold, silver, agate, or ivory; so I think the walls themselves may be regarded with a more just complacency if they are known to be all of noble substance; and that rightly weighing the demands of the two principles of which we have hitherto spoken — Sacrifice and Truth, — we should sometimes rather spare external ornament than diminish the unseen value and consistency of what we do; and I believe that a better manner of design, and a more careful and studious, if less abundant, decoration would follow, upon the consciousness of thoroughness in the sub-

stance. And, indeed, this is to be remembered, with respect to all the points we have examined; that while we have traced the limits of license, we have not fixed those of that high rectitude which refuses license. It is thus true that there is no falsity, and much beauty, in the use of external color, and that it is lawful to paint either pictures or patterns on whatever surfaces may seem to need enrichment. But it is not less true that such practices are essentially unarchitectural; and while we cannot say that there is actual danger in an overuse of them, seeing that they have been *always* used most lavishly in the times of most noble art, yet they divide the work into two parts and kinds, one of less durability than the other, which dies away from it in process of ages, and leaves it, unless it have noble qualities of its own, naked and bare. That enduring noblesse I should, therefore, call truly architectural; and it is not until this has been secured that the accessory power of painting may be called in, for the delight of the immediate time; nor this, as I think, until every resource of a more stable kind has been exhausted. The true colors of architecture are those of natural stone, and I would fain see these taken advantage of to the full. Every variety of hue, from pale yellow to purple, passing through orange, red, and brown, is entirely at our command; nearly every kind of green and gray is also attainable: and with these, and pure white, what harmonies might we not achieve? Of stained and variegated stone, the quantity is unlimited, the kinds innumerable; where brighter colors are required, let glass, and gold protected by glass, be used in mosaic — a kind of work as durable as the solid stone, and incapable of losing its luster by time — and let the painter's work be reserved for the shadowed *loggia* and inner chamber. This is the true and faithful way of building; where this cannot be, the device of external coloring may, indeed, be employed without dishonor; but it must be with the warning reflection that a time will come when such aids must pass away, and when the building will be judged in its lifelessness, dying the death of the dolphin. Better the less bright, more enduring fabric. The transparent alabasters of San Miniato, and the mosaics of St. Mark's, are more warmly filled, and more brightly touched, by every turn of morning and evening rays; while the hues of

our cathedrals have died like the iris out of the cloud; and the temples whose azure and purple once flamed above the Grecian promontories, stand in their faded whiteness, like snows which the sunset has left cold.

The last form of fallacy which it will be remembered we had to deprecate was the substitution of cast or machine work for that of the hand, generally expressible as Operative Deceit.

There are two reasons, both weighty, against this practice: one, that all cast and machine work is bad, as work; the other, that it is dishonest. Of its badness, I shall speak in another place, that being evidently no efficient reason against its use when other cannot be had. Its dishonesty, however, which, to my mind, is of the grossest kind, is, I think, a sufficient reason to determine absolute and unconditional rejection of it.

Ornament, as I have often before observed, has two entirely distinct sources of agreeableness: one, that of the abstract beauty of its forms, which, for the present, we will suppose to be the same whether they come from the hand or the machine; the other, the sense of human labor and care spent upon it. How great this latter influence we may perhaps judge, by considering that there is not a cluster of weeds growing in any cranny of ruin which has not a beauty in all respects *nearly* equal, and, in some, immeasurably superior, to that of the most elaborate sculpture of its stones: and that all our interest in the carved work, our sense of its richness, though it is tenfold less rich than the knots of grass beside it; of its delicacy, though it is a thousandfold less delicate; of its admirableness, though a millionfold less admirable; results from our consciousness of its being the work of poor, clumsy, toilsome man. Its true delightfulness depends on our discovering in it the record of thoughts, and intents, and trials, and heart-breakings — of recoveries and joyfulnesses of success: all this *can* be traced by a practised eye; but, granting it even obscure, it is presumed or understood; and in that is the worth of the thing, just as much as the worth of anything else we call precious. The worth of a diamond is simply the understanding of the time it must take to look for it before it can be cut. It has an intrinsic value besides, which the diamond has not (for a diamond has no more real beauty than a piece of glass); but I do not speak of that at present;

I place the two on the same ground; and I suppose that hand-wrought ornament can no more be generally known from machine-work, than a diamond can be known from paste; nay, that the latter may deceive, for a moment, the mason's, as the other the jeweler's eye; and that it can be detected only by the closest examination. Yet exactly as a woman of feeling would not wear false jewels, so would a builder of honor disdain false ornaments. The using of them is just as downright and inexcusable a lie. You use that which pretends to a worth which it has not; which pretends to have cost, and to be, what it did not, and is not; it is an imposition, a vulgarity, an impertinence, and a sin. Down with it to the ground, grind it to powder, leave its ragged place upon the wall, rather; you have not paid for it, you have no business with it, you do not want it. Nobody wants ornaments in this world, but everybody wants integrity. All the fair devices that ever were fancied are not worth a lie. Leave your walls as bare as a planed board, or build them of baked mud and chopped straw, if need be; but do not rough-cast them with falsehood.

This, then, being our general law, and I hold it for a more imperative one than any other I have asserted; and this kind of dishonesty the meanest, as the least necessary; for ornament is an extravagant and inessential thing; and, therefore, if fallacious, utterly base — this, I say, being our general law, there are, nevertheless, certain exceptions respecting particular substances and their uses.

Thus in the use of brick; since that is known to be originally molded, there is no reason why it should not be molded into diverse forms. It will never be supposed to have been cut, and therefore will cause no deception; it will have only the credit it deserves. In flat countries, far from any quarry of stone, cast brick may be legitimately, and most successfully, used in decoration, and that elaborate, and even refined. The brick moldings of the Palazzo Pepoli at Bologna, and those which run round the market-place of Vercelli, are among the richest in Italy. So, also, tile and porcelain work, of which the former is grotesquely, but successfully, employed in the domestic architecture of France, colored tiles being inserted in the diamond spaces between the crossing timbers; and the latter ad-

mirably in Tuscany, in external bas-reliefs, by the Robbia family, in which works, while we cannot but sometimes regret the useless and ill-arranged colors, we would by no means blame the employment of a material which, whatever its defects, excels every other in permanence, and, perhaps, requires even greater skill in its management than marble. For it is not the material, but the absence of the human labor, which makes the thing worthless; and a piece of terra-cotta, or of plaster of Paris, which has been wrought by human hand, is worth all the stone in Carrara, cut by machinery. It is, indeed, possible, and even usual, for men to sink into machines themselves, so that even hand-work has all the characters of mechanism; of the difference between living and dead hand-work I shall speak presently; all that I ask at present is, what it is always in our power to secure — the confession of what we have done, and what we have given; so that when we use stone at all, since all stone is naturally supposed to be carved by hand, we must not carve it by machinery; neither must we use any artificial stone cast into shape, nor any stucco ornaments of the color of stone, or which might in any wise be mistaken for it, as the stucco moldings in the cortile of the Palazzo Vecchio at Florence, which cast a shame and suspicion over every part of the building. But for ductile and fusible materials, as clay, iron, and bronze, since these will usually be supposed to have been cast or stamped, it is at our pleasure to employ them as we will; remembering that they become precious, or otherwise, just in proportion to the hand-work upon them, or to the clearness of their reception of the hand-work of their mold.

But I believe no cause to have been more active in the degradation of our natural feeling for beauty, than the constant use of cast-iron ornaments. The common ironwork of the Middle Ages was as simple as it was effective, composed of leafage cut flat out of sheet-iron, and twisted at the workman's will. No ornaments, on the contrary, are so cold, clumsy, and vulgar, so essentially incapable of a fine line, or shadow, as those of cast-iron; and while, on the score of truth, we can hardly allege anything against them, since they are always distinguishable, at a glance, from wrought and hammered work, and stand only for what they are, yet I feel very strongly that there is no hope

of the progress of the arts of any nation which indulges in these vulgar and cheap substitutes for real decoration. Their inefficiency and paltriness I shall endeavor to show more conclusively in another place, enforcing only, at present, the general conclusion that, if even honest or allowable, they are things in which we can never take just pride or pleasure, and must never be employed in any place wherein they might either themselves obtain the credit of being other and better than they are, or be associated with the downright work to which it would be a disgrace to be found in their company.

Such are, I believe, the three principal kinds of fallacy by which architecture is liable to be corrupted; there are, however, other and more subtle forms of it, against which it is less easy to guard by definite law, than by the watchfulness of a manly and unaffected spirit. For, as it has been above noticed, there are certain kinds of deception which extend to impressions and ideas only; of which some are, indeed, of a noble use, as that above referred to, the arborescent look of lofty Gothic aisles; but of which the most part have so much of legerdemain and trickery about them, that they will lower any style in which they considerably prevail; and they are likely to prevail when once they are admitted, being apt to catch the fancy alike of uninventive architects and feelingless spectators; just as mean and shallow minds are, in other matters, delighted with the sense of overreaching, or tickled with the conceit of detecting the intention to overreach; and when subtleties of this kind are accompanied by the display of such dexterous stonecutting, or architectural sleight of hand, as may become, even by itself, a subject of admiration, it is a great chance if the pursuit of them do not gradually draw us away from all regard and care for the nobler character of the art, and end in its total paralysis or extinction. And against this there is no guarding, but by stern disdain of all display of dexterity and ingenious device, and by putting the whole force of our fancy into the arrangement of masses and forms, caring no more how these masses and forms are wrought out, than a great painter cares which way his pencil strikes. It would be easy to give many instances of the danger of these tricks and vanities; but I shall confine myself to the examination of one which has, as I think,

been the cause of the fall of Gothic architecture throughout Europe. I mean the system of intersectional moldings, which, on account of its great importance, and for the sake of the general reader, I may, perhaps, be pardoned for explaining elementarily.

I must, in the first place, however, refer to Professor Willis's account of the origin of tracery, given in the sixth chapter of his "Architecture of the Middle Ages"; since the publication of which I have been not a little amazed to hear of any attempts made to resuscitate the inexcusably absurd theory of its derivation from imitated vegetable form — inexcusably, I say, because the smallest acquaintance with early Gothic architecture would have informed the supporters of that theory of the simple fact that, exactly in proportion to the antiquity of the work, the imitation of such organic forms is less, and in the earliest examples does not exist at all. There cannot be the shadow of a question, in the mind of a person familiarized with any single series of consecutive examples, that tracery arose from the gradual enlargement of the penetrations of the shield of stone which, usually supported by a central pillar, occupied the head of early windows.

Now, it will be noticed that, during the whole of this process, the attention is kept fixed on the forms of the penetrations, that is to say, of the lights as seen from the interior, not of the intermediate stone. All the grace of the window is in the outline of its light; and I have drawn all these traceries, as seen from within, in order to show the effect of the light thus treated, at first in far-off and separate stars, and then gradually enlarging, approaching, until they come and stand over us, as it were, filling the whole space with their effulgence. And it is in this pause of the star that we have the great, pure, and perfect form of French Gothic; it was at the instant when the rudeness of the intermediate space had been finally conquered, when the light had expanded to its fullest, and yet had not lost its radiant unity, principality, and visible first causing of the whole, that we have the most exquisite feeling and most faultless judgments in the management alike of the tracery and decorations. That tracery marks a pause between the laying aside of one great ruling principle and the taking up of another; a pause as marked, as clear, as conspicuous to the distant view of after

times, as to the distant glance of the traveler is the culminating ridge of the mountain chain over which he has passed. It was the great watershed of Gothic art. Before it, all had been ascent; after it, all was decline; both, indeed, by winding paths and varied slopes; both interrupted, like the gradual rise and fall of the passes of the Alps, by great mountain outliers, isolated or branching from the central chain, and by retrograde or parallel directions of the valleys of access. But the track of the human mind is traceable up to that glorious ridge, in a continuous line, and thence downwards. Like a silver zone —

> "Flung about carelessly, it shines afar,
> Catching the eye in many a broken link,
> In many a turn and traverse, as it glides.
> And oft above, and oft below, appears —
> . . . to him who journeys up
> As though it were another."

And at that point, and that instant, reaching the place that was nearest heaven, the builders looked back, for the last time, to the way by which they had come, and the scenes through which their early course had passed. They turned away from them and their morning light, and descended towards a new horizon, for a time in the warmth of western sun, but plunging with every forward step into more cold and melancholy shade.

The change of which I speak is inexpressible in few words, but one more important, more radically influential, could not be. It was the substitution of the *line* for the *mass*, as the element of decoration.

We have seen the mode in which the openings or penetration of the window expanded, until what were, at first, awkward forms of intermediate stone, became delicate lines of tracery: and I have been careful in pointing out the peculiar attention bestowed on the proportion and decoration of the moldings of the window at Rouen, as compared with earlier moldings, because that beauty and care are singularly significant. They mark that the traceries had *caught the eye* of the architect. Up to that time, up to the very last instant in which the reduction and thinning of the intervening stone was consummated,

RUSKIN'S HOUSE AT CONISTON, ENGLISH LAKE DISTRICT

his eye had been on the openings only, on the stars of light. He did not care about the stone; a rude border of molding was all he needed; it was the penetrating shape which he was watching. But when that shape had received its last possible expansion, and when the stonework became an arrangement of graceful and parallel lines, that arrangement, like some form in a picture, unseen and accidentally developed, struck suddenly, inevitably, on the sight. It had literally not been seen before. It flashed out in an instant as an independent form. It became a feature of the work. The architect took it under his care, thought over it, and distributed its members as we see.

Now, the great pause was at the moment when the space and the dividing stonework were both equally considered. It did not last fifty years. The forms of the tracery were seized with a childish delight in the novel source of beauty; and the intervening space was cast aside, as an element of decoration, forever. I have confined myself, in following this change, to the window, as the feature in which it is clearest. But the transition is the same in every member of architecture; and its importance can hardly be understood, unless we take the pains to trace it in the universality, of which illustrations, irrelevant to our present purpose, will be found in the third chapter. I pursue here the question of truth, relating to the treatment of the moldings.

The reader will observe that, up to the last expansion of the penetrations, the stonework was necessarily considered, as it actually is, *stiff* and unyielding. It was so, also, during the pause of which I have spoken, when the forms of the tracery were still severe and pure; delicate indeed, but perfectly firm.

At the close of the period of pause, the first sign of serious change was like a low breeze, passing through the emaciated tracery, and making it tremble. It began to undulate like the threads of a cobweb lifted by the wind. It lost its essence as a structure of stone. Reduced to the slenderness of threads, it began to be considered as possessing also their flexibility. The architect was pleased with this his new fancy, and set himself to carry it out; and in a little time, the bars of tracery were caused to appear to the eye as if they had been woven together like a net. This was a change which sacrificed a great principle of truth; it sacrificed the expression of the qualities of the

material; and, however delightful its results in their first developments, it was ultimately ruinous.

For, observe the difference between the supposition of ductility and that of elastic structure noticed above in the resemblance to tree form. That resemblance was not sought, but necessary; it resulted from the natural conditions of strength in the pier or trunk, and slenderness in the ribs or branches, while many of the other suggested conditions of resemblance were perfectly true. A tree branch, though in a certain sense flexible, is not ductile; it is as firm in its own form as the rib of stone; both of them will yield up to certain limits, both of them breaking when those limits are exceeded; while the tree trunk will bend no more than the stone pillar. But when the tracery is assumed to be as yielding as a silken cord; when the whole fragility, elasticity, and weight of the material are to the eye, if not in terms, denied; when all the art of the architect is applied to disprove the first conditions of his working, and the first attributes of his materials; *this* is a deliberate treachery, only redeemed from the charge of direct falsehood by the visibility of the stone surface, and degrading all the traceries it affects exactly in the degree of its presence.

But the declining and morbid taste of the later architects was not satisfied with thus much deception. They were delighted with the subtle charm they had created, and thought only of increasing its power. The next step was to consider and represent the tracery as not only ductile, but penetrable; and when two moldings met each other, to manage their intersection so that one should appear to pass through the other, retaining its independence; or when two ran parallel to each other, to represent the one as partly contained within the other, and partly apparent above it. This form of falsity was that which crushed the art. The flexible traceries were often beautiful, though they were ignoble; but the penetrated traceries, rendered, as they finally were, merely the means of exhibiting the dexterity of the stone-cutter, annihilated both the beauty and dignity of the Gothic types. A system so momentous in its consequences deserves some detailed examination.

In the drawing of the shafts of the door at Lisieux, under the spandril, the reader will see the mode of managing the inter-

section of similar moldings, which was universal in the great periods. They melted into each other, and became *one* at the point of crossing, or of contact; and even the suggestion of so sharp intersection as this of Lisieux is usually avoided (this design being, of course, only a pointed form of the earlier Norman arcade, in which the arches are interlaced, and lie each over the preceding, and under the following, one, as in Anselm's tower at Canterbury), since, in the plurality of designs, when moldings meet each other, they coincide through some considerable portion of their curves, meeting by contact rather than by intersection; and at the point of coincidence the section of each separate molding becomes common to the two thus melted into each other.

The very awkwardness with which such occurrences of difficulty are met by the earlier builder marks his dislike of the system, and unwillingness to attract the eye to such arrangements. There is another very clumsy one, in the junction of the upper and sub-arches of the triforium of Salisbury; but it is kept in the shade, and all the prominent junctions are of moldings like each other, and managed with perfect simplicity. But so soon as the attention of the builders became, as we have just seen, fixed upon the lines of moldings instead of the inclosed spaces, those lines began to preserve an independent existence wherever they met; and different moldings were studiously associated, in order to obtain variety of intersectional line. We must, however, do the late builders the justice to note that, in one case, the habit grew out of a feeling of proportion more refined than that of earlier workmen. It shows itself first in the bases of divided pillars, or arch moldings, whose smaller shafts had originally bases formed by the continued base of the central, or other larger, columns with which they were grouped; but it being felt, when the eye of the architect became fastidious, that the dimension of molding which was right for the base of a large shaft was wrong for that of a small one, each shaft had an independent base; at first, those of the smaller died simply down on that of the larger; but when the vertical sections of both became complicated, the bases of the smaller shafts were considered to exist within those of the larger, and the places of their emergence, on this supposition, were calculated with the

utmost nicety, and cut with singular precision; so that an elaborate late base of a divided column, as, for instance, of those in the nave of Abbeville, looks exactly as if its smaller shafts had all been finished to the ground first, each with its complete and intricate base, and then the comprehending base of the central pier had been molded over them in clay, leaving their points and angles sticking out here and there, like the edges of sharp crystals out of a nodule of earth. The exhibition of technical dexterity in work of this kind is often marvelous, the strangest possible shapes of sections being calculated to a hair's-breadth, and the occurrence of the under and emergent forms being rendered, even in places where they are so slight that they can hardly be detected but by the touch.

There was, however, in this kind of involution, much to be admired as well as reprehended; the proportions of quantities were always as beautiful as they were intricate; and, though the lines of intersection were harsh, they were exquisitely opposed to the flower-work of the interposing moldings. But the fancy did not stop here; it rose from the bases into the arches; and there, not finding room enough for its exhibition, it withdrew the capitals from the heads even of cylindrical shafts (we cannot but admire, while we regret, the boldness of the men who could defy the authority and custom of all the nations of the earth for a space of some three thousand years), in order that the arch moldings might appear to emerge from the pillar, as at its base they had been lost in it, and not to terminate on the abacus of the capital; then they ran the moldings across and through each other, at the point of the arch; and finally, not finding their natural directions enough to furnish as many occasions of intersection as they wished, bent them hither and thither, and cut off their ends short, when they had passed the point of intersection. This style is, indeed, earlier exaggerated in Switzerland and Germany, owing to the imitation in stone of the dovetailing of wood, particularly of the intersecting of beams at the angles of châlets; but it only furnishes the more plain instance of the danger of the fallacious system which, from the beginning, repressed the German, and, in the end, ruined the French Gothic. It would be too painful a task to follow further the caricatures of form, and eccentrici-

ties of treatment, which grow out of this singular abuse — the flattened arch, the shrunken pillar, the lifeless ornament, the liny molding, the distorted and extravagant foliation, until the time came when, over these wrecks and remnants, deprived of all unity and principle, rose the foul torrent of the Renaissance, and swept them all away. So fell the great dynasty of medieval architecture. It was because it had lost its own strength, and disobeyed its own laws — because its order, and consistency, and organization had been broken through — that it could oppose no resistance to the rush of overwhelming innovation. And this, observe, all because it had sacrificed a single truth. From that one surrender of its integrity, from that one endeavor to assume the semblance of what it was not, arose the multitudinous forms of disease and decrepitude which rotted away the pillars of its supremacy. It was not because its time was come; it was not because it was scorned by the classical Romanist, or dreaded by the faithful Protestant. That scorn and that fear it might have survived, and lived; it would have stood forth in stern comparison with the enervated sensuality of the Renaissance; it would have risen in renewed and purified honor, and with a new soul, from the ashes into which it sank, giving up its glory, as it had received it, for the honor of God — but its own truth was gone, and it sank forever. There was no wisdom nor strength left in it, to raise it from the dust; and the error of zeal, and the softness of luxury, smote it down and dissolved it away. It is good for us to remember this, as we tread upon the bare ground of its foundations, and stumble over its scattered stones. Those rent skeletons of pierced wall, through which our sea-winds moan and murmur, strewing them joint by joint, and bone by bone, along the bleak promontories on which the Pharos lights came once from houses of prayer — those gray arches and quiet aisles under which the sheep of our valleys feed and rest on the turf that has buried their altars — those shapeless heaps, that are not of the Earth, which lift our fields into strange and sudden banks of flowers, and stay our mountain streams with stones that are not their own, have other thoughts to ask from us than those of mourning for the rage that despoiled, or the fear that forsook them. It was not the robber, not the fanatic, not the blasphemer, who sealed the destruction

that they had wrought; the war, the wrath, the terror, might have worked their worst, and the strong walls would have risen, and the slight pillars would have started again, from under the hand of the destroyer. But they could not rise out of the ruins of their own violated truth.

RUSSIAN LITERATURE

(Anonymous)

THE WATER KING AND VASILISSA THE WISE

ONCE upon a time there lived a King and Queen, and the King was very fond of hunting and shooting. Well, one day he went out hunting, and he saw an Eaglet sitting on an oak. But just as he was going to shoot at it the Eaglet began to entreat him, crying:—

"Don't shoot me, my lord King! better take me home with you; some time or other I shall be of service to you."

The King reflected awhile and said, "How can you be of use to me?" and again he was going to shoot.

Then the Eaglet said to him a second time:—

"Don't shoot me, my lord King! better take me home with you; some time or other I shall be of use to you."

The King thought and thought, but couldn't imagine a bit the more what use the Eaglet could be to him, and so he determined to shoot it. Then a third time, the Eaglet exclaimed:—

"Don't shoot me, my lord King! better take me home with you and feed me for three years. Sometime or other I shall be of service to you!"

The King relented, took the Eaglet home with him, and fed it for a year, for two years. But it ate so much that it devoured all his cattle. The King had neither a cow nor a sheep left. At length the Eagle said:—

"Now let me go free!"

The King set it at liberty; the Eagle began trying its wings. But no, it could not fly yet! So it said:—

"Well, my lord King! you have fed me two years; now, whether you like it or no, feed me for one year more. Even if you have to borrow, at all events feed me; you won't lose by it!"

Well, this is what the King did. He borrowed cattle from everywhere round about, and he fed the Eagle for the space of a whole year, and afterwards he set it at liberty. The Eagle rose ever so high, flew and flew, then dropt down again to the earth and said:—

"Now then, my lord King! Take a seat on my back! we'll have a fly together!"

The King got on the Eagle's back. Away they went flying. Before very long they reached the blue sea. Then the Eagle shook off the King, who fell into the sea, and sank up to his knees. But the Eagle didn't let him drown! it jerked him on to its wing, and asked:—

"How now, my lord King! were you frightened, perchance?"

"I was," said the King; "I thought I was going to be drowned outright!"

Again they flew and flew till they reached another sea. The Eagle shook off the King right in the middle of the sea; the King sank up to his girdle. The Eagle jerked him on to its wing again, and asked:—

"Well, my lord King! were you frightened, perchance?"

"I was," he replied; "but all the time I thought, 'Perhaps, please God, the creature will pull me out.'"

Away they flew again, flew, and arrived at a third sea. The Eagle dropped the King into a great gulf, so that he sank right up to his neck. And the third time the Eagle jerked him on to its wing, and asked:—

"Well, my lord King! Were you frightened, perchance?"

"I was," says the King, "but still I said to myself, 'Perhaps it will pull me out.'"

"Well, my lord King! now you have felt what the fear of death is like! What I have done was in payment of an old score. Do you remember my sitting on an oak, and your wanting to shoot me? Three times you were going to let fly, but I kept on entreating you not to shoot, saying to myself all the time,

'Perhaps he won't kill me; perhaps he'll relent and take me home with him!'"

Afterwards they flew beyond thrice nine lands: long, long did they fly. Says the Eagle, "Look, my lord King! what is above us, and what below us?"

The King looked.

"Above us," he says, "is the sky, below us the earth."

"Look again; what is on the right hand, and on the left?"

"On the right hand is an open plain, on the left stands a house."

"We will fly thither," said the Eagle; "my youngest sister lives there."

They went straight into the courtyard. The sister came out to meet them, received her brother cordially, and seated him at the oaken table. But on the King she would not so much as look, but left him outside, loosed greyhounds, and set them at him. The Eagle was exceedingly wroth, jumped up from table, seized the King, and flew away with him again.

Well, they flew and flew. Presently the Eagle said to the King, "Look round; what is behind us?"

The King turned his head, looked, and said, "Behind us is a red house."

"That is the house of my youngest sister — on fire, because she did not receive you, but set greyhounds at you!"

They flew and flew. Again the Eagle asked:—

"Look again, my lord King; what is above us, and what below us?"

"Above is the sky, below us the earth."

"Look and see what is on the right hand, and on the left."

"On the right is the open plain, on the left there stands a house."

"There lives my second sister; we'll go and pay her a visit."

They stopped in a wide courtyard. The second sister received her brother cordially, and seated him at the oaken table; but the King was left outside, and she loosed greyhounds, and set them at him. The Eagle flew into a rage, jumped up from table, caught up the King, and flew away farther with him. They flew and flew. Says the Eagle:—

"My lord King, look round! what is behind us?"

The King looked back.

"There stands behind us a red house."

"That's my second sister's house burning!" said the Eagle. "Now we'll fly to where my mother and my eldest sister live."

Well, they flew there. The Eagle's mother and eldest sister were delighted to see them, and received the King with cordiality and respect.

"Now, my lord King," said the Eagle, "tarry awhile with us, and afterwards I will give you a ship, and will repay you for all I ate in your house, and then — God speed you home again!"

So the Eagle gave the King a ship and two coffers — the one red, the other green — and said: —

"Mind now! don't open the coffers until you get home. Then open the red coffer in the back court, and the green coffer in the front court."

The King took the coffers, parted with the Eagle, and sailed along the blue sea. Presently he came to a certain island, and there his ship stopped. He landed on the shore, and began thinking about the coffers, and wondering whatever there could be in them, and why the Eagle had told him not to open them. He thought and thought, and at last couldn't hold out any more — he longed so awfully to know all about it. So he took the red coffer, set it on the ground, and opened it — and out of it came such a quantity of different kinds of cattle that there was no counting them; the island had barely room enough for them.

When the King saw that, he became exceedingly sorrowful, and began to weep and therewithal to say: —

"What is there now left for me to do? How shall I get all this cattle back into so little a coffer?"

Lo, there came out of the water a man — came up to him, and asked: —

"Wherefore are you weeping so bitterly, O lord King?"

"How can I help weeping?" answers the King. "How shall I be able to get all this great herd into so small a coffer?"

"If you like, I will set your mind at rest. I will pack up all your cattle for you. But on one condition only. You must give me whatever you have at home that you don't know of."

The King reflected.

"Whatever is there at home that I don't know of?" says he. "I fancy I know about everything that's there."

He reflected, and consented. "Pack them up," says he. "I will give you whatever I have at home that I know nothing about."

So that man packed away all his cattle for him in the coffer. The King went on board ship and sailed away homewards.

When he reached home, then only did he learn that a son had been born to him. And he began kissing the child, caressing it, and at the same time bursting into such floods of tears!

"My lord King!" says the Queen, "tell me wherefore thou droppest bitter tears?"

"For joy!" he replies.

He was afraid to tell her the truth, that the Prince would have to be given up. Afterwards he went into the back court, opened the red coffer, and thence issued oxen and cows, sheep and rams; there were multitudes of all sorts of cattle, so that all the sheds and pastures were crammed full. He went into the front court, opened the green coffer, and there appeared a great and glorious garden. What trees there were in it, to be sure! The King was so delighted that he forgot all about giving up his son.

Many years went by. One day the King took it into his head to go for a stroll, and he came to a river. At that moment the same man he had seen before came out of the water, and said:—

"You've pretty soon become forgetful, lord King! Think a little! surely you're in my debt!"

The King returned home full of grief, and told all the truth to the Queen and the Prince. They all mourned and wept together, but they decided that there was no help for it, the Prince must be given up. So they took him to the mouth of the river and there they left him alone.

The Prince looked around, saw a footpath, and followed it, trusting God would lead him somewhere. He walked and walked, and came to a dense forest: in the forest stood a hut, in the hut lived a Baba Yaga.

"Suppose I go in," thought the Prince, and went in.

"Good day, Prince!" said the Baba Yaga. "Are you seeking work or shunning work?"

"Eh, granny! First give me to eat and to drink, and then ask me questions."

So she gave him food and drink, and the Prince told her everything as to whither he was going and with what purpose.

Then the Baba Yaga said: "Go, my child, to the seashore: there will fly thither twelve spoonbills, which will turn into fair maidens, and begin bathing; do you steal quietly up and lay your hands on the eldest maiden's shift. When you have come to terms with her, go to the Water King, and there will meet you on the way Obédalo and Opivalo, and also Moroz Treskun — take all of them with you; they will do you good service."

The Prince bid the Yaga farewell, went to the appointed spot on the seashore, and hid behind the bushes. Presently twelve spoonbills came flying thither, struck the moist earth, turned into fair maidens, and began to bathe. The Prince stole the eldest one's shift, and sat down behind a bush — didn't budge an inch. The girls finished bathing and came out on the shore: eleven of them put on their shifts, turned into birds, and flew away home. There remained only the eldest, Vasilissa the Wise. She began praying and begging the good youth: —

"Do give me my shift!" she says. "You are on your way to the house of my father, the Water King. When you come, I will do you good service."

So the Prince gave her back her shift, and she immediately turned into a spoonbill and flew away after her companions. The Prince went further on; there met him by the way three heroes — Obédalo, Opivalo, and Moroz Treskun; he took them with him and went to the Water King's.

The Water King saw him, and said: —

"Hail, friend! why have you been so long in coming to me? I have grown weary of waiting for you. Now set to work. Here is your first task. Build me in one night a great crystal bridge, so that it shall be ready for use to-morrow. If you don't build it — off goes your head!"

The Prince went away from the Water King, and burst into a flood of tears. Vasilissa the Wise opened the window of her upper chamber and asked: —

"What are you crying about, Prince?"

"Ah! Vasilissa the Wise! how can I help crying? Your

father has ordered me to build a crystal bridge in a single night, and I don't even know how to handle an ax."

"No matter! lie down and sleep; the morning is wiser than the evening."

She ordered him to sleep, but she herself went out on the steps, and called aloud with a mighty whistling cry. Then from all sides there ran together carpenters and workmen; one leveled the ground, another carried bricks. Soon had they built a crystal bridge, and traced cunning devices on it; and then they dispersed to their homes.

Early next morning Vasilissa the Wise awoke the Prince:—

"Get up, Prince! the bridge is ready: my father will be coming to inspect it directly!"

Up jumped the Prince, seized a broom, took his place on the bridge, and began sweeping here, clearing up there.

The Water King bestowed praise upon him:—

"Thanks!" says he. "You've done me one service: now do another. Here is your task. Plant me by to-morrow a garden green — a big and shady one; and there must be birds singing in the garden, and flowers blossoming on the trees, and ripe apples and pears hanging from the boughs."

Away went the Prince from the Water King, all dissolved in tears. Vasilissa the Wise opened her window and asked:—

"What are you crying for, Prince?"

"How can I help crying? Your father has ordered me to plant a garden in one night."

"That's nothing! lie down and sleep: the morning is wiser than the evening."

She made him go to sleep, but she herself went out on the steps, called and whistled with a mighty whistle. From every side there ran together gardeners of all sorts, and they planted a garden green, and in the garden birds sang, and on the trees flowers blossomed, from the boughs hung ripe apples and pears.

Early in the morning Vasilissa the Wise awoke the Prince:—

"Get up, Prince! the garden is ready: papa is coming to see it."

The Prince immediately snatched up a broom, and was off to the garden. Here he swept a path, there he trained a twig. The Water King praised him and said:—

"Thanks, Prince! You've done me right trusty service. So choose yourself a bride from among my twelve daughters. They are all exactly alike in face, in hair, and in dress. If you can pick out the same one three times running, she shall be your wife; if you fail to do so, I shall have you put to death."

Vasilissa the Wise knew all about that, so she found time to say to the Prince:—

"The first time I will wave my handkerchief, the second I will be arranging my dress, the third time you will see a fly above my head."

And so the Prince guessed which was Vasilissa the Wise three times running. And he and she were married, and a wedding feast was got ready.

Now the Water King had prepared much food of all sorts, more than a hundred men could get through. And he ordered his son-in-law to see that everything was eaten. "If anything remains over, the worse for you!" says he.

"My Father," begs the Prince, "there's an old fellow of mine here; please let him take a snack with us."

"Let him come!"

Immediately appeared Obédalo — ate up everything, and wasn't content then! The Water King next set out twoscore tubs of all kinds of strong drinks, and ordered his son-in-law to see that they were all drained dry.

"My Father!" begs the Prince again, "there's another old man of mine here; let him, too, drink your health."

"Let him come!"

Opivalo appeared, emptied all the forty tubs in a twinkling, and then asked for a drop more by way of stirrup-cup.

The Water King saw that there was nothing to be gained that way, so he gave orders to prepare a bath-room for the young couple — an iron bath-room — and to heat it as hot as possible. So the iron bath-room was made hot. Twelve loads of firewood were set alight, and the stove and the walls were made red-hot — impossible to come within five versts of it.

"My Father!" says the Prince; "let an old fellow of ours have a scrub first, just to try the bath-room."

"Let him do so!"

Moroz Treskun went into the bath-room, blew into one

corner, blew into another — in a moment icicles were hanging there. After him the young couple also went into the bath-room, were lathered and scrubbed, and then went home.

After a time Vasilissa said to the Prince: "Let us get out of my father's power. He's tremendously angry with you; perhaps he'll be doing you some hurt."

"Let us go," said the Prince.

Straightway they saddled their horses and galloped off into the open plain. They rode and rode; many an hour went by.

"Jump down from your horse, Prince, and lay your ear close to the earth," said Vasilissa. "Cannot you hear a sound as of pursuers?"

The Prince bent his ear to the ground, but he could hear nothing. Then Vasilissa herself lighted down from her good steed, laid herself flat on the earth, and said, "Ah, Prince! I hear a great noise as of chasing after us." Then she turned the horses into a well, and herself into a bowl, and the Prince into an old, very old man. Up came the pursuers.

"Heigh, old man!" said they, "haven't you seen a youth and a maiden pass by?"

"I saw them, my friends! only it was a long while ago. I was a youngster when they rode by."

The pursuers returned to the Water King.

"There is no trace of them," they said, "no news: all we saw was an old man beside a well, and a bowl floating on the water."

"Why did not ye seize them?" cried the Water King, who thereupon put the pursuers to a cruel death, and sent another troop after the Prince and Vasilissa the Wise.

The fugitives in the meantime had ridden far, far away. Vasilissa the Wise heard the noise made by the fresh set of pursuers, so she turned the Prince into an old priest, and she herself became an ancient church. Scarcely did its walls hold together, covered all over with moss. Presently up came the pursuers.

"Heigh, old man! haven't you seen a youth and a maiden pass by?"

"I saw them, my own! only it was long, ever so long ago. I was a young man when they rode by; it was just as I was building this church."

So the second set of pursuers returned to the Water King, saying: —

"There is neither trace nor news of them, your Royal Majesty. All that we saw was an old priest and an ancient church."

"Why did not ye seize them?" cried the Water King louder than before, and having put the pursuers to a cruel death, he galloped off himself in pursuit of the Prince and Vasilissa the Wise. This time Vasilissa turned the horses into a river of honey with *kissel* banks, and changed the Prince into a drake and herself into a gray duck. The Water King flung himself on the *kissel* and honey-water, and ate and ate, and drank and drank, until he burst! And so he gave up the ghost.

The Prince and Vasilissa rode on, and at length they drew nigh to the home of the Prince's parents. Then said Vasilissa: —

"Go on in front, Prince, and report your arrival to your father and mother. But I will wait for you here by the wayside. Only remember these words of mine: kiss every one else, only don't kiss your sister; if you do, you will forget me."

The Prince reached home, began saluting every one, kissed his sister too — and no sooner had he kissed her than from that very moment he forgot all about his wife, just as if she had never entered into his mind.

Three days did Vasilissa the Wise await him. On the fourth day she clad herself like a beggar, went into the capital, and took up her quarters in an old woman's house. But the Prince was preparing to marry a rich Princess, and orders were given to proclaim throughout the kingdom that all Christian people were to come to congratulate the bride and bridegroom, each one bringing a wheaten pie as a present. Well, the old woman with whom Vasilissa lodged, prepared, like every one else, to sift flour and make a pie.

"Why are you making a pie, granny?" asked Vasilissa.

"Is it why? you evidently don't know, then. Our King is giving his son in marriage to a rich Princess: one must go to the palace to serve up the dinner to the young couple."

"Come now! I, too, will bake a pie and take it to the palace; maybe the King will make me some present."

"Bake away, in God's name!" said the old woman.

Vasilissa took flour, kneaded dough, and made a pie. And inside it she put some curds and a pair of live doves.

Well, the old woman and Vasilissa the Wise reached the palace just at dinner-time. There a feast was in progress, one fit for all the world to see. Vasilissa's pie was set on the table, but no sooner was it cut in two than out of it flew the two doves. The hen bird seized a piece of curd, and her mate said to her:—

"Give me some curds, too, Dovey!"

"No, I won't," replied the other dove: "else you'd forget me, as the Prince has forgotten his Vasilissa the Wise."

Then the Prince remembered about his wife. He jumped up from table, caught her by her white hands, and seated her close by his side. From that time forward they lived together in all happiness and prosperity.

SADI

Shaikh Muslih al Din Sadi, an Oriental poet. Born at Shiraz, Persia, about A.D. 1184; he lived to a great age. Educated at Bagdad, he became a dervish, and made fifteen pilgrimages to Mecca. He was a scholarly man, versed not only in Sanskrit and other languages of Asia, but in Latin as well. As a soldier, defending the Holy Land, he was made a prisoner by Christian crusaders. Ransomed by a merchant, Sadi married his benefactor's daughter, and made his home at Aleppo. The marriage proving uncongenial, he retired to a hermitage at Shiraz.

Author of the "Bustan" or "Fruit-Garden," the "Pend Nameh" or "Book of Counsels," and numerous odes and elegies. Among the Persians, his "Gulistan" or "Rose-Garden," is still the most popular of books.

(From "The Gulistan")

Having become weary of the society of my friends at Damascus, I set out for the wilderness of Jerusalem, and associated with the brutes, until I was made prisoner by the Franks, who set me to work along with Jews at digging in the fosse of Tripolis, till one of the principal men of Aleppo, between whom and myself a former intimacy had subsisted, passed that way and recognized me, and said: "What state is this? And how are you living?" I replied,

Stanza

"From men to mountain and to wild I fled,
Myself to heavenly converse to betake.
Conjecture now my state, that in a shed
Of savages I must my dwelling make."

Couplet

Better to live in chains with those we love
Than with the strange 'mid flow'rets gay to move.

He took compassion on my state, and with ten dinars redeemed me from the bondage of the Franks, and took me along with him to Aleppo. He had a daughter, whom he united to me in the marriage-knot, with a portion of a hundred dinars. As time went on, the girl turned out of a bad temper, quarrel-

some and unruly. She began to give a loose to her tongue, and to disturb my happiness, as they have said: —

DISTICHS

"In a good man's house an evil wife
Is his hell above in this present life.
From a vixen wife protect us well,
Save us, O God, from the pains of hell."

At length she gave vent to reproaches, and said, "Art thou not he whom my father purchased from the Franks' prison for ten dinars?" I replied, "Yes! He redeemed me with ten dinars, and sold me into thy hands for a hundred."

DISTICHS

I've heard that once a man of high degree
From a wolf's teeth and claws a lamb set free.
That night its throat he severed with a knife;
When thus complained the lamb's departing life:
"Thou from the wolf didst save me then, but now
Too plainly I perceive the wolf art thou."

. . . . . .

A person was performing gratis the office of summoner to prayer in the mosque of Sanjariyah, in a voice which disgusted those who heard him. The patron of the mosque was a prince who was just and amiable. He did not wish to pain the crier, and said, "Oh, sir! there are Muezzins attached to this mosque to whom the office has descended from of old, each of whom has an allowance of five dinars, and I will give thee ten to go to another place." This was agreed upon, and he departed. After some time he returned to the prince and said, "Oh, my lord! thou didst me injustice in sending me from this place for ten dinars. In the place whence I have come they offered me twenty dinars to go somewhere else, and I will not accept it." The prince laughed and said, "Take care not to accept it, for they will consent to give thee even fifty dinars."

COUPLET

No mattock can the clay remove from off the granite stone,
So well as thy discordant voice can make this spirit moan.

. . . . . .

A man with a harsh voice was reading the Koran in a loud tone. A sage passed by and asked, "What is thy monthly stipend?" He replied, "Nothing." "Wherefore, then," asked the sage, "dost thou give thyself this trouble?" He replied, "I read for the sake of God." "Then," said the sage, "for God's sake, read not!"

COUPLET

If in this fashion the Koran you read,
You'll mar the loveliness of Islam's creed.

. . . . . .

Once on a time, in traveling through Arabia Petræa, a company of devout youths shared my aspirations and my journey. They used often to chant and repeat mystic verses; and there was a devotee *en route* with us, who thought unfavorably of the character of darweeshes, and was ignorant of their distress. When we arrived at the palm grove of the children of Hallada, a dark youth came out of one of the Arab families, and raised a voice which might have drawn down the birds from the air. I saw the camel of the devotee begin to caper, and it threw its rider, and ran off into the desert. I said, "O Sheikh! it has moved a brute: does it not create any emotion in thee?"

VERSE

Knowest thou what said the bird of morn, the nightingale, to me?
"What meanest thou that art unskilled in love's sweet mystery?
The camels, at the Arab's song, ecstatic are and gay;
Feel'st thou no pleasure, then thou art more brutish far than they!"

COUPLET

When e'en the camels join in mirth and glee,
If men feel naught, then must they asses be.

COUPLET

Before the blast the balsams bend in the Arab's garden lone;
Those tender shrubs their boughs incline; naught yields the hard, firm stone.

DISTICHS

All things thou seest still declare His praise;
The attentive heart can hear their secret lays.

Hymns to the rose the nightingale His name;
Each thorn's a tongue His marvels to proclaim.

. . . . . .

I asked an eminent personage the meaning of this traditionary saying, "The most malignant of thy enemies is the lust which abides within thee." He replied, "It is because every enemy on whom thou conferrest favors becomes a friend, save lust; whose hostility increases the more thou dost gratify it."

STANZA

By abstinence, a man might an angel be;
By surfeiting, his nature brutifies;
Whom thou obligest will succumb to thee —
Save lusts, which, sated, still rebellious rise.

. . . . . .

A poet went to the chief of a band of robbers and recited a panegyric upon him. He commanded them to strip off his clothes and turn him out of the village. The dogs, too, attacked him in the rear. He wanted to take up a stone, but the ground was frozen. Unable to do anything, he said, "What a villainous set are these, who have untied their dogs, and tied up the stones." The chieftain heard this from a window, and said with a laugh, "Philosopher! ask a boon of me." He replied, "If thou wilt condescend to make me a present, bestow on me my own coat."

COUPLET

From some a man might favors hope — from thee
We hope for nothing but immunity.

HEMISTICH

We feel thy kindness that thou let'st us go.

The robber chief had compassion on him. He gave him back his coat and bestowed on him a fur cloak in addition, and further presented him with some dirhams.

. . . . . .

THE GRASS AND THE ROSE

I saw some handfuls of the rose in bloom,
With bands of grass suspended from a dome.

I said, "What means this worthless grass, that it
Should in the roses' fairy circle sit?"
Then wept the grass and said, "Be still! and know
The kind their old associates ne'er forego.
Mine is no beauty, hue, or fragrance, true!
But in the garden of the Lord I grew."
His ancient servant I,
Reared by His bounty from the dust;
Whate'er my quality,
I'll in His favoring mercy trust.
No stock of worth is mine,
Nor fund of worship, yet He will
A means of help divine;
When aid is past, He'll save me still.
Those who have power to free,
Let their old slaves in freedom live,
Thou Glorious Majesty!
Me, too, Thy ancient slave, forgive.
Sadi! move thou to resignation's shrine,
O man of God! the path of God be thine.
Hapless is he who from this haven turns,
All doors shall spurn him who this portal spurns.

CHARLES AUGUSTIN SAINTE-BEUVE

Charles Augustin Sainte-Beuve. Born at Boulogne-sur-Mer, December 23, 1804; died in Paris, October 13, 1869. Author of a "Picture of French Poetry in the Sixteenth Century," "Poems," and two other volumes of verse, "Consolations" and "Meditations in August"; "History of Port-Royal," "Monday Talks" in fifteen volumes; "New Mondays" in thirteen volumes; "Literary Critiques" in five volumes; eight volumes of "Literary and Contemporary Portraits"; and an autobiography, "Recollections and Indiscretions," and four volumes of "Correspondence."

These fifty-five volumes were prepared not only with incredible painstaking, but with a rare critical genius that can never be lost to the world.

This author is without a rival among writers on French literature; of judgment so sound as to command general confidence, and to make his work of historical value. The English word "Truth" was engraved upon his seal.

(From "Portraits of Celebrated Women")

MADAME DE STAËL

After a revolution that has changed the aspect of society, when the final plunge has been fairly made, it is interesting to turn and look back, and see how on the heights around the horizon certain grand figures stand isolated and steadfast, like the statues of local divinities. This personification of the genius of a time by its illustrious individuals, though doubtless favored by remoteness, is no mere illusion of perspective. Distance throws into complete and bold relief these points of view, but does not create them. Each moment in the history of society has its natural and proper representatives; but with the lapse of time their number fast diminishes, details are simplified, and one commanding head remains alone. Corinne, viewed from our short distance, is clearest outlined upon Cape Miseno.

The French Revolution, which never wanted great men at any of its crises, had also its heroic and brilliant women, whose names are severally appropriate to its successive aspects. The old social *régime*, as it passed away, had its female captives, its virgin martyrs, crowned with undying glory in the dungeon and on the scaffold. The citizen class, as it arose, early produced its own heroines and its own victims. Later still, before the storm has wholly ceased, groups of women leap into distinction, who celebrate the epoch of a return to social life, luxury, and pleasure. The Empire, too, had its feminine notabilities, although their influence at that time was slight, while the Restoration shows us a few names of superior women, which represent the best aspect of its manners, and its nicely discriminated shades of opinion. But these successive reputations, illustrative of the different phases of the Revolution, meet, and are in some sort comprehended, in a single fame which reconciles and unites them all; sharing in their every element of brilliancy and self-devotion, polish and power, sentiment and virility, dignity, wit and inspiration, while rising superior to them all, and adding to this array of gifts the consummate genius which confers worth and immortality. Connected by paternal descent with the party of reform, Mme. de Staël is

saved from one-sidedness by having received her education and passed her first youth in the drawing-rooms of the old school. The personages among whom she grew up, and who smiled on her precocious efforts, all belong to the most intellectual circle of the latest years of the bygone time. Reading, in 1810, at the period of her severest persecutions, the correspondence of Mme. du Deffand and Horace Walpole, she found herself strangely affected by the memory of that great world, every family and most of the individuals of which she had known so well. If she made herself conspicuous on her first appearance by a slight excess of animation and sentiment, criticized by certain envious aristocrats, it was because she was destined, wherever she went, to carry the same impulsive, unstudied manner. Even while she remained in that tranquil circle, her life was one of its most decided ornaments; and she was to continue, under a less formal and grandiose aspect, that succession of *salons* which had rendered the old French society illustrious. There lingered then with Mme. de Staël just enough of the style and charm of former days; but she was not tenacious of this heritage, for, like most geniuses, and more eminently than any other, she was distinguished by the universality of her intelligence, her need of change and renewal, her vast capacity for love. The traditional and already classic triumphs of Mme. du Deffand and Mme. de Beauveau she had kept up in her own fashion, varying them by the originality of her genius; but none the less did she sympathize with the new-born energy, the plebeian genius, the manly strength, of republican souls. The heroic careers of Mme. Roland and Charlotte Corday found in her heart a ready and warm response, which involved no failure in the delicate tenderness of her other noble friendships. True sister of André Chénier in her instinct of self-sacrifice, she uttered an eloquent cry for the queen, as he for Louis XVI, and would have defended her at the bar, if so she could have saved her. But she soon yielded; and in her book on the Influence of Passions, she speaks, with all the sadness of a righteous stoicism, of these times of oppression, when one can only die. During the period of the Directory, her writings and conversation assume a severer tone, though never to the exclusion of the qualities above mentioned. She upholds the

cause of philosophy, or perfectibility, of a moderate and free republic, just as the widow of Condorcet might have done. It was then, or shortly after, in the preface to Literature considered with Reference to Social Institutions, that she gave utterance to this masculine thought: "A few of Plutarch's lives, one of Brutus's letters to Cicero, passages from Addison's Cato, — such things revive a spirit depressed by contemporary events." Nor is she at this very moment in any degree unable to welcome and enjoy the amenities of the old school, as they reappear under the conditions of exile. All the while she appreciates and enjoys in her heart her own fame, as the most popular, the most gifted, and the purest woman of her day. She surrounds herself with this as with a garland, while the letters of Brutus remain open before her, and M. de Montmorency smiles upon her with pity. Thus the intellectual stimulus of the *salons* of the eighteenth century, the vigor of new hopes and mighty enterprises, the sadness of a stoical patriotism, the memory of graceful courtesies, and the impulse to modern elegance, wrought simultaneously or successively upon a soul as many-sided as it was truly complete. And subsequently, on her return to France after the overthrow of the Empire, during the too brief remnant of her life, she was one who seized with the same aptitude on the idea of needful concessions; and her more and more frequent associations in her last days with persons like Mme. de Duras imparted the final tint to an existence which took color from every social phase through which it passed, from the semiphilosophic and revolutionary *salon* of her mother, down to the liberal royalism of the Restoration. From this point of view, the existence of Mme. de Staël, in its entirety, seems a mighty empire, which, like that other conqueror, her contemporary and her oppressor, she strove unceasingly to extend and complete. But hers is no material struggle. Her tireless activity does not covet and annex province after province, and realm after realm. It is the domain of her mind that she is ever extending; it is the multiplicity of lofty ideas, profound sentiments, and enviable relations, which she endeavors to organize within and around her. Yes; throughout the whole of her potent life, by virtue of her ready sympathy and her impetuous curiosity, she aspired to hold a

vast court, to sway a growing empire of intellect and affection, where nothing graceful or valuable should be overlooked; where all the grades of talent, birth, patriotism, beauty, should receive due homage beneath her eye; where, like an empress of thought, she could inclose every appanage within her free domains. When Bonaparte struck her down, he aimed confusedly at that rivalship which she affected without acknowledging to herself that she did so.

The predominant characteristic of Mme. de Staël, the main unity of all the contrasts of her character, the swift, keen spirit which circulated through every member of that vast assemblage, and vivified the whole, was, beyond a doubt, a genius for conversation, for sudden improvisation, springing all divine, from the unfailing fountain of her soul. This, properly speaking, constituted her *life* — a magical word, which she employs very frequently, and which he who would speak of her must use with equal freedom. Her contemporaries are unanimous upon this point. It is with her as with the great American orator. You pay the tribute of your admiration or your emotion to the powerful or glowing page; but the question always recurs, "What would this have been if I had heard it?" Foes and critics, who are ever eager to offset one superior quality against another in the case of any great individual whom they find too perfect, who oppose the talent claimed by a certificate of the talent already proved, pay to Mme. de Staël in this respect a tribute, which, though selfish and slightly perfidious, is fully equal to that of her admirers. Fontanes, in 1800, closed his famous articles in the *Mercure* with these words: "When she writes, she fancies that she is still conversing. Those who hear applaud her constantly. I was not listening to her when I criticized." In fact, the writings of Mme. de Staël long continued to show traces of her conversational habits. There are marks of negligence, roughnesses of language, a certain hastiness allowable in conversation, but conspicuous in composition, which remind us that she has changed her form of expression for one which demands increased care. But, however marked the superiority and even the preëminence of Mme. de Staël's conversational over her written style, or, at least, over that of her earlier works, her case is not that of the great extempo-

raneous orators, the Mirabeaus and Diderots, who, somewhat like Talma, attained to regal honors, and have left behind them mighty names, but whose literary remains are entirely inadequate to the reputation they achieved and the effects they produced. She has left a sufficient number of enduring works to witness of her worthily; nor will she need, in the presence of posterity, any apology of strangers or *cortége* of contemporary reminiscences. Possibly, as M. de Chateaubriand remarked when he passed judgment on Mme. de Staël just before her death, it would have been necessary, in order to render her writings perfect, to deprive her of a single talent — that of conversation. Still, her actual rank as a writer is sufficiently distinguished. "For all her faults of manner," says M. de Chateaubriand in the same place, "she adds one more to the names that will not die." Her works, in short, through the very imperfection of many of their details, their rapid succession of thoughts, and the sweep of their movement, become in many cases all the better transcript of her subtle thought, her panting and agitated soul; while, as a poem and a work of art, the romance of "Corinne" alone would constitute an immortal monument. Artist of a high order by virtue of "Corinne," Mme. de Staël remains eminent also in other departments — as a politician, a moralist, a critic, and an author of memoirs. It is her life in its unity and variety, the fragrance of her soul arising through her works, yet circling round and pervading all the circumstances of their composition, which we would fain attempt to evoke, and occasionally to condense, in the hope of transmitting to other minds the sensible impression which we have received therefrom. We know how delicate a matter it is to make a partially conjectural and already idealized impression agree with that produced by a still recent reality; how many objections immediate contemporaries always have to urge against the conceptions we desire to form of the person whom they knew; we know how inevitably it happened in a multifarious and stormy life, that the details mar the effect of that general design which distance enables us to restore: but, in the first place, this is not so much a biography as a sketch — a reflection of moral portraiture upon literary criticism; and, moreover, in tracing the leading features of this great mind, we have endeavored

to take into account many more minute circumstances and recollections than we could conveniently rehearse at length.

SAPPHO

SAPPHO, who was born in the island of Lesbos, Greece, about 612 B.C., is always spoken of as a supreme artist and one of the most eminent poets of antiquity. With brief fragments of other poems, we have in complete form her "Ode to a Beautiful Girl," and a "Hymn to Aphrodite."

HYMN TO APHRODITE

O VENUS, Beauty of the Skies,
To whom a thousand Temples rise
Gayly false in Gentle Smiles,
Full of Love's perplexing wiles;
O Goddess! from my Heart remove
The wasting Cares and Pains of Love.

If ever thou hast kindly heard
A Song in soft Distress preferr'd,
Propitious to my tuneful Vow,
O gentle Goddess! hear me now.
Descend, thou bright, immortal Guest,
In all thy radiant charms confest.

Thou once didst leave Almighty Jove,
And all the golden Roofs above:
The Carr thy wanton Sparrows drew;
Hov'ring in air they lightly flew,
As to my Bower they wing'd their Way:
I saw their quiv'ring Pinions play.

The Birds dismist (while you remain)
Bore back their empty Carr again:

Then you, with Looks divinely mild,
In ev'ry heav'nly Feature smiled;
And ask'd what new Complaints I made,
And why I call'd you to my Aid?

What Phrenzy in my Bosom rag'd,
And by what Cure to be assuag'd?
What gentle Youth I would allure,
Whom in my artful Toils secure?
Who does thy tender Heart subdue
Tell me, my Sappho, tell me Who?

Tho' now he shuns thy loving Arms,
He soon shall court thy slighted Charms;
Tho' now thy Off'rings he despise,
He soon to Thee shall sacrifice;
Tho' now he freeze, he soon shall burn,
And be thy Victim in his Turn.

Celestial Visitant, once more
Thy needful Presence I implore!
In Pity come and ease my Grief,
Bring my distemper'd Soul Relief;
Favor thy Suppliant's hidden Fires,
And give me all my Heart desires.

TO THE BELOVED

Blest as th' immortal Gods is he,
The Youth who fondly sits by thee,
And hears and sees thee all the while,
Softly speak, and sweetly smile.

'Twas this deprived my Soul of Rest,
And rais'd such Tumults in my Breast;
For while I gazed, in Transport tost,
My Breath was gone, my Voice was lost;

My Bosom glow'd; the subtle Flame
Ran quick thro' all my vital Frame;
O'er my dim Eyes a Darkness hung;
My Ears with hollow Murmurs rung.

In dewy Damps my limbs were chill'd,
My Blood with gentle Horrors thrill'd
My feeble Pulse forgot to play;
I fainted, sunk, and dy'd away.

FRIEDRICH VON SCHILLER

JOHANN CHRISTOPH FRIEDRICH VON SCHILLER. Born in Marbach on the Neckar, November 10, 1759; died at Weimar, May 9, 1805. Author of "The Robbers," "Love and Intrigue," "Don Carlos," "History of the Revolt of the Netherlands from Spanish Rule," "The Ghost Seer," "History of the Thirty Years' War," the trilogy of "Wallenstein," "Votive Tablets," "Maria Stuart," "The Maid of Orleans," "The Bride of Messina," "William Tell."

Second only to Goethe, Schiller is one of the greatest of the German poets and dramatists. There are few cities in Germany which have not a statue in his honor. He is more beloved by the German people than any writer of the Fatherland.

(From the translation of "WILHELM TELL" in Bohn's Libraries)

A common near Altdorf. On an eminence in the background a Castle in progress of erection, and so far advanced that the outline of the whole may be distinguished. The back part is finished: men are working at the front. Scaffolding, on which the workmen are going up and down. A slater is seen upon the highest part of the roof. All is bustle and activity.

TASKMASTER, MASON, WORKMEN, *and* LABORERS

Task. (*with a stick, urging on the workmen*). Up, up! You've rested long enough. To work!

The stones here! Now the mortar, and the lime!
And let his lordship see the work advanced,
When next he comes. These fellows crawl like snails!
[*To two laborers, with loads.*
What! call ye that a load? Go, double it.
Is this the way ye earn your wages, laggards?
1st W. 'Tis very hard that we must bear the stones,
To make a keep and dungeon for ourselves!
Task. What's that you mutter? 'Tis a worthless race,
For nothing fit but just to milk their cows,
And saunter idly up and down the hills.
Old Man (*sinks down exhausted*). I can no more.
Task. (*shaking him*). Up, up, old man, to work!
1st W. Have you no bowels of compassion, thus
To press so hard upon a poor old man,
That scarce can drag his feeble limbs along?
Master Mason and Workmen. Shame, shame upon you — shame! It cries to heaven.
Task. Mind your own business. I but do my duty.
1st W. Pray, master, what's to be the name of this
Same castle, when 'tis built?
Task. The Keep of Uri;
For by it we shall keep you in subjection.
Work. The Keep of Uri?
Task. Well, why laugh at that?
2d W. Keep Uri, will you, with this paltry place!
1st W. How many mole-hills such as that must first
Be piled up each on each, ere you make
A mountain equal to the least in Uri?
[TASKMASTER *retires up the stage.*
Mas. M. I'll drown the mallet in the deepest lake,
That served my hand on this accursed pile.
[*Enter* TELL *and* STAUFFACHER.
Stauff. O, that I had not lived to see this sight!
Tell. Here 'tis not good to be. Let us proceed.
Stauff. Am I in Uri — Uri, freedom's home?
Mas. M. O sir, if you could only see the vaults
Beneath these towers. The man that tenants them
Will ne'er hear cock crow more.

Stauff. O God! O God!

Mason. Look at these ramparts and these buttresses,
That seem as they were built to last forever.

Tell. What hands have built, my friend, hands can destroy.
[*Pointing to the mountains.*
That home of freedom God hath built for us.

[*A drum is heard. People enter bearing a cap upon a pole, followed by a crier. Women and children thronging tumultuously after them.*

1*st W.* What means the drum? Give heed!

Mason. Why, here's a mumming!
And look, the cap — what can they mean by that?

Crier. In the Emperor's name, give ear!

Work. Hush! silence! hush!

Crier. Ye men of Uri, ye do see this cap!
It will be set upon a lofty pole
In Altdorf, in the market-place: and this
Is the Lord Governor's good-will and pleasure;
The cap shall have like honor as himself,
All do it reverence with bended knee,
And head uncovered; thus the king will know
Who are his true and loyal subjects here;
His life and goods are forfeit to the crown
That shall refuse obedience to the order.

[*The people burst out into laughter. The drum beats and the procession passes on.*

1*st W.* A strange device to fall upon indeed:
Do reverence to a cap! A pretty farce!
Heard ever mortal anything like this?

Mas. M. Down to a cap on bended knee, forsooth!
Rare jesting this with men of sober sense!

1*st W.* Nay, an it were the imperial crown! A cap!
Merely the cap of Austria! I've seen it
Hanging above the throne in Gessler's hall.

Mason. The cap of Austria? Mark that! A snare
To get us into Austria's power, by Heaven!

Work. No freeborn man will stoop to such disgrace.

Mas. M. Come — to our comrades, and advise with them!
[*They retire up.*

Tell (*to* STAUFFACHER). You see how matters stand. Farewell, my friend!

Stauff. Whither away? Oh, leave us not so soon.

Tell. They look for me at home. So fare ye well.

Stauff. My heart's so full, and has so much to tell you.

Tell. Words will not make a heart that's heavy light.

Stauff. Yet words may possibly conduct to deeds.

Tell. Endure in silence! We can do no more.

Stauff. But shall we bear what is not to be borne?

Tell. Impetuous rulers have the shortest reigns.
When the fierce Southwind rises from his chasms,
Men cover up their fires, the ships in haste
Make for the harbor, and the mighty spirit
Sweeps o'er the earth, and leaves no trace behind.
Let every man live quietly at home;
Peace to the peaceful rarely is denied.

Stauff. And is it thus you view our grievances?

Tell. The serpent stings not till it is provoked.
Let them alone; they'll weary of themselves,
When they shall see we are not to be roused.

Stauff. Much might be done — did we stand fast together.

Tell. When the ship founders, he will best escape,
Who seeks no other's safety but his own.

Stauff. And you desert the common cause so coldly?

Tell. A man can safely count but on himself!

Stauff. Nay, even the weak grow strong by union.

Tell. But the strong man is strongest when alone.

Stauff. So, then, your country cannot count on you,
If in despair she rise against her foes.

Tell. Tell rescues the lost sheep from yawning gulfs:
Is he a man, then, to desert his friends?
Yet, whatsoe'er you do, spare me from council!
I was not born to ponder and select;
But when your course of action is resolved,
Then call on Tell: you shall not find him fail.

[*Exeunt severally. A sudden tumult is heard around the scaffolding.*

Mason. (*running in*). What's wrong?

1*st W.* (*running forward*). The slater's fallen from the roof.

Bertha (*rushing in*). Heavens! Is he dashed to pieces? Save him, help!
If help be possible, save him! Here is gold.
[*Throws her trinkets among the people.*
Mason. Hence with your gold, — your universal charm,
And remedy for ill! When you have torn
Fathers from children, husbands from their wives,
And scattered woe and wail throughout the land,
You think with gold to compensate for all.
Hence! Till we saw you, we were happy men;
With you came misery and dark despair.
Bertha (*to the* TASKMASTER, *who has returned*). Lives he?
[TASKMASTER *shakes his head.*
Ill-omened towers, with curses built,
And doomed with curses to be tenanted! [*Exit.*

Court before TELL'S *house.* TELL *with an ax.* HEDWIG *engaged in her domestic duties.* WALTER *and* WILHELM *in the background, playing with a little crossbow.*

(WALTER *sings.*)

With his crossbow, and his quiver,
The huntsman speeds his way,
Over mountain, dale, and river,
At the dawning of the day.
As the eagle, on wild pinion,
Is the king in realms of air,
So the hunter claims dominion
Over crag and forest lair.
Far as ever bow can carry,
Thro' the trackless airy space,
All he sees he makes his quarry,
Soaring bird and beast of chase.

Wilh. (*runs forward*). My string has snapt! Oh, father, mend it, do! [*Boys retire.*
Tell. Not I; a true-born archer helps himself.
Hedw. The boys begin to use the bow betimes.
Tell. 'Tis early practice only makes the master.

Hedw. Ah! Would to heaven they never learnt the art!
Tell. But they shall learn it, wife, in all its points.
Whoe'er would carve an independent way
Through life, must learn to ward or plant a blow.
Hedw. Alas, alas! and they will never rest
Contentedly at home.
Tell. No more can I!
I was not framed by nature for a shepherd.
My restless spirit ever yearns for change;
I only feel the flush and joy of life,
If I can start fresh quarry every day.
Hedw. Heedless the while of all your wife's alarms,
As she sits watching through long hours at home.
For my soul sinks with terror at the tales
The servants tell about the risks you run.
Whene'er we part, my trembling heart forebodes,
That you will ne'er come back to me again.
I see you on the frozen mountain steeps,
Missing, perchance, your leap from crag to crag.
I see the chamois, with a wild rebound,
Drag you down with him o'er the precipice.
I see the avalanche close o'er your head, —
The treacherous ice give way, and you sink down
Entombed alive within its hideous gulf.
Ah! in a hundred varying forms does death
Pursue the Alpine huntsman on his course.
That way of life can surely ne'er be blessed,
Where life and limb are peril'd every hour.
Tell. The man that bears a quick and steady eye,
And trusts in God, and his own lusty thews,
Passes, with scarce a scar, through every danger.
The mountain cannot awe the mountain child.
[*Having finished his work he lays aside his tools.*
And now, methinks, the door will hold awhile, —
Ax in the house oft saves the carpenter. [*Takes his cap.*
Hedw. Whither away?
Tell. To Altdorf, to your father.
Hedw. You have some dangerous enterprise in view?
Confess!

Tell. Why think you so?
Hedw. Some scheme's on foot
Against the governors. There was a Diet
Held on the Rootli — that I know — and you
Are one of the confederacy, I'm sure.
Tell. I was not there. Yet will I not hold back,
Whene'er my country calls me to her aid.
Hedw. Wherever danger is, will you be placed.
On you, as ever, will the burden fall.
Tell. Each man shall have the post that fits his powers.
Hedw. You took — aye, 'mid the thickest of the storm —
The man of Unterwald across the lake.
'Tis marvel you escaped. Had you no thought
Of wife and children, then?
Tell. Dear wife, I had;
And therefore saved the father for his children.
Hedw. To brave the lake in all its wrath! 'Twas not
To put your trust in God! 'Twas tempting Him.
Tell. Little will he that's overcautious do.
Hedw. Yes, you've a kind and helping hand for all;
But be in straits, and who will lend you aid?
Tell. God grant I ne'er may stand in need of it!
[*Takes up his crossbow and arrows.*
Hedw. Why take your crossbow with you? leave it here.
Tell. I want my right hand, when I want my bow.
[*The boys return.*
Walt. Where, father, are you going?
Tell. To grand-dad, boy —
To Altdorf. Will you go?
Walt. Aye, that I will!
Hedw. The Viceroy's there just now. Go not to Altdorf!
Tell. He leaves to-day.
Hedw. Then let him first be gone,
Cross not his path. — You know he bears us grudge.
Tell. His ill-will cannot greatly injure me.
I do what's right, and care for no man's hate.
Hedw. 'Tis those who do what's right, whom most he hates.
Tell. Because he cannot reach them. Me, I ween,
His knightship will be glad to leave in peace.

Hedw. Aye! — Are you sure of that?
Tell. Not long ago,
As I was hunting through the wild ravines
Of Shechenthal, untrod by mortal foot, —
There, as I took my solitary way
Along a shelving ledge of rocks, where 'twas
Impossible to step on either side;
For high above rose, like a giant wall,
The precipice's side, and far below
The Shechen thunder'd o'er its rifted bed;
[*The boys press towards him, looking upon him with excited curiosity*].
There, face to face, I met the Viceroy. He
Alone with me — and I myself alone —
Mere man to man, and near us the abyss,
And when his lordship had perused my face,
And knew the man he had severely fined
On some most trivial ground, not long before,
And saw me, with my sturdy bow in hand,
Come striding towards him, his cheek grew pale,
His knees refused their office, and I thought
He would have sunk against the mountain side.
Then, touch'd with pity for him, I advanced,
Respectfully, and said, "'Tis I, my lord."
But ne'er a sound could he compel his lips
To frame in answer. Only with his hand
He beckoned me in silence to proceed.
So I pass'd on, and sent his train to seek him.
Hedw. He trembled, then, before you? Woe the while
You saw his weakness; that he'll ne'er forgive.
Tell. I shun him, therefore, and he'll not seek me.
Hedw. But stay away to-day. Go hunt instead!
Tell. What do you fear?
Hedw. I am uneasy. Stay!
Tell. Why thus distress yourself without a cause?
Hedw. Because there is no cause. Tell, Tell! stay here!
Tell. Dear wife, I gave my promise I would go.
Hedw. Must you, — then go. But leave the boys with me.
Walt. No, mother dear, I go with father, I.

Hedw. How, Walter! will you leave your mother then?
Walt. I'll bring you pretty things from grandpapa.
[*Exit with his father.*
Wilh. Mother, I'll stay with you!
Hedw. (*embracing him*). Yes, yes! thou art
My own dear child. Thou'rt all that's left to me.
[*She goes to the gate of the court and looks anxiously after* TELL *and her son for a considerable time.*

A meadow near Altdorf. Trees in the foreground. At the back of the stage a cap upon a pole. The prospect is bounded by the Bannberg, which is surmounted by a snow-capped mountain.

FRIESSHARDT *and* LEUTHOLD *on guard.*

Friess. We keep our watch in vain. Zounds! not a soul
Will pass, and do obeisance to the cap.
But yesterday the place swarm'd like a fair;
Now the old green looks like a desert, quite,
Since yonder scarecrow hung upon the pole.
Leuth. Only the vilest rabble show themselves,
And wave their tattered caps in mockery at us.
All honest citizens would sooner make
A weary circuit over half the town,
Than bend their backs before our master's cap.
Friess. They were obliged to pass this way at noon,
As they were coming from the Council House.
I counted then upon a famous catch,
For no one thought of bowing to the cap,
But Rösselmann, the priest, was even with me:
Coming just then from some sick man, he takes
His stand before the pole, — lifts up the Host;
The Sacrist, too, must tinkle with his bell, —
When down they dropp'd on knee — myself and all —
In reverence to the Host, but not the cap.
Leuth. Hark ye, companion, I've a shrewd suspicion,
Our post's no better than the pillory.
It is a burning shame, a trooper should

Stand sentinel before an empty cap,
And every honest fellow must despise us.
To do obeisance to a cap, too! Faith,
I never heard an order so absurd!

Friess. Why not, an't please you, to an empty cap?
You've duck'd, I'm sure, to many an empty sconce.

[HILDEGARD, MECHTHILD, *and* ELSBETH *enter with their children, and station themselves around the pole.*

Leuth. And you are a time-serving sneak, that takes
Delight in bringing honest folks to harm.
For my part, he that likes may pass the cap: —
I'll shut my eyes and take no note of him.

Mech. There hangs the Viceroy! Your obeisance, children!

Els. I would to God he'd go, and leave his cap!
The country would be none the worse for it.

Friess. (*driving them away*). Out of the way! Confounded pack of gossips!
Who sent for you? Go, send your husband here,
If they have courage to defy the order.

[TELL *enters with his crossbow, leading his son* WALTER *by the hand. They pass the hat without noticing it, and advance to the front of the stage.*

Walt. (*pointing to the Bannberg*). Father, is't true, that on the mountain there
The trees, if wounded with a hatchet, bleed?

Tell. Who says so, boy?

Walt. The master herdsman, father!
He tells us there's a charm upon the trees,
And if a man shall injure them, the hand
That struck the blow will grow from out the grave.

Tell. There is a charm about them — that's the truth.
Dost see those glaciers yonder — those white horns —
That seem to melt away into the sky?

Walt. They are the peaks that thunder so at night,
And send the avalanches down upon us.

Tell. They are; and Altdorf long ago had been
Submerged beneath these avalanches' weight,
Did not the forest there above the town
Stand like a bulwark to arrest their fall.

Walt. (*after musing a little*). And are there countries with no mountains, father?

Tell. Yes, if we travel downwards from our heights,
And keep descending where the rivers go,
We reach a wide and level country, where
Our mountain torrents brawl and foam no more,
And fair large rivers glide serenely on.
All quarters of the heaven may there be scann'd
Without impediment. The corn grows there
In broad and lovely fields, and all the land
Is like a garden fair to look upon.

Walt. But, father, tell me, wherefore haste we not
Away to this delightful land, instead
Of toiling here, and struggling as we do?

Tell. The land is fair and bountiful as Heaven;
But they who till it never may enjoy
The fruits of what they sow.

Walt. Live they not free,
As you do, on the land their fathers left them?

Tell. The fields are all the bishop's or the king's.

Walt. But they may freely hunt among the woods?

Tell. The game is all the monarch's — bird and beast.

Walt. But they, at least, may surely fish the streams?

Tell. Stream, lake, and sea, all to the king belong.

Walt. Who is this king, of whom they're so afraid?

Tell. He is the man who fosters and protects them.

Walt. Have they not courage to protect themselves?

Tell. The neighbor there dare not his neighbor trust.

Walt. I should want breathing room in such a land.
I'd rather dwell beneath the avalanches.

Tell. 'Tis better, child, to have these glacier peaks
Behind one's back, than evil-minded men!

[*They are about to pass on.*

Walt. See, father, see the cap on yonder pole!

Tell. What is the cap to us? Come, let's begone.

[*As he is going,* FRIESSHARDT, *presenting his pike, stops him.*

Friess. Stand, I command you, in the Emperor's name!

Tell. (*seizing the pike*). What would ye? Wherefore do ye stop me thus?

Friess. You've broke the mandate, and with us must go.
Leuth. You have not done obeisance to the cap.
Tell. Friend, let me go.
Friess. Away, away to prison.
Walt. Father to prison. Help! [*Calling to the side scene.* This way, you men!
Good people, help! They're dragging him to prison!
[RÖSSELMANN *the Priest, and the* SACRISTAN, *with three other men, enter.*
Sacris. What's here amiss?
Rössel. Why do you seize this man?
Friess. He is an enemy of the King — a traitor.
Tell. (*seizing him with violence*). A traitor, I!
Rössel. Friend, thou art wrong. 'Tis Tell,
An honest man, and worthy citizen.
Walt. (*descries* FÜRST *and runs up to him*). Grandfather, help, they want to seize my father!
Friess. Away to prison!
Fürst (*running in*). Stay, I offer bail.
For God's sake, Tell, what is the matter here?
[MELCHTHAL *and* STAUFFACHER *enter.*
Leuth. He has contemn'd the Viceroy's sovereign power,
Refusing flatly to acknowledge it.
Stauff. Has Tell done this?
Melch. Villain, you know 'tis false!
Leuth. He has not made obeisance to the cap.
Fürst. And shall for this to prison? Come, my friend,
Take my security, and let him go.
Friess. Keep your security for yourself — you'll need it.
We only do our duty. Hence with him.
Melch. (*to the country people*). This is too bad — shall we stand by and see
Him dragged away before our very eyes?
Sacris. We are the strongest. Friends, endure it not,
Our countrymen will back us to a man.
Friess. Who dares resist the governor's commands?
Other Three Peasants (*running in*). We'll help you. What's the matter? Down with them!
[HILDEGARD, MECHTHILD, *and* ELSBETH *return.*

Tell. Go, go, good people, I can help myself.
Think you, had I a mind to use my strength,
These pikes of theirs should daunt me?
Melch. (*to* FRIESSHARDT). Only try —
Try from our midst to force him, if you dare.
Fürst and Stauff. Peace, peace, friends!
Friess. (*loudly*). Riot! Insurrection, ho!
[*Hunting-horns without.*
Women. The Governor!
Friess. (*raising his voice*). Rebellion! Mutiny!
Stauff. Roar till you burst, knave!
Rössel. and Melch. Will you hold your tongue?
Friess. (*calling still louder*). Help, help, I say, the servants of the law!
Fürst. The Viceroy here! Then we shall smart for this!
[*Enter* GESSLER *on horseback, with a falcon on his wrist:* RUDOLPH DER HARRAS, BERTHA, *and* RUDENZ, *and a numerous train of armed attendants, who form a circle of lances round the whole stage.*
Har. Room for the Viceroy!
Gessl. Drive the clowns apart.
Why throng the people thus? Who calls for help?
[*General silence.*
Who was it? I *will* know. [FRIESSHARDT *steps forward.*
And who art thou?
And why hast thou this man in custody?
[*Gives his falcon to an attendant.*
Friess. Dread sir, I am a soldier of your guard,
And station'd sentinel beside the cap.
This man I apprehended in the act
Of passing it without obeisance due,
So, as you ordered, I arrested him,
Whereon to rescue him the people tried.
Gessl. (*after a pause*). And do you, Tell, so lightly hold your king,
And me, who act as his vice-regent here,
That you refuse obeisance to the cap,
I hung aloft to test your loyalty?
I read in this a disaffected spirit.

Tell. Pardon me, good my lord! The action sprung
From inadvertence, — not from disrespect.
Were I discreet, I were not William Tell.
Forgive me now — I'll not offend again.
Gessl. (*after a pause*). I hear, Tell, you're a master with the bow, —
From every rival bear the palm away.
Walt. That's very truth, sir! At a hundred yards
He'll shoot an apple for you off the tree.
Gessl. Is that boy thine, Tell?
Tell. Yes, my gracious lord!
Gessl. Hast any more of them?
Tell. Two boys, my lord.
Gessl. And, of the two, which dost thou love the most?
Tell. Sir, both the boys are dear to me alike.
Gessl. Then, Tell, since at a hundred yards thou canst
Bring down the apple from the tree, thou shalt
Approve thy skill before me. Take thy bow —
Thou hast it there at hand — make ready, then,
To shoot an apple from the stripling's head!
But take this counsel, — look well to thine aim,
See, that thou hit'st the apple at the first,
For, shouldst thou miss, thy head shall pay the forfeit.
[*All give signs of horror.*
Tell. What monstrous thing, my lord, is this you ask?
What! from the head of mine own child! — No, no!
It cannot be, kind sir, you meant not that —
God, in His grace, forbid! You could not ask
A father seriously to do that thing!
Gessl. Thou art to shoot an apple from his head!
I do desire — command it so.
Tell. What, I!
Level my crossbow at the darling head
Of mine own child? No — rather let me die!
Gessl. Or thou must shoot, or with thee dies the boy.
Tell. Shall I become the murderer of my child!
You have no children, sir — you do not know
The tender throbbings of a father's heart.
Gessl. How now, Tell, on a sudden so discreet?

I had been told thou wert a visionary, —
A wanderer from the paths of common men.
Thou lov'st the marvelous. So have I now
Cull'd out for thee a task of special daring.
Another man might pause and hesitate; —
Thou dashest at it, heart and soul, at once.
Bertha. Oh, do not jest, my lord, with these poor souls!
See, how they tremble, and how pale they look,
So little used are they to hear thee jest.
Gessl. Who tells thee that I jest?
[*Grasping a branch above his head.*
Here is the apple.
Room there, I say! And let him take his distance —
Just eighty paces, — as the custom is, —
Not an inch more or less! It was his boast,
That at a hundred he could hit his man.
Now, archer, to your task, and look you miss not!
Har. Heavens! this grows serious — down, boy, on your knees,
And beg the governor to spare your life.
Fürst (*aside to* MELCHTHAL, *who can scarcely restrain his indignation*). Command yourself, — be calm, I beg of you!
Bertha (*to the governor*). Let this suffice you, sir! It is inhuman
To trifle with a father's anguish thus.
Although this wretched man had forfeited
Both life and limb for such a slight offense,
Already has he suffer'd tenfold death.
Send him away uninjured to his home;
He'll know thee well in future; and this hour
He and his children's children will remember.
Gessl. Open a way there — quick! Why this delay?
Thy life is forfeited; I might despatch thee,
And see, I graciously repose thy fate
Upon the skill of thine own practised hand.
No cause has he to say his doom is harsh,
Who's made the master of his destiny.
Thou boastest thine unerring aim. 'Tis well!
Now is the fitting time to show thy skill;

The mark is worthy and the prize is great.
To hit the bull's-eye in the target; — that
Can many another do as well as thou;
But he, methinks, is master of his craft,
Who can at all times on his skill rely,
Nor lets his heart disturb or eye or hand.
Fürst. My lord, we bow to your authority;
But oh, let justice yield to mercy here.
Take half my property, nay, take it all,
But spare a father this unnatural doom!
Walt. Grandfather, do not kneel to that bad man!
Say, where am I to stand? I do not fear;
My father strikes the bird upon the wing,
And will not miss now when 'twould harm his boy!
Stauff. Does the child's innocence not touch your heart?
Rössel. Bethink you, sir, there is a God in heaven,
To whom you must account for all your deeds.
Gessl. (*pointing to the boy*). Bind him to yonder lime tree!
Walt. What! Bind me?
No, I will not be bound! I will be still,
Still as a lamb — nor even draw my breath!
But if you bind me, I cannot be still.
Then I shall writhe and struggle with my bonds.
Har. But let your eyes at least be bandaged, boy!
Walt. And why my eyes? No! Do you think I fear
An arrow from my father's hand? Not I!
I'll wait it firmly, nor so much as wink!
Quick, father, show them what thy bow can do.
He doubts thy skill — he thinks to ruin us.
Shoot then and hit, though but to spite the tyrant!
[*He goes to the lime tree, and an apple is placed on his head.*
Melch. (*to the country people*). What! Is this outrage to be perpetrated
Before our very eyes? Where is our oath?
Stauff. Resist we cannot! Weapons we have none,
And see the wood of lances round us! See!
Melch. Oh! would to heaven that we had struck at once!
God pardon those who counsel'd the delay!
Gessl. (*to* TELL). Now to your task! Men bear not arms for naught.

To carry deadly tools is dangerous,
And on the archer oft his shaft recoils.
This right, these haughty peasant churls assume,
Trenches upon their master's privileges:
None should be armed, but those who bear command.
It pleases you to carry bow and bolt; —
Well, — be it so. I will prescribe the mark.

Tell (bends the bow, and fixes the arrow). A lane there! Room!

Stauff. What, Tell? You would — no, no!
You shake — your hand's unsteady — your knees tremble.

Tell (letting the bow sink down). There's something swims before mine eyes!

Women. Great Heaven!

Tell. Release me from this shot! Here is my heart!

[*Tears open his breast.*

Summon your troopers — let them strike me down!

Gessl. 'Tis not thy life I want — I want the shot.
Thy talent's universal! Nothing daunts thee!
The rudder thou canst handle like the bow!
No storms affright thee, when a life's at stake.
Now, savior, help thyself, — thou savest all!

[TELL *stands fearfully agitated by contending emotions, his hands moving convulsively, and his eyes turning alternately to the governor and Heaven. Suddenly he takes a second arrow from his quiver, and sticks it in his belt. The governor notes all he does.*

Walt. (beneath the lime tree). Shoot, father, shoot! fear not!

Tell. It must be!

[*Collects himself and levels the bow.*

Rud. (who all the while has been standing in a state of violent excitement, and has with difficulty restrained himself, advances). My lord, you will not urge this matter further;
You will not. It was surely but a test.
You've gained your object. Rigor push'd too far
Is sure to miss its aim, however good,
As snaps the bow that's all too straitly bent.

Gessl. Peace, till your counsel's ask'd for!

Rud. I will speak!
Aye, and I dare! I reverence my king;

But acts like these must make his name abhorr'd.
He sanctions not this cruelty. I dare
Avouch the fact. And you outstep your powers
In handling thus my harmless countrymen.
Gessl. Ha! thou grow'st bold, methinks!
Rud. I have been dumb
To all the oppressions I was doomed to see.
I've closed mine eyes to shut them from my view,
Bade my rebellious, swelling heart be still,
And pent its struggles down within my breast.
But to be silent longer, were to be
A traitor to my king and country both.
Bertha (casting herself between him and the governor). Oh,
Heavens! you but exasperate his rage!
Rud. My people I forsook — renounced my kindred —
Broke all the ties of nature, that I might
Attach myself to you. I madly thought
That I should best advance the general weal
By adding sinews to the Emperor's power.
The scales have fallen from mine eyes — I see
The fearful precipice on which I stand.
You've led my youthful judgment far astray, —
Deceived my honest heart. With best intent,
I had well-nigh achiev'd my country's ruin.
Gessl. Audacious boy, this language to thy lord?
Rud. The Emperor is my lord, not you! I'm free
As you by birth, and I can cope with you
In every virtue that beseems a knight.
And if you stood not here in that King's name,
Which I respect e'en where 'tis most abused,
I'd throw my gauntlet down, and you should give
An answer to my gage in knightly sort.
Aye, beckon to your troopers! Here I stand;
But not like these [*Pointing to the people.*
— unarmed. I have a sword,
And he that stirs one step —
Stauff. (*exclaims*). The apple's down!
[*While the attention of the crowd has been directed to the spot where* BERTHA *had cast herself between* RUDENZ *and* GESSLER, TELL *has shot.*

Rössel. The boy's alive!
Many voices. The apple has been struck!
[WALTER FÜRST *staggers and is about to fall.* BERTHA *supports him.*
Gessl. (*astonished*). How? Has he shot? The madman!
Bertha. Worthy father!
Pray you, compose yourself. The boy's alive.
Walt. (*runs in with the apple*). Here is the apple, father!
Well I knew
You would not harm your boy.
[TELL *stands with his body bent forward, as if still following the arrow. His bow drops from his hand. When he sees the boy advancing, he hastens to meet him with open arms, and embracing him passionately sinks down with him quite exhausted. All crowd round them deeply affected.*
Bertha. Oh, ye kind Heavens!
Fürst (*to father and son*). My children, my dear children!
Stauff. God be praised!
Leuth. Almighty powers! That was a shot indeed!
It will be talked of to the end of time.
Har. This feat of Tell, the archer, will be told
Long as these mountains stand upon their base.
[*Hands the apple to* GESSLER.
Gessl. By Heaven! the apple's cleft right through the core.
It was a master shot, I must allow.
Rössel. The shot was good. But woe to him who drove
The man to tempt his God by such a feat!
Stauff. Cheer up, Tell, rise! You've nobly freed yourself,
And now may go in quiet to your home.
Rössel. Come, to the mother let us bear her son!
[*They are about to lead him off.*
Gessl. A word, Tell.
Tell. Sir, your pleasure?
Gessl. Thou didst place
A second arrow in thy belt — nay, nay!
I saw it well. Thy purpose with it? Speak!
Tell (*confused*). It is a custom with all archers, sir.
Gessl. No, Tell, I cannot let that answer pass.

There was some other motive, well I know.
Frankly and cheerfully confess the truth; —
Whate'er it be, I promise thee thy life.
Wherefore the second arrow?
Tell. Well, my lord,
Since you have promised not to take my life,
I will, without reserve, declare the truth.
[*He draws the arrow from his belt, and fixes his eyes sternly upon the governor.*
If that my hand had struck my darling child,
This second arrow I had aimed at you,
And, be assured, I should not then have miss'd.
Gessl. Well, Tell, I promised thou shouldst have thy life;
I gave my knightly word, and I will keep it.
Yet, as I know the malice of thy thoughts,
I'll have thee carried hence, and safely penn'd,
Where neither sun nor moon shall reach thine eyes.
Thus from thy arrows I shall be secure.
Seize on him, guards, and bind him! [*They bind him.*
Stauff. How, my lord —
How can you treat in such a way a man
On whom God's hand has plainly been reveal'd?
Gessl. Well, let us see if it will save him twice!
Remove him to my ship, I'll follow straight,
At Küssnacht I will see him safely lodged.
Rössel. You dare not do't. Nor durst the Emperor's self
So violate our dearest chartered rights.
Gessl. Where are they? Has the Emp'ror confirm'd them?
He never has. And only by obedience
May you that favor hope to win from him.
You are all rebels 'gainst the Emp'ror's power, —
And bear a desperate and rebellious spirit.
I know you all — I see you through and through.
Him do I single from amongst you now,
But in his guilt you all participate.
If you are wise, be silent and obey!
[*Exit, followed by* BERTHA, RUDENZ, HARRAS, *and attendants.* FRIESSHARDT *and* LEUTHOLD *remain.*
Fürst (*in violent anguish*). All's over now! He is resolved to bring

Destruction on myself and all my house.

Stauff. (*to* TELL). Oh, why did you provoke the tyrant's rage?

Tell. Let him be calm who feels the pangs I felt.

Stauff. Alas! alas! Our every hope is gone.
With you we all are fettered and enchain'd.

Country People (*surrounding* TELL). Our last remaining comfort goes with you!

Leuth (*approaching him*). I'm sorry for you, Tell, but must obey.

Tell. Farewell!

Walter Tell (*clinging to him in great agony*). Oh, father, father, father dear!

Tell (*pointing to Heaven*). Thy father is on high — appeal to Him!

Stauff. Have you no message, Tell, to send your wife?

Tell (*clasping the boy passionately to his breast*). The boy's uninjured; God will succor me!

[*Tears himself suddenly away, and follows the soldiers of the guard.*

Eastern shore of the Lake of Lucerne; rugged and singularly shaped rocks close the prospect to the west. The lake is agitated, violent roaring and rushing of wind, with thunder and lightning at intervals.

KUNZ OF GERSAU, FISHERMAN, *and* BOY

Kunz. I saw it with these eyes! Believe me, friend,
It happen'd all precisely as I've said.

Fisher. How! Tell a prisoner, and to Küssnacht borne?
The best man in the land, the bravest arm,
Had we for liberty to strike a blow!

Kunz. The Viceroy takes him up the lake in person:
They were about to go on board, as I
Started from Flüelen; but the gathering storm,
That drove me here to land so suddenly,
May well have hindered them from setting out.

Fisher. Our Tell in chains, and in the Viceroy's power!
O, trust me, Gessler will entomb him, where

He never more shall see the light of day;
For, Tell once free, the tyrant well might dread
The just revenge of one so deeply wrong'd.
Kunz. The old Landamman, too — von Attinghaus —
They say, is lying at the point of death.
Fisher. Then the last anchor of our hopes gives way!
He was the only man that dared to raise
His voice in favor of the people's rights.
Kunz. The storm grows worse and worse. So, fare ye well!
I'll go and seek out quarters in the village.
There's not a chance of getting off to-day. [*Exit.*
Fisher. Tell dragg'd to prison, and the Baron dead!
Now, tyranny, exalt thy brazen front, —
Throw every shame aside! Truth's voice is dumb!
The eye that watch'd for us, in darkness closed,
The arm that should have struck thee down, in chains!
Boy. 'Tis hailing hard — come, let us to the hut!
This is no weather to be out in, father!
Fisher. Rage on, ye winds! Ye lightnings, flash your fires!
Burst, ye swollen clouds! Ye cataracts of Heaven,
Descend, and drown the country! In the germ
Destroy the generations yet unborn!
Ye savage elements, be lords of all!
Return, ye bears: ye ancient wolves, return
To this wide howling waste! The land is yours.
Who would live here, when liberty is gone!
Boy. Hark! How the wind whistles, and the whirlpool roars,
I never saw a storm so fierce as this!
Fisher. To level at the head of his own child!
Never had father such command before.
And shall not nature, rising in wild wrath,
Revolt against the deed? I should not marvel,
Though to the lake these rocks should bow their heads,
Though yonder pinnacles, yon towers of ice,
That, since creation's dawn, have known no thaw,
Should, from their lofty summits, melt away, —
Though yonder mountains, yon primeval cliffs,
Should topple down, and a new deluge whelm
Beneath its waves all living men's abodes! [*Bells heard.*

Boy. Hark, they are ringing on the mountain, yonder!
They surely see some vessel in distress.
And toll the bell that we may pray for it. [*Ascends a rock.*

Fisher. Woe to the bark that now pursues its course,
Rock'd in the cradle of these storm-tost waves!
Nor helm nor steersman here can aught avail;
The storm is master. Man is like a ball,
Toss'd 'twixt the winds and billows. Far or near,
No haven offers him its friendly shelter!
Without one ledge to grasp, the sheer smooth rocks
Look down inhospitably on his despair,
And only tender him their flinty breasts.

Boy (*calling from above*). Father, a ship: from Flüelen bearing down.

Fisher. Heaven pity the poor wretches! When the storm
Is once entangled in this strait of ours,
It rages like some savage beast of prey,
Struggling against its cage's iron bars!
Howling, it seeks an outlet — all in vain;
For the rocks hedge it round on every side,
Walling the narrow gorge as high as Heaven.
[*He ascends a cliff.*

Boy. It is the governor of Uri's ship;
By its red poop I know it, and the flag.

Fisher. Judgments of Heaven! Yes, it is he himself,
It is the governor! Yonder he sails,
And with him bears the burden of his crimes.
The avenger's arm has not been slow to strike!
Now over him he knows a mightier lord.
These waves yield no obedience to his voice.
These rocks bow not their heads before his cap.
Boy, do not pray; stay not the Judge's arm!

Boy. I pray not for the Governor, I pray
For Tell, who's with him there on board the ship.

Fisher. Alas, ye blind, unreasoning elements!
Must ye, in punishing one guilty head,
Destroy the vessel and the pilot too?

Boy. See, see, they've clear'd the Buggisgrat;[1] but now

[1] Rocks on the shore of the Lake of Lucerne.

The blast, rebounding from the Devil's Minster,[1]
Has driven them back on the Great Axenberg.[1]
I cannot see them now.

Fisher. The Hakmesser[1]
Is there, that's founder'd many a gallant ship.
If they should fail to double that with skill,
Their bark will go to pieces on the rocks.
That hide their jagged peaks below the lake.
The best of pilots, boy, they have on board.
If man could save them, Tell is just the man,
But he is manacled both hand and foot.

[*Enter* WILLIAM TELL, *with his crossbow. He enters precipitately, looks wildly round, and testifies the most violent agitation. When he reaches the center of the stage, he throws himself upon his knees, and stretches out his hands, first towards the earth, then towards Heaven.*

Boy (*observing him*). See, father! A man on's knees, who can it be?

Fisher. He clutches at the earth with both his hands,
And looks as though he were beside himself.

Boy (*advancing*). What do I see? Come, father, come and look!

Fisher. (*approaches*). Who is it? God in Heaven! What! William Tell!
How came you hither? Speak, Tell!

Boy. Were you not
In yonder ship, a prisoner, and in chains?

Fisher. Were they not carrying you to Küssnacht, Tell?

Tell (*rising*). I am released.

Fisher. and Boy. Released, oh, miracle!

Boy. Whence came you here?

Tell. From yonder vessel!

Fisher. What?

Boy. Where is the Viceroy?

Tell. Drifting on the waves.

Fisher. Is't possible? But you! How are you here?
How 'scaped you from your fetters and the storm?

Tell. By God's most gracious providence. Attend.

[1] Rocks on the shore of the Lake of Lucerne.

Fisher. and Boy. Say on, say on!
Tell. You know what passed at Altdorf.
Fisher. I do — say on!
Tell. How I was seized and bound,
And order'd by the governor to Küssnacht.
Fisher. And how at Flüelen he embarked with you.
All this we know. Say, how have you escaped?
Tell. I lay on deck, fast bound with cords, disarm'd,
In utter hopelessness. I did not think
Again to see the gladsome light of day,
Nor the dear faces of my wife and boys,
And eyed disconsolate the waste of waters. —
Fisher. Oh, wretched man!
Tell. Then we put forth; the Viceroy,
Rudolph der Harras, and their suite. My bow
And quiver lay astern beside the helm;
And just as we had reached the corner, near
The little Axen, Heaven ordain'd it so,
That from the Gotthardt's gorge, a hurricane
Swept down upon us with such headlong force,
That every oarsman's heart within him sank,
And all on board look'd for a watery grave.
Then heard I one of the attendant train,
Turning to Gessler, in this wise accost him:
"You see our danger, and your own, my lord,
And that we hover on the verge of death.
The boatmen there are powerless from fear,
Nor are they confident what course to take; —
Now, here is Tell, a stout and fearless man,
And knows to steer with more than common skill,
How if we should avail ourselves of him
In this emergency?" The Viceroy then
Address'd me thus: "If thou wilt undertake
To bring us through this tempest safely, Tell,
I might consent to free thee from thy bonds."
I answer'd, "Yes, my lord; so help me God,
I'll see what can be done." On this they loosed
The cords that bound me, and I took my place
Beside the helm, and steered as best I could,

Yet ever eyed my shooting gear askance,
And kept a watchful eye upon the shore,
To find some point where I might leap to land:
And when I had descried a shelving crag,
That jutted, smooth atop, into the lake —
Fisher. I know it. At the foot of the Great Axen;
So steep it looks, I never could have dreamt
That from a boat a man could leap to it.
Tell. I bade the men to row with all their force
Until we came before the shelving ledge.
For there, I said, the danger will be past!
Stoutly they pull'd, and soon we near'd the point;
One prayer to God for His assisting grace,
And, straining every muscle, I brought round
The vessel's stern close to the rocky wall;
Then snatching up my weapons, with a bound
I swung myself upon the flattened shelf,
And with my feet thrust off, with all my might,
The puny bark into the watery hell.
There let it drift about, as Heaven ordains!
Thus am I here, deliver'd from the might
Of the dread storm, and man's more dreadful still.
Fisher. Tell, Tell, the Lord has manifestly wrought
A miracle in thy behalf! I scarce
Can credit my own eyes. But tell me, now,
Whither you purpose to betake yourself?
For you will be in peril, should perchance
The Viceroy 'scape this tempest with his life.
Tell. I heard him say, as I lay bound on board,
At Brunnen he proposed to disembark,
And, crossing Schwytz, convey me to his castle.
Fisher. Means he to go by land?
Tell. So he intends.
Fisher. Oh, then conceal yourself without delay!
Not twice will Heaven release you from his grasp.
Tell. Which is the nearest way to Arth and Küssnacht?
Fisher. The public road leads by the way of Steinen,
But there's a nearer road, and more retired,
That goes by Lowerz, which my boy can show you.

Tell (*gives him his hand*). May Heaven reward your kindness! Fare ye well. [*As he is going, he comes back.*
Did not you also take the oath at Rootli?
I heard your name, methinks.
Fisher. Yes, I was there,
And took the oath of the confederacy.
Tell. Then do me this one favor: speed to Bürglen —
My wife is anxious at my absence — tell her
That I am free, and in secure concealment.
Fisher. But whither shall I tell her you have fled?
Tell. You'll find her father with her, and some more,
Who took the oath with you upon the Rootli;
Bid them be resolute, and strong of heart, —
For Tell is free and master of his arm;
They shall hear further news of me ere long.
Fisher. What have you, then, in view? Come, tell me frankly!
Tell. When once 'tis *done*, 'twill be in every mouth. [*Exit.*
Fisher. Show him the way, boy. Heaven be his support!
Whate'er he has resolved, he'll execute. [*Exit.*

The pass near Küssnacht, sloping down from behind, with rocks on either side. The travelers are visible upon the heights, before they appear on the stage. Rocks all round the stage. Upon one of the foremost a projecting cliff overgrown with brush-wood.

Tell (*enters with his crossbow*). Through this ravine he needs must come. There is
No other way to Küssnacht. Here I'll do it!
The ground is everything I could desire.
Yon elder bush will hide me from his view,
And from that point my shaft is sure to hit.
The straitness of the gorge forbids pursuit.
Now, Gessler, balance thine account with Heaven!
Thou must away from earth, — thy sand is run.

Quiet and harmless was the life I led,
My bow was bent on forest game alone;

No thoughts of murder rested on my soul.
But thou hast scared me from my dream of peace;
The milk of human kindness thou hast turn'd
To rankling poison in my breast; and made
Appalling deeds familiar to my soul.
He who could make his own child's head his mark,
Can speed his arrow to his foeman's heart.

My boys, poor innocents, my loyal wife,
Must be protected, tyrant, from thy rage!
When last I drew my bow — with trembling hand —
And thou, with fiendishly remorseless glee
Forced me to level at my own boy's head,
When I, imploring pity, writhed before thee,
Then in the anguish of my soul, I vow'd
A fearful oath, which met God's ear alone,
That when my bow next wing'd an arrow's flight,
Its aim should be thy heart. The vow I made,
Amid the hellish torments of that moment,
I hold a sacred debt, and I will pay it.

Thou art my lord, my Emperor's delegate;
Yet would the Emperor not have stretch'd his power
So far as thou hast done. He sent thee here
To deal forth law — stern law — for he is wroth;
But not to wanton with unbridled will
In every cruelty, with fiend-like joy: —
There lives a God to punish and avenge.

Come forth, thou bringer once of bitter pangs,
My precious jewel now, — my chiefest treasure —
A mark I'll set thee, which the cry of grief
Could never penetrate, — but thou shalt pierce it, —
And thou, my trusty bowstring, that so oft
For sport has served me faithfully and well,
Desert me not in this dread hour of need, —
Only be true this once, my own good cord,
That hast so often wing'd the biting shaft: —

For shouldst thou fly successless from my hand,
I have no second to send after thee.

[*Travelers pass over the stage.*

I'll sit me down upon this bench of stone,
Hewn for the way-worn traveler's brief repose –
For here there is no home. Men hurry past
Each other, with quick step and careless look,
Nor stay to question of their grief. Here goes
The merchant, all anxiety, — the pilgrim,
With scantly furnished scrip, — the pious monk,
The scowling robber, and the jovial player,
The carrier with his heavy-laden horse,
That comes to us from the far haunts of men;
For every road conducts to the world's end.
They all push onwards — every man intent
On his own several business — mine is murder. [*Sits down.*

Time was, my dearest children, when with joy
You hail'd your father's safe return to home
From his long mountain toils; for, when he came,
He ever brought with him some little gift, —
A lovely Alpine flower — a curious bird —
Or elf-bolt, such as on the hills are found.
But now he goes in quest of other game,
Sits in this gorge, with murder in his thoughts,
And for his enemy's life-blood lies in wait.
But still it is of you alone he thinks,
Dear children. 'Tis to guard your innocence,
To shield you from the tyrant's fell revenge,
He bends his bow to do a deed of blood! [*Rises.*

Well — I am watching for a noble prey —
Does not the huntsman, with unflinching heart,
Roam for whole days, when winter frosts are keen,
Leap at the risk of death from rock to rock, —
And climb the jagged, slippery steeps, to which
His limbs are glued by his own streaming blood —
And all to hunt a wretched chamois down?

A far more precious prize is now my aim —
The heart of that dire foe, who seeks my life.
[*Sprightly music heard in the distance, which comes gradually nearer.*

From my first years of boyhood I have used
The bow — been practised in the archer's feats;
The bull's-eye many a time my shafts have hit,
And many a goodly prize have I brought home
From competitions. But this day I'll make
My master-shot, and win what's best to win
In the whole circuit of our mountain range.

[*A bridal party passes over the stage, and goes up the pass.* TELL *gazes at it, leaning on his bow. He is joined by* STUSSI, *the Ranger.*

Stussi. There goes the cloister bailiff's bridal train
Of Mörlischachen. A rich fellow he!
And has some half-score pastures on the Alps.
He goes to fetch his bride from Imisee.
At Küssnacht there will be high feast to-night.
Come with us — ev'ry honest man is asked.

Tell. A gloomy guest fits not a wedding feast.

Stussi. If you've a trouble, dash it from your heart!
Take what Heaven sends! The times are heavy now,
And we must snatch at pleasure as it flies.
Here 'tis a bridal, there a burial.

Tell. And oft the one close on the other treads.

Stussi. So runs the world we live in. Everywhere
Mischance befalls and misery enough.
In Glarus there has been a landslip, and
A whole side of the Glärnisch has fallen in.

Tell. How! Do the very hills begin to quake?
There is stability for naught on earth.

Stussi. Of strange things, too, we hear from other parts.
I spoke with one but now, from Baden come,
Who said a knight was on his way to court,
And, as he rode along, a swarm of wasps
Surrounded him, and settling on his horse,
So fiercely stung the beast, that it fell dead,
And he proceeded to the court on foot.

Tell. The weak are also furnished with a sting.

[ARMGART *enters with several children, and places herself at the entrance of the pass.*

Stussi. 'Tis thought to bode disaster to the land, —
Some horrid deeds against the course of nature.

Tell. Why, every day brings forth such fearful deeds;
There needs no prodigy to herald them.

Stussi. Ay, happy he, who tills his field in peace,
And sits at home untroubled with his kin.

Tell. The very meekest cannot be at peace
If his ill neighbor will not let him rest.

[TELL *looks frequently with restless expectation towards the top of the pass.*

Stussi. So fare you well! You're waiting some one here?

Tell. I am.

Stussi. God speed you safely to your home!
You are from Uri, are you not? His grace
The governor's expected thence to-day.

Traveler (*entering*). Look not to see the governor to-day.
The streams are flooded by the heavy rains,
And all the bridges have been swept away. [TELL *rises.*

Arm. (*coming forward*). Gessler not coming?

Stussi. Want you aught with him?

Arm. Alas, I do!

Stussi. Why then, thus place yourself
Where you obstruct his passage down the pass?

Arm. Here he cannot escape me. He *must* hear me.

Friess. (*coming hastily down the pass and calls upon the stage*).
Make way, make way! My lord, the governor,
Is close behind me, riding down the pass. [*Exit* TELL.

Arm. (*excitedly*). The Viceroy comes!

[*She goes towards the pass with her children.* GESSLER *and* RUDOLPH DER HARRAS *appear on horseback at the upper end of the pass.*

Stussi (*to* FRIESSHARDT). How got ye through the stream,
When all the bridges have been carried down?

Friess. We've fought, friend, with the tempest on the lake;
An Alpine torrent's nothing after that.

Stussi. How! Were you out, then, in that dreadful storm?

Friess. We were! I'll not forget it while I live.
Stussi. Stay, speak —
Friess. I can't, — must to the castle haste,
And tell them, that the governor's at hand. [*Exit.*
Stussi. If honest men, now, had been in the ship,
It had gone down with every soul on board: —
Some folks are proof 'gainst fire and water both.
[*Looking round.*
Where has the huntsman gone with whom I spoke? [*Exit.*

Enter GESSLER *and* RUDOLPH DER HARRAS *on horseback.*

Gessl. Say what you will; I am the Emperor's liege,
And how to please him my first thought must be.
He did not send me here to fawn and cringe,
And coax these boors into good humor. No!
Obedience he must have. The struggle's this;
Is king or peasant to be sovereign here?
Arm. Now is the moment! Now for my petition!
Gessl. 'Twas not in sport that I set up the cap
In Altdorf — or to try the people's hearts —
All this I knew before. I set it up,
That they might learn to bend those stubborn necks
They carry far too proudly — and I placed
What well I knew their pride could never brook
Full in the road, which they perforce must pass,
That, when their eye fell on it, they might call
That lord to mind whom they too much forget.
Har. But surely, sir, the people have some rights —
Gessl. This is no time to settle what they are.
Great projects are at work, and hatching now.
The Imperial house seeks to extend its power.
Those vast designs of conquest which the sire
Has gloriously begun, the son will end.
This petty nation is a stumbling-block —
One way or other, it must be put down.
[*They are about to pass on.* ARMGART *throws herself down before* GESSLER.
Arm. Mercy, lord governor! Oh, pardon, pardon!

Gessl. Why do you cross me on the public road?
Stand back, I say.
Arm. My husband lies in prison;
My wretched orphans cry for bread. Have pity,
Pity, my lord, upon our sore distress!
Har. Who are you? and your husband, what is he?
Arm. A poor wild-hay-man of the Rigiberg,
Kind sir, who on the brow of the abyss,
Mows the unowner'd grass from craggy shelves,
To which the very cattle dare not climb.
Har. (*to* GESSLER). By heaven! a sad and pitiable life!
I pray you set the wretched fellow free.
How great soever may be his offense,
His horrid trade is punishment enough. [*To* ARMGART.
You shall have justice. To the castle bring
Your suit. This is no place to deal with it.
Arm. No, no, I will not stir from where I stand,
Until your grace gives me my husband back.
Six months already has he been shut up,
And waits the sentence of a judge in vain.
Gessl. How! would you force me, woman? Hence! Begone!
Arm. Justice, my lord! Ay, justice! Thou art judge:
Vice-regent of the Emperor — of Heaven.
Then do thy duty, — as thou hopest for justice
From him who rules above, show it to us!
Gessl. Hence! Drive this insolent rabble from my sight!
Arm. (*seizing his horse's reins*). No, no, by Heaven! I've nothing more to lose. —
Thou stir'st not, Viceroy, from this spot, until
Thou dost me fullest justice. Knit thy brows,
And roll thine eyes — I fear not. Our distress
Is so extreme, so boundless, that we care
No longer for thine anger.
Gessl. Woman, hence!
Give way, or else my horse shall ride you down.
Arm. Well, let it! — there —
[*Throws her children and herself upon the ground before him.*

Here on the ground I lie,
I and my children. Let the wretched orphans
Be trodden by thy horse into the dust!
It will not be the worst that thou hast done.

Har. Are you mad, woman?

Arm. (*continuing with vehemence*). Many a day thou hast
Trampled the Emperor's lands beneath thy feet.
Oh, I am but a woman! Were I man,
I'd find some better thing to do, than here
Lie groveling in the dust.

[*The music of the bridal party is again heard from the top of the pass, but more softly.*

Gessl. Where are my knaves?
Drag her away, lest I forget myself,
And do some deed I may repent me of.

Har. My lord, the servants cannot force their way;
The pass is block'd up by a bridal train.

Gessl. Too mild a ruler am I to this people,
Their tongues are all too bold — nor have they yet
Been tamed to due submission, as they shall be.
I must take order for the remedy;
I will subdue this stubborn mood of theirs,
This braggart spirit of freedom I will crush,
I will proclaim a new law through the land;
I will —

[*An arrow pierces him, — he puts his hand on his heart, and is about to sink — with a feeble voice.*
Oh, God, have mercy on my soul!

Har. My lord! my lord! Oh, God! What's this? Whence came it?

Arm. (*starts up*). Dead, dead! He reels, he falls! 'Tis in his heart!

Har. (*springs from his horse*). Horror of horrors! Heavenly powers! Sir knight,
Address yourself for mercy to your God!
You are a dying man.

Gessl. That shot was Tell's.

[*He slides from his horse into the arms of* RUDOPLH DER HARRAS, *who lays him down upon the bench.* TELL *appears above upon the rocks.*

Tell. Thou know'st the marksman — I, and I alone.
Now are our homesteads free, and innocence
From thee is safe: thou'lt be our curse no more.
[TELL *disappears. People rush in.*
Stussi. What is the matter? Tell me what has happen'd?
Arm. The Viceroy's shot, — pierced by a crossbow bolt!
People (*running in*). Who has been shot?
[*While the foremost of the marriage party are coming on the stage, the hindmost are still upon the heights. The music continues.*
Har. He's bleeding fast to death.
Away, for help — pursue the murderer!
Unhappy man, is this to be your end?
You would not listen to my warning words.
Stussi. By Heaven, his cheek is pale! Life's ebbing fast.
Many Voices. Who did the deed?
Har. What! Are the people mad,
That they make music to a murder? Silence!
[*Music breaks off suddenly. People continue to flock in.*
Speak, if you can, my lord. Have you no charge
To trust me with.
[GESSLER *makes signs with his hand, which he repeats with vehemence, when he finds they are not understood.*
Where shall I take you to?
To Küssnacht? What you say I can't make out.
Oh, do not grow impatient! Leave all thought
Of earthly things and make your peace with Heaven.
[*The whole marriage party gather round the dying man.*
Stussi. See there! how pale he grows! Death's gathering now
About his heart; — his eyes grow dim and glazed.
Arm. (*holds up a child*). Look, children, how a tyrant dies.
Har. Mad hag!
Have you no touch of feeling, that your eyes
Gloat on a sight so horrible as this?
Help me — take hold. What, will not one assist
To pull the torturing arrow from his breast?
Women. What! touch the man whom God's own hand has struck!

Har. All curses light on you! [*Draws his sword*
Stussi (*seizes his arm*). Gently, sir knight!
Your power is at end. 'Twere best forbear.
Our country's foe has fallen. We will brook
No further violence. We are free men.
All. The country's free.
Har. And is it come to this?
Fear and obedience at an end so soon?
[*To the soldiers of the guard who are thronging in.*
You see, my friends, the bloody piece of work
Has here been done. 'Tis now too late for help,
And to pursue the murderer were vain.
We've other things to think of. On to Küssnacht,
And let us save that fortress for the king!
For in a moment such as this, all ties
Of order, fealty and faith, are rent.
And we can trust to no man's loyalty.

[*As he is going out with the soldiers, six* FRATRES MISERICORDIÆ *appear.*

Arm. Here comes the brotherhood of mercy. Room!
Stussi. The victim's slain, and now the ravens stoop.
Brothers of Mercy (*form a semicircle round the body, and sing in solemn tones*).

Death hurries on with hasty stride,
No respite man from him may gain,
He cuts him down, when life's full tide
Is throbbing strong in every vein.
Prepared or not the call to hear,
He must before his Judge appear.

[*While they are repeating the last two lines, the curtain falls.*

MAX SCHNECKENBURGER

MAX SCHNECKENBURGER, author of "The Watch on the Rhine," born at Thalheim, Germany, February 17, 1819; died at Burgdorf near Bern, May 3, 1849. His patriotic song, during the Franco-Prussian war, moved thousands to defend the glorious river of the Fatherland, and led unnumbered heroes to keep valiantly in life, and hallow by their death, their watch beside the Rhine. After that war an annual pension was paid by the government to his family.

THE WATCH ON THE RHINE

A ROAR like thunder strikes the ear
Like clang of arms or breakers near,
Rush forward for the German Rhine!
Who shields thee, dear beloved Rhine?
Dear Fatherland, thou need'st not fear,
Thy Rhineland watch stands firmly here!
Dear land, dear Fatherland, thou need'st not fear,
Thy watch, thy Rhineland watch stands
Firmly here!

A hundred thousand hearts beat high,
The flash darts forth from every eye,
For Teutons brave, inured by toil,
Protect their country's holy soil,
Dear Fatherland, thou, etc.

When heavenward ascends the eye,
Our heroes' ghosts look down from high;
We swear to guard our dear bequest,
And shield it with the German breast.
Dear Fatherland, thou, etc.

As long as German blood still glows,
The German sword strikes mighty blows,
The German marksmen take their stand;
No foe shall tread our native land!
Dear Fatherland, thou, etc.

We take the pledge, the stream runs high,
Our banners proud are wafting high;
On for the Rhine, the German Rhine,
We all die for our native Rhine,
Hence, Fatherland, be of good cheer,
Thy Rhineland watch stands firmly here!
Dear land, dear Fatherland, thou need'st not fear,
Thy watch, thy Rhineland watch stands
Firmly here!

ARTHUR SCHOPENHAUER

ARTHUR SCHOPENHAUER, the philosopher of pessimism. Born at Dantzic, Germany, February 22, 1788; died at Frankfort-on-the-Main, September 21, 1860. Author of "The World as Will and Representation," "The Fourfold Root of the Principle of the Sufficient Cause," "On Vision and Colors," "The Two Fundamental Problems of Ethics," "Parerga and Paralipomena." According to Schopenhauer, the happiest portion of life is that which is spent in sleep; the most miserable that of wakefulness and consciousness. Many of his practical observations on the conduct of life are of the highest value. Fame and a recognition of his genius came to him late in life. "My old age," he said, "has at last been crowned with roses; but," he added, touching his silvered hair, "they are white!"

(From "ESSAYS")

ON BOOKS AND READING

IGNORANCE is degrading only when found in company with riches. The poor man is restrained by poverty and need: labor occupies his thoughts, and takes the place of knowledge. But rich men who are ignorant live for their lusts only, and are like the beasts of the field; as may be seen every day: and they can also be reproached for not having used wealth and leisure for that which gives them their greatest value.

When we read, another person thinks for us: we merely repeat his mental process. In learning to write, the pupil goes

over with his pen what the teacher has outlined in pencil: so in reading; the greater part of the work of thought is already done for us. This is why it relieves us to take up a book after being occupied with our own thoughts. And in reading, the mind is, in fact, only the playground of another's thoughts. So it comes about that if any one spends almost the whole day in reading, and by way of relaxation devotes the intervals to some thoughtless pastime, he gradually loses the capacity for thinking; just as the man who always rides at last forgets how to walk. This is the case with many learned persons: they have read themselves stupid. For to occupy every spare moment in reading, and to do nothing but read, is even more paralysing to the mind than constant manual labor, which at least allows those engaged in it to follow their own thoughts. A spring never free from the pressure of some foreign body at last loses its elasticity: and so does the mind if other people's thoughts are constantly forced upon it. Just as you can ruin the stomach and impair the whole body by taking too much nourishment, so you can overfill and choke the mind by feeding it too much. The more you read, the fewer are the traces left by what you have read: the mind becomes a tablet crossed over and over with writing. There is no time for ruminating, and in no other way can you assimilate what you have read. If you read on and on without setting your own thoughts to work, what you have read cannot strike root, and is generally lost. It is, in fact, just the same with mental as with bodily food: hardly the fifth part of what one takes is assimilated. The rest passes off in evaporation, respiration, and the like.

The result of all this is that thoughts put on paper are nothing more than footsteps in the sand: you see the way the man has gone, but to know what he saw on his walk, you want his eyes.

There is no quality of style that can be gained by reading writers who possess it; whether it be persuasiveness, imagination, the gift of drawing comparisons, boldness, bitterness, brevity, grace, ease of expression or wit, unexpected contrasts, a laconic or naïve manner, and the like. But if these qualities are already in us, exist, that is to say, potentially, we can call them forth and bring them to consciousness; we can learn the

purposes to which they can be put; we can be strengthened in our inclination to use them, or get courage to do so; we can judge by examples the effect of applying them, and so acquire the correct use of them; and of course it is only when we have arrived at that point that we actually possess these qualities. The only way in which reading can form style is by teaching us the use to which we can put our own natural gifts. We must have these gifts before we begin to learn the use of them. Without them, reading teaches us nothing but cold, dead mannerisms and makes us shallow imitators.

The strata of the earth preserve in rows the creatures which lived in former ages; and the array of books on the shelves of a library stores up in like manner the errors of the past and the way in which they have been exposed. Like those creatures, they too were full of life in their time, and made a great deal of noise; but now they are stiff and fossilized, and an object of curiosity to the literary palæontologist alone.

Herodotus relates that Xerxes wept at the sight of his army, which stretched further than the eye could reach, in the thought that of all these, after a hundred years, not one would be alive. And in looking over a huge catalogue of new books, one might weep at thinking that, when ten years have passed, not one of them will be heard of.

It is in literature as in life: wherever you turn, you stumble at once upon the incorrigible mob of humanity, swarming in all directions, crowding and soiling everything, like flies in summer. Hence the number, which no man can count, of bad books, those rank weeds of literature, which draw nourishment from the corn and choke it. The time, money, and attention of the public, which rightfully belong to good books and their noble aims, they take for themselves: they are written for the mere purpose of making money or procuring places. So they are not only useless; they do positive mischief. Nine tenths of the whole of our present literature has no other aim than to get a few shillings out of the pockets of the public; and to this end author, publisher, and reviewer are in league.

Let me mention a crafty and wicked trick, albeit a profitable and successful one, practised by litterateurs, hack writers and voluminous authors. In complete disregard of good taste and the true culture of the period, they have succeeded in getting the whole of the world of fashion into leading strings, so that they are all trained to read in time, and all the same thing, viz. *the newest books;* and that for the purpose of getting food for conversation in the circles in which they move. This is the aim served by bad novels, produced by writers who were once celebrated, as Spindler, Bulwer Lytton, Eugene Sue. What can be more miserable than the lot of a reading public like this, always bound to peruse the latest works of extremely commonplace persons who write for money only, and who are therefore never few in number? and for this advantage they are content to know by name only the works of the few superior minds of all ages and all countries. Literary newspapers, too, are a singularly cunning device for robbing the reading public of the time which, if culture is to be attained, should be devoted to the genuine productions of literature, instead of being occupied by the daily bungling of commonplace persons.

Hence, in regard to reading, it is a very important thing to be able to refrain. Skill in doing so consists in not taking into one's hands any book merely because at the time it happens to be extensively read; such as political or religious pamphlets, novels, poetry, and the like, which make a noise, and may even attain to several editions in the first and last year of their existence. Consider, rather, that the man who writes for fools is always sure of a large audience; be careful to limit your time for reading, and devote it exclusively to the works of those great minds of all times and countries, who o'ertop the rest of humanity, those whom the voice of fame points to as such. These alone really educate and instruct. You can never read bad literature too little, nor good literature too much. Bad books are intellectual poison; they destroy the mind. Because people always read what is new instead of the best of all ages, writers remain in the narrow circle of the ideas which happen to prevail in their time; and so the period sinks deeper and deeper into its own mire.

There are at all times two literatures in progress, running

side by side, but little known to each other; the one real, the other only apparent. The former grows into permanent literature; it is pursued by those who live *for* science or poetry; its course is sober and quiet, but extremely slow; and it produces in Europe scarcely a dozen works in a century; these, however, are permanent. The other kind is pursued by persons who live *on* science or poetry; it goes at a gallop, with much noise and shouting of partizans; and every twelvemonth puts a thousand works on the market. But after a few years one asks, Where are they? where is the glory which came so soon and made so much clamor? This kind may be called fleeting, and the other, permanent literature.

SIR WALTER SCOTT

Sir Walter Scott, the foremost of Scottish novelists and a charming poet. Born in Edinburgh, August 15, 1771; died at Abbotsford, September 21, 1832. Author of "The Eve of St. John: A Border Ballad," "Lay of the Last Minstrel," "Marmion," "The Lady of the Lake," "Waverley," "Guy Mannering," "The Antiquary," "Tales of my Landlord," "Old Mortality," "Rob Roy," "Heart of Midlothian," "The Bride of Lammermoor," "A Legend of Montrose," "Ivanhoe," "The Monastery," "The Abbot," "Kenilworth," "The Pirate," "The Fortunes of Nigel," "Peveril of the Peak," "Quentin Durward," "St. Ronan's Well," "Redgauntlet," "Tales of the Crusaders: The Betrothed, The Talisman"; "Woodstock," "Chronicles of the Canongate: The Two Drovers, The Highland Widow, The Surgeon's Daughter"; "Tales of a Grandfather," "The Fair Maid of Perth."

Scott achieved for himself two great reputations.

His poems — particularly the "Lay of the Last Minstrel," "The Lady of the Lake" and "Marmion"— took the world by storm, and led him, as it was said, to the very heights of literary fame; yet subsequently he surpassed this achievement by the most brilliant success in prose, and sustained himself in this double career during a long period of years.

(From "The Lady of the Lake")

He couch'd him in a thicket hoar,
And thought his toils and perils o'er: —

"Of all my rash adventures past,
This frantic feat must prove the last!
Who e'er so mad but might have guess'd,
That all this Highland hornet's nest
Would muster up in swarms so soon
As e'er they heard of bands at Doune? —
Like bloodhounds now they search me out,
Hark to the whistle and the shout! —
If farther through the wilds I go,
I only fall upon the foe:
I'll couch me here till evening gray,
Then darkling try my dangerous way."

The shades of eve come slowly down,
The woods are wrapt in deeper brown,
The owl awakens from her dell,
The fox is heard upon the fell;
Enough remains of glimmering light
To guide the wanderer's steps aright.
Yet not enough from far to show
His figure to the watchful foe,
With cautious step, and ear awake,
He climbs the crag and threads the brake;
And not the summer solstice, there,
Temper'd the midnight mountain air,
But every breeze, that swept the wold,
Benumb'd his drenched limbs with cold.
In dread, in danger, and alone,
Famish'd and chill'd, through ways unknown,
Tangled and steep, he journey'd on;
Till, as a rock's huge point he turn'd,
A watch-fire close before him burn'd.

Beside its embers red and clear,
Bask'd, in his plaid, a mountaineer;
And up he sprung with sword in hand, —
"Thy name and purpose! Saxon, stand!" —
"A stranger." — "What dost thou require?"
"Rest and a guide, and food and fire.

My life's beset, my path is lost,
The gale has chill'd my limbs with frost."
"Art thou a friend to Roderick?" — "No." —
"Thou darest not call thyself a foe?" —
"I dare! to him and all the band
He brings to aid his murderous hand." —
"Bold words! — but, though the beast of game
The privilege of chase may claim,
Though space and law the stag we lend,
Ere hound we slip, or bow we bend,
Who ever reck'd, where, how, or when,
The prowling fox was trapp'd or slain?
Thus treacherous scouts, — yet sure they lie,
Who say thou camest a secret spy!"
"They do, by Heaven! — Come Roderick Dhu,
And of his clan the boldest two,
And let me but till morning rest,
I write the falsehood on their crest." —
"If by the blaze I mark aright,
Thou bear'st the belt and spur of Knight." —
"Then by these tokens mayest thou know
Each proud oppressor's mortal foe." —
"Enough, enough; sit down and share
A soldier's couch, a soldier's fare."

He gave him of his Highland cheer,
The harden'd flesh of mountain deer;
Dry fuel on the fire he laid,
And bade the Saxon share his plaid.
He tended him like welcome guest,
Then thus his further speech address'd: —
"Stranger, I am to Roderick Dhu
A clansman born, a kinsman true;
Each word against his honor spoke,
Demands of me avenging stroke;
Yet more, — upon thy fate, 'tis said,
A mighty augury is laid.
It rests with me to wind my horn, —
Thou art with numbers overborne;

It rests with me, here, brand to brand,
Worn as thou art, to bid thee stand:
But, not for clan, nor kindred's cause,
Will I depart from honor's laws;
To assail a wearied man were shame,
And 'stranger' is a holy name;
Guidance, and rest, and food, and fire,
In vain he never must require.
Then rest thee here till dawn of day;
Myself will guide thee on the way,
O'er stock and stone, through watch and ward,
Till past Clan-Alpine's outmost guard,
As far as Coilantogle's ford;
From thence thy warrant is thy sword." —
"I take thy courtesy, by Heaven,
As freely as 'tis nobly given!"
"Well, rest thee; for the bittern's cry
Sings us the lake's wild lullaby."
With that he shook the gather'd heath,
And spread his plaid upon the wreath;
And the brave foemen, side by side,
Lay peaceful down like brothers tried,
And slept until the dawning beam
Purpled the mountain and the stream.

THE COMBAT

Fair as the earliest beam of eastern light,
When first, by the bewilder'd pilgrim spied,
It smiles upon the dreary brow of night,
And silvers o'er the torrent's foaming tide,
And lights the fearful path on mountain side; —
Fair as that beam, although the fairest far,
Giving to horror grace, to danger pride,
Shine martial Faith, and Courtesy's bright star,
Through all the wreckful storms that cloud the brow of War.

That early beam, so fair and sheen,
Was twinkling through the hazel screen,

When, rousing at its glimmer red,
The warriors left their lowly bed,
Look'd out upon the dappled sky,
Mutter'd their soldier matins by,
And then awaked their fire, to steal,
As short and rude, their soldier meal.
That o'er, the Gael around him threw
His graceful plaid of varied hue,
And, true to promise, led the way,
By thicket green and mountain gray.
A wildering path! — they winded now
Along the precipice's brow,
Commanding the rich scenes beneath,
The windings of the Forth and Teith,
And all the vales beneath that lie,
Till Stirling's turrets melt in sky:
Then, sunk in copse, their farthest glance
Gain'd not the length of horseman's lance.
'Twas oft so steep, the foot was fain
Assistance from the hand to gain;
So tangled oft, that, bursting through,
Each hawthorn shed her showers of dew,
That diamond dew, so pure and clear,
It rivals all but Beauty's tear!

At length they came where, stern and steep,
The hill sinks down upon the deep.
Here Vennachar in silver flows,
There, ridge on ridge, Benledi rose;
Ever the hollow path twined on,
Beneath steep bank and threatening stone;
A hundred men might hold the post
With hardihood against a host.
The rugged mountain's scanty cloak
Was dwarfish shrubs of birch and oak,
With shingles bare, and cliffs between,
And patches bright of bracken green,
And heather black, that waved so high,
It held the copse in rivalry.

But where the lake slept deep and still,
Dank osiers fringed the swamp and hill;
And oft both path and hill were torn,
Where wintry torrents down had borne,
And heap'd upon the cumber'd land
Its wreck of gravel, rocks, and sand.
So toilsome was the road to trace,
The guide, abating of his pace,
Led slowly through the pass's jaws,
And ask'd Fitz-James, by what strange cause
He sought these wilds? traversed by few,
Without a pass from Roderick Dhu.

"Brave Gael, my pass in danger tried,
Hangs in my belt and by my side;
Yet, sooth to tell," the Saxon said,
"I dreamt not now to claim its aid,
When here, but three days since, I came,
Bewilder'd in pursuit of game,
All seem'd as peaceful and as still
As the mist slumbering on yon hill;
Thy dangerous Chief was then afar,
Nor soon expected back from war.
Thus said, at least, my mountain-guide,
Though deep, perchance, the villain lied."
"Yet why a second venture try?"
"A warrior thou, and ask me why! —
Moves our free course by such fix'd cause,
As gives the poor mechanic laws?
Enough, I sought to drive away
The lazy hours of peaceful day:
Slight cause will then suffice to guide
A Knight's free footsteps far and wide —
A falcon flown, a greyhound stray'd,
The merry glance of mountain maid;
Or, if a path be dangerous known,
The danger's self is lure alone."

"Thy secret keep, I urge thee not: —
Yet, ere again ye sought this spot,

Say, heard ye naught of Lowland war,
Against Clan-Alpine, raised by Mar?"
— "No, by my word; — of bands prepared
To guard King James's sports I heard;
Nor doubt I aught, but, when they hear
This muster of the mountaineer,
Their pennons will abroad be flung,
Which else in Doune had peaceful hung."
"Free be they flung! — for we were loth
Their silken folds should feast the moth.
Free be they flung! — as free shall wave
Clan-Alpine's pine in banner brave.
But, Stranger, peaceful since you came,
Bewilder'd in the mountain game,
Whence the bold boast by which you show
Vich-Alpine's vow'd and mortal foe?" —
"Warrior, but yestermorn, I knew
Naught of thy Chieftain, Roderick Dhu,
Save as an outlaw'd desperate man,
The chief of a rebellious clan,
Who, in the Regent's court and sight,
With ruffian dagger stabb'd a knight:
Yet this alone might from his part
Sever each true and loyal heart."

Wrathful at such arraignment foul,
Dark lower'd the clansman's sable scowl,
A space he paused, then sternly said: —
"And heard'st thou why he drew his blade?
Heard'st thou that shameful word and blow
Brought Roderick's vengeance on his foe?
What reck'd the Chieftain if he stood
On Highland heath, or Holy-Rood?
He rights such wrong where it is given,
If it were in the court of heaven." —
"Still was it outrage; — yet, 'tis true,
Not then claim'd sovereignty his due;
While Albany, with feeble hand,
Held borrow'd truncheon of command,

The young King, mew'd in Stirling tower,
Was stranger to respect and power.
But then, thy Chieftain's robber life! —
Winning mean prey by causeless strife,
Wrenching from ruin'd Lowland swain
His herds and harvest rear'd in vain. —
Methinks a soul, like thine, should scorn
The spoils from such foul foray borne."

The Gael beheld him grim the while,
And answer'd with disdainful smile: —
"Saxon, from yonder mountain high,
I mark'd thee send delighted eye,
Far to the south and east, where lay,
Extended in succession gay,
Deep waving fields and pastures green,
With gentle slopes and groves between, —
These fertile plains, that soften'd vale,
Were once the birthright of the Gael;
The stranger came with iron hand,
And from our fathers reft the land.
Where dwell we now? See rudely swell
Crag over crag, and fell o'er fell.
Ask we this savage hill we tread,
For fatten'd steer or household bread:
Ask we for flocks these shingles dry,
And well the mountain might reply: —
'To you, as to your sires of yore,
Belong the target and claymore!
I give you shelter in my breast,
Your own good blades must win the rest.'
Pent in this fortress of the North,
Think'st thou we will not sally forth,
To spoil the spoiler as we may,
And from the robber rend the prey?
Aye, by my soul! — While on yon plain
The Saxon rears one shock of grain;
While, of ten thousand herds, there strays
But one along yon river's maze, —

The Gael, of plain and river heir,
Shall, with strong hand, redeem his share.
Where live the mountain chiefs who hold
That plundering Lowland field and fold
Is aught but retribution true?
Seek other cause 'gainst Roderick Dhu."

Answer'd Fitz-James: — "And, if I sought,
Think'st thou no other could be brought?
What deem ye of my path waylaid?
My life given o'er to ambuscade?" —
"As of a meed to rashness due:
Hadst thou sent warning fair and true, —
'I seek my hound, or falcon stray'd,
I seek, good faith, a Highland maid,' —
Free hadst thou been to come and go;
But secret path marks secret foe.
Nor yet, for this, even as a spy,
Hadst thou, unheard, been doom'd to die,
Save to fulfil an augury." —
"Well, let it pass; nor will I now
Fresh cause of enmity avow,
To chafe thy mood and cloud thy brow.
Enough, I am by promise tied
To match me with this man of pride:
Twice have I sought Clan-Alpine's glen
In peace; but when I come agen,
I come with banner, brand, and bow,
As leader seeks his mortal foe.
For love-lorn swain, in lady's bower,
Ne'er panted for the appointed hour,
As I, until before me stand
This rebel Chieftain and his band!" —

"Have, then, thy wish!" — He whistled shrill,
And he was answer'd from the hill;
Wild as the scream of the curlew,
From crag to crag the signal flew.
Instant, through copse and heath, arose

Bonnets, and spears, and bended bows;
On right, on left, above, below,
Sprung up at once the lurking foe;
From shingles gray their lances start,
The bracken bush sends forth the dart,
The rushes and the willow-wand
Are bristling into ax and brand,
And every tuft of broom gives life
To plaided warrior arm'd for strife.
That whistle garrison'd the glen
At once with full five hundred men,
As if the yawning hill to heaven
A subterranean host had given.
Watching their leader's beck and will,
All silent there they stood, and still.
Like the loose crags, whose threatening mass
Lay tottering o'er the hollow pass,
As if an infant's touch could urge
Their headlong passage down the verge,
With step and weapon forward flung,
Upon the mountain side they hung.
The Mountaineer cast glance of pride
Along Benledi's living side,
Then fix'd his eye and sable brow
Full on Fitz-James: — "How say'st thou now?
These are Clan-Alpine's warriors true;
And, Saxon, — I am Roderick Dhu!"

Fitz-James was brave: — Though to his heart
The life-blood thrill'd with sudden start,
He mann'd himself with dauntless air,
Return'd the chief his haughty stare,
His back against a rock he bore,
And firmly placed his foot before: —
"Come one, come all! this rock shall fly
From its firm base as soon as I."
Sir Roderick mark'd, — and in his eyes
Respect was mingled with surprise,
And the stern joy which warriors feel

In foemen worthy of their steel.
Short space he stood; — then waved his hand:
Down sunk the disappearing band;
Each warrior vanish'd where he stood,
In broom or bracken, heath or wood;
Sunk brand, and spear, and bended bow,
In osiers pale and copses low;
It seem'd as if their mother Earth
Had swallow'd up her warlike birth.
The wind's last breath had toss'd in air
Pennon, and plaid, and plumage fair, —
The next but swept a lone hillside,
Where heath and fern were waving wide.
The sun's last glance was glinted back
From spear and glaive, from targe and jack, —
The next, all unreflected shone
On bracken green and cold gray stone.

Fitz-James look'd round — yet scarce believed
The witness that his sight received;
Such apparition well might seem
Delusion of a dreadful dream.
Sir Roderick in suspense he eyed,
And to his look the Chief replied: —
"Fear naught — nay, that I need not say —
But — doubt not aught from mine array,
Thou art my guest; — I pledged my word
As far as Coilantogle ford:
Nor would I call a clansman's brand
For aid against one valiant hand,
Though on our strife lay every vale
Rent by the Saxon from the Gael.
So move we on; — I only meant
To show the reed on which you leant,
Deeming this path you might pursue
Without a pass from Roderick Dhu."
They moved: — I said Fitz-James was brave,
As ever knight that belted glaive;
Yet dare not say, that now his blood

ABBOTSFORD, HOME OF SIR WALTER SCOTT; BEYOND LIES THE FORD ACROSS THE RIVER TWEED, FROM WHICH THE ESTATE RECEIVES ITS NAME

Kept on its wont and temper'd flood,
As, following Roderick's stride, he drew
That seeming lonesome pathway through,
Which yet, by fearful proof, was rife
With lances, that, to take his life,
Waited but signal from a guide,
So late dishonor'd and defied.
Ever, by stealth, his eyes sought round
The vanish'd guardians of the ground,
And still, from copse and heather deep,
Fancy saw spear and broadsword peep,
And in the plover's shrilly strain,
The signal whistle heard again.
Nor breathed he free till far behind
The pass was left; for then they wind
Along a wide and level green,
Where neither tree nor tuft was seen,
Nor rush, nor bush of broom was near,
To hide a bonnet or a spear.

The Chief in silence strode before,
And reach'd that torrent's sounding shore,
Which, daughter of three mighty lakes,
From Vennachar in silver breaks,
Sweeps through the plain, and ceaseless mines
On Bochastle the moldering lines,
Where Rome, the Empress of the world,
Of yore her eagle wings unfurl'd.
And here his course the Chieftain staid,
Threw down his target and his plaid,
And to the Lowland warrior said: —
"Bold Saxon! to his promise just,
Vich-Alpine has discharged his trust.
This murderous Chief, this ruthless man,
This head of a rebellious clan,
Hath led thee safe through watch and ward
Far past Clan-Alpine's outmost guard.
Now, man to man, and steel to steel,
A chieftain's vengeance thou shalt feel.

See here, all vantageless I stand,
Arm'd, like thyself, with single brand:
For this is Coilantogle ford,
And thou must keep thee with thy sword."

The Saxon paused: — "I ne'er delay'd,
When foeman bade me draw my blade;
Nay, more, brave Chief, I vow'd thy death;
Yet sure thy fair and generous faith,
And my deep debt for life preserved,
A better meed have well deserved:
Can naught but blood our feud atone?
Are there no means?" — "No, Stranger, none!
And hear, — to fire thy flagging zeal, —
The Saxon cause rests on thy steel;
For thus spoke Fate, by prophet bred
Between the living and the dead:
'Who spills the foremost foeman's life,
His party conquers in the strife.'" —
"Then, by my word," the Saxon said,
"The riddle is already read.
Seek yonder brake beneath the cliff, —
There lies Red Murdoch, stark and stiff.
Thus Fate has solved her prophecy,
Then yield to Fate and not to me.
To James, at Stirling, let us go,
When if thou wilt be still his foe,
Or if the King shall not agree
To grant thee grace and favor free,
I plight mine honor, oath, and word,
That, to thy native strengths restored,
With each advantage shalt thou stand,
That aids thee now to guard thy land."

Dark lightning flash'd from Roderick's eye: —
"Soars thy presumption, then, so high,
Because a wretched kern ye slew,
Homage to name to Roderick Dhu?
He yields not, he, to man nor Fate!

Thou add'st but fuel to my hate: —
My clansman's blood demands revenge.
Not yet prepared? — By heaven, I change
My thought, and hold thy valor light
As that of some vain carpet-knight,
Who ill deserved my courteous care,
And whose best boast is but to wear
A braid of his fair lady's hair." —
"I thank thee, Roderick, for the word!
It nerves my heart, it steels my sword;
For I have sworn this braid to stain
In the best blood that warms thy vein.
Now, truce, farewell! and, ruth, be gone! —
Yet think not that by thee alone,
Proud Chief! can courtesy be shown!
Though not from copse, or heath, or cairn,
Start at my whistle clansmen stern,
Of this small horn one feeble blast
Would fearful odds against thee cast.
But fear not — doubt not — which thou wilt —
We try this quarrel hilt to hilt." —
Then each at once his falchion drew,
Each on the ground his scabbard threw,
Each look'd to sun, and stream, and plain,
As what they ne'er might see again;
Then foot, and point, and eye opposed,
In dubious strife they darkly closed.

Ill fared it then with Roderick Dhu,
That on the field his targe he threw,
Whose brazen studs and tough bullhide
Had death so often dash'd aside;
For, train'd abroad his arms to wield,
Fitz-James's blade was sword and shield.
He practised every pass and ward,
To thrust, to strike, to feint, to guard;
While less expert, though stronger far,
The Gael maintain'd unequal war.
Three times in closing strife they stood,

And thrice the Saxon's blade drank blood;
No stinted draught, no scanty tide,
The gushing flood the tartans dyed.
Fierce Roderick felt the fatal drain,
And shower'd his blows like wintry rain;
And, as firm rock, or castle roof,
Against the winter shower is proof,
The foe, invulnerable still,
Foil'd his wild rage by steady skill:
Till, at advantage ta'en, his brand
Forced Roderick's weapon from his hand,
And backward borne upon the lea,
Brought the proud Chieftain to his knee.

"Now, yield thee, or by Him who made
The world, thy heart's blood dyes my blade!"
"Thy threats, thy mercy, I defy!
Let recreant yield, who fears to die."
— Like adder darting from his coil,
Like wolf that dashes through the toil,
Like mountain-cat who guards her young,
Full at Fitz-James's throat he sprung;
Received, but reck'd not of a wound,
And lock'd his arms his foeman round. —
Now, gallant Saxon, hold thine own!
No maiden's hand is round thee thrown!
That desperate grasp thy frame might feel,
Through bars of brass and triple steel! —
They tug, they strain! down, down they go,
The Gael above, Fitz-James below:
The Chieftain's gripe his throat compress'd,
His knee was planted on his breast;
His clotted locks he backward threw,
Across his brow his hand he drew,
From blood and mist to clear his sight,
Then gleam'd aloft his dagger bright! —
— But hate and fury ill supplied
The stream of life's exhausted tide,
And all too late the advantage came,

To turn the odds of deadly game;
For, while the dagger gleam'd on high,
Reel'd soul and sense, reel'd brain and eye,
Down came the blow! but in the heath
The erring blade found bloodless sheath.
The struggling foe may now unclasp
The fainting Chief's relaxing grasp;
Unwounded from the dreadful close,
But breathless all, Fitz-James arose.

(From "The Lay of the Last Minstrel")

Breathes there the man, with soul so dead,
Who never to himself hath said,
  This is my own, my native land!
Whose heart hath ne'er within him burn'd,
As home his footsteps he hath turn'd,
  From wandering on a foreign strand!
If such there breathe, go, mark him well;
For him no Minstrel raptures swell;
High though his titles, proud his name,
Boundless his wealth as wish can claim;
Despite those titles, power, and pelf,
The wretch, concentered all in self,
Living, shall forfeit fair renown,
And, doubly dying, shall go down
To the vile dust, from whence he sprung,
Unwept, unhonor'd, and unsung.

O Caledonia! stern and wild,
Meet nurse for a poetic child!
Land of brown heath and shaggy wood,
Land of the mountain and the flood,
Land of my sires! what mortal hand
Can e'er untie the filial band,
That knits me to thy rugged strand!
Still, as I view each well-known scene,
Think what is now, and what hath been,
Seems as, to me, of all bereft,
Sole friends thy woods and streams were left;

And thus I love thee better still,
Even in extremity of ill.
By Yarrow's streams still let me stray,
Though none should guide my feeble way;
Still feel the breeze down Ettrick break,
Although it chill my wither'd cheek;
Still lay my head by Teviot Stone,
Though there, forgotten and alone,
The Bard may draw his parting groan.

LOCHINVAR

O, YOUNG Lochinvar is come out of the west,
Through all the wide Border his steed was the best;
And save his good broadsword he weapons had none,
He rode all unarm'd, and he rode all alone.
So faithful in love, and so dauntless in war,
There never was knight like the young Lochinvar.

He staid not for brake, and he stopp'd not for stone,
He swam the Esk river where ford there was none;
But ere he alighted at Netherby gate,
The bride had consented, the gallant came late;
For a laggard in love, and a dastard in war,
Was to wed the fair Ellen of brave Lochinvar.

So boldly he enter'd the Netherby Hall,
Among bridesmen, and kinsmen, and brothers, and all:
Then spoke the bride's father, his hand on his sword,
(For the poor craven bridegroom said never a word,)
"O come ye in peace here, or come ye in war,
Or to dance at our bridal, young Lord Lochinvar?" —

"I long woo'd your daughter, my suit you denied; —
Love swells like the Solway, but ebbs like its tide —
And now am I come, with this lost love of mine,
To lead but one measure, drink one cup of wine.
There are maidens in Scotland more lovely by far,
That would gladly be bride to the young Lochinvar."

The bride kiss'd the goblet: the knight took it up,
He quaff'd off the wine, and he threw down the cup.
She look'd down to blush, and she look'd up to sigh,
With a smile on her lips, and a tear in her eye.
He took her soft hand, ere her mother could bar, —
"Now tread we a measure!" said young Lochinvar.

So stately his form, and so lovely her face,
That never a hall such a galliard did grace;
While her mother did fret, and her father did fume,
And the bridegroom stood dangling his bonnet and plume;
And the bridemaidens whisper'd, "'Twere better by far,
To have match'd our fair cousin with young Lochinvar."

One touch to her hand, and one word in her ear,
When they reach'd the hall door, and the charger stood near;
So light to the croupe the fair lady he swung,
So light to the saddle before her he sprung!
"She is won! we are gone, over bank, bush, and scaur;
They'll have fleet steeds that follow," quoth young Lochinvar.

There was mounting 'mong Græmes of the Netherby clan;
Forsters, Fenwicks, and Musgraves, they rode and they ran;
There was racing and chasing, on Cannobie Lee,
But the lost bride of Netherby ne'er did they see.
So daring in love, and so dauntless in war,
Have ye e'er heard of gallant like young Lochinvar?

JOCK OF HAZELDEAN

"Why weep ye by the tide, ladie?
Why weep ye by the tide?
I'll wed ye to my youngest son,
And ye sall be his bride.
And ye sall be his bride, ladie,
Sae comely to be seen" —
But aye she loot the tears down fa'
For Jock of Hazeldean.

"Now let this wilfu' grief be done,
And dry that cheek so pale;
Young Frank is chief of Errington,
And lord of Langley-dale;
His step is first in peaceful ha',
His sword in battle keen" —
But aye she loot the tears down fa'
For Jock of Hazeldean.

"A chain of gold ye sall not lack
Nor braid to bind your hair;
Nor mettled hound, nor managed hawk,
Nor palfry fresh and fair;
And you, the foremost o' them a',
Shall ride our forest queen" —
But aye she loot the tears down fa'
For Jock of Hazeldean.

The kirk was decked at morningtide,
The tapers glimmer'd fair;
The priest and bridegroom wait the bride,
And dame and knight are there.
They sought her baith by bower and ha';
The ladie was not seen!
She's o'er the Border, and awa'
Wi' Jock of Hazeldean.

PIBROCH OF DONUIL DHU

Pibroch of Donuil Dhu,
Pibroch of Donuil,
Wake thy wild voice anew,
Summon Clan-Conuil.
Come away, come away,
Hark to the summons!
Come in your war array,
Gentles and commons.

Come from deep glen and
From mountain so rocky.
The war pipe and pennon
Are at Inverlochy.
Come every hill plaid and
True heart that wears one,
Come every steel blade and
Strong hand that bears one.

Leave untended the herd,
The flock without shelter;
Leave the corpse uninterr'd,
The bride at the altar;
Leave the deer, leave the steer,
Leave nets and barges:
Come with your fighting-gear,
Broadswords and targes.

Come as the winds come, when
Forests are rended,
Come as the waves come, when
Navies are stranded:
Faster come, faster come,
Faster and faster,
Chief, vassal, page, and groom,
Tenant and master.

Fast they come, fast they come;
See how they gather!
Wide waves the eagle plume,
Blended with heather.
Cast your plaids, draw your blades,
Forward each man set!
Pibroch of Donuil Dhu,
Knell for the onset!

BOAT SONG

Hail to the Chief who in triumph advances!
Honor'd and bless'd be the evergreen Pine!

Long may the tree, in his banner that glances,
Flourish, the shelter and grace of our line.
Heaven send it happy dew,
Earth lend it sap anew,
Gaily to bourgeon, and broadly to grow,
While every Highland glen
Sends our shout back agen,
"Roderigh Vich Alpine dhu, ho! iero!"

Ours is no sapling, chance-sown by the fountain,
Blooming at Beltane, in winter to fade;
When the whirlwind has stripp'd every leaf on the mountain,
The more shall Clan-Alpine exult in her shade.
Moor'd in the rifted rock,
Proof to the tempest's shock,
Firmer he roots him the ruder it blow;
Menteith and Breadalbane, then,
Echo his praise agen,
"Roderigh Vich Alpine dhu, ho! iero!"

Proudly our pibroch has thrill'd in Glen Fruin,
And Bannochar's groans to our slogan replied;
Glen Luss and Ross-dhu, they are smoking in ruin,
And the best of Loch Lomond lie dead on her side.
Widow and Saxon maid
Long shall lament our raid,
Think of Clan-Alpine with fear and with woe;
Lennox and Leven-glen
Shake when they hear agen,
"Roderigh Vich Alpine dhu, ho! iero!"

Row, vassals, row, for the pride of the Highlands!
Stretch to your oars for the evergreen Pine!
O! that the rosebud that graces yon islands,
Were wreathed in a garland around him to twine!
O that some seedling gem,
Worthy such noble stem,
Honor'd and bless'd in their shadow might grow!
Loud should Clan-Alpine then
Ring from the deepmost glen,
"Roderigh Vich Alpine dhu, ho! iero!"

ELLEN'S ISLE, LOCH KATRINE, SCOTLAND, HOME OF THE LADY OF THE LAKE

(From "IVANHOE")

THE daylight had dawned upon the glades of the oak forest. The green boughs glittered with all their pearls of dew. The hind led her fawn from the covert of high fern to the more open walks of the greenwood, and no huntsman was there to watch or intercept the stately hart, as he paced at the head of the antlered herd.

The outlaws were all assembled around the Trysting-tree in the Harthill-walk, where they had spent the night in refreshing themselves after the fatigues of the siege, some with wine, some with slumber, many with hearing and recounting the events of the day, and computing the heaps of plunder which their success had placed at the disposal of their Chief.

The spoils were indeed very large; for, notwithstanding that much was consumed, a great deal of plate, rich armor, and splendid clothing had been secured by the exertions of the dauntless outlaws, who could be appalled by no danger when such rewards were in view. Yet so strict were the laws of their society, that no one ventured to appropriate any part of the booty, which was brought into one common mass, to be at the disposal of their leader.

The place of rendezvous was an aged oak; not, however, the same to which Locksley had conducted Gurth and Wamba in the earlier part of the story, but one which was the center of a sylvan amphitheater, within half a mile of the demolished castle of Torquilstone. Here Locksley assumed his seat — a throne of turf erected under the twisted branches of the huge oak, and the sylvan followers were gathered around him. He assigned to the Black Knight a seat at his right hand, and to Cedric a place upon his left. . . .

Locksley now proceeded to the distribution of spoil, which he performed with the most laudable impartiality. A tenth part of the whole was set apart for the church, and for pious uses; a portion was next allotted to a sort of public treasury; a part was assigned to the widows and children of those who had fallen, or to be expended in masses for the souls of such as had left no surviving family. The rest was divided amongst the outlaws, according to their rank and merit; and the judgment of the

Chief, on all such doubtful questions as occurred, was delivered with great shrewdness, and received with absolute submission. The Black Knight was not a little surprised to find that men, in a state so lawless, were nevertheless among themselves so regularly and equitably governed, and all that he observed added to his opinion of the justice and judgment of their leader.

When each had taken his own proportion of the booty, and while the treasurer, accompanied by four tall yeomen, was transporting that belonging to the state to some place of concealment or of security, the portion devoted to the church still remained unappropriated.

"I would," said the leader, "we could hear tidings of our joyous chaplain — he was never wont to be absent when meat was to be blessed, or spoil to be parted; and it is his duty to take care of these the tithes of our successful enterprise. It may be the office has helped to cover some of his canonical irregularities. Also, I have a holy brother of his, a prisoner at no great distance, and I would fain have the Friar to help me to deal with him in due sort — I greatly misdoubt the safety of the bluff priest."

"I were right sorry for that," said the Knight of the Fetterlock, "for I stand indebted to him for the joyous hospitality of a merry night in his cell. Let us to the ruins of the castle; it may be we shall there learn some tidings of him."

While they thus spoke, a loud shout among the yeomen announced the arrival of him for whom they feared, as they learned from the stentorian voice of the Friar himself, long before they saw his burly person.

"Make room, my merry-men!" he exclaimed; "room for your godly father and his prisoner. — Cry welcome once more. — I come, noble leader, like an eagle with my prey in my clutch." — And making his way through the ring, amidst the laughter of all around, he appeared in majestic triumph, his huge partizan in one hand, and in the other a halter, one end of which was fastened to the neck of the unfortunate Isaac of York, who, bent down by sorrow and terror, was dragged on by the victorious priest, who shouted aloud, "Where is Allan-a-Dale, to chronicle me in a ballad, or if it were but a lay? — By Saint Hermangild,

the jingling crowder is ever out of the way where there is an apt theme for exalting valor!"

"Curtal Priest," said the Captain, "thou hast been at wet mass this morning, as early as it is. In the name of Saint Nicholas, whom hast thou got here?"

"A captive to my sword and to my lance, noble Captain," replied the Clerk of Copmanhurst; "to my bow and to my halberd, I should rather say; and yet I have redeemed him by my divinity from a worse captivity. Speak, Jew — have I not ransomed thee from Sathanas? — have I not taught thee thy *credo*, thy *pater*, and thine *Ave Maria?* Did I not spend the whole night in drinking to thee, and in expounding of mysteries?"

"For the love of God!" ejaculated the poor Jew, "will no one take me out of the keeping of this mad — I mean this holy man?"

"How's this, Jew?" said the Friar, with a menacing aspect; "dost thou recant, Jew? — Bethink thee, if thou dost relapse into thine infidelity, though thou art not so tender as a suckling pig — I would I had one to break my fast upon — thou art not too tough to be roasted! Be conformable, Isaac, and repeat the words after me. *Ave Maria!* —"

"Nay, we will have no profanation, mad Priest," said Locksley; "let us rather hear where you found this prisoner of thine."

"By Saint Dunstan," said the Friar, "I found him where I sought for better ware! I did step into the cellarage to see what might be rescued there; for though a cup of burnt wine, with spice, be an evening's draught for an emperor, it were waste, methought, to let so much good liquor be mulled at once; and I had caught up one runlet of sack, and was coming to call more aid among these lazy knaves, who are ever to seek when a good deed is to be done, when I was advised of a strong door — Aha! thought I, here is the choicest juice of all in this secret crypt; and the knave butler, being disturbed in his vocation, hath left the key in the door — In therefore I went, and found just naught besides a commodity of rusted chains and this dog of a Jew, who presently rendered himself my prisoner, rescue or no rescue. I did but refresh myself, after the fatigue of the action with the unbeliever, with one humming cup of sack, and was proceeding to lead forth my captive, when, crash

after crash, as with wild thunder-dint and levin-fire, down toppled the masonry of an outer tower, (marry beshrew their hands that built it not the firmer!) and blocked up the passage. The roar of one falling tower followed another — I gave up thought of life; and deeming it a dishonor to one of my profession to pass out of this world in company with a Jew, I heaved up my halberd to beat his brains out; but I took pity on his gray hairs, and judged it better to lay down the partizan, and take up my spiritual weapon for his conversion. And truly, by the blessing of Saint Dunstan, the seed has been sown in good soil; only that, with speaking to him of mysteries through the whole night, and being in a manner fasting, (for the few draughts of sack which I sharpened my wits with were not worth marking,) my head is well-nigh dizzied, I trow. — But I was clean exhausted. — Gilbert and Wibbald know in what state they found me — quite and clean exhausted."

"We can bear witness," said Gilbert; "for when we had cleared away the ruin, and by Saint Dunstan's help lighted upon the dungeon stair, we found the runlet of sack half empty, the Jew half dead, and the Friar more than half — exhausted, as he calls it."

"Ye be knaves! ye lie!" retorted the offended Friar; "it was you and your gormandizing companions that drank up the sack, and called it your morning draught — I am a pagan an I kept it not for the Captain's own throat. But what recks it? The Jew is converted, and understands all I have told him, very nearly, if not altogether, as well as myself."

"Jew," said the Captain, "is this true? hast thou renounced thine unbelief?"

"May I so find mercy in your eyes," said the Jew, "as I know not one word which the reverend prelate spake to me all this fearful night. Alas! I was so distraught with agony, and fear, and grief, that had our holy father Abraham come to preach to me, he had found but a deaf listener."

"Thou liest, Jew, and thou knowest thou dost," said the Friar; "I will remind thee of but one word of our conference — thou didst promise to give all thy substance to our holy Order."

"So help me the Promise, fair sirs," said Isaac, even more

alarmed than before, "as no such sounds ever crossed my lips! Alas! I am an aged beggar'd man — I fear me a childless — have ruth on me, and let me go!"

"Nay," said the Friar, "if thou dost retract vows made in favor of holy Church, thou must do penance."

Accordingly, he raised his halberd, and would have laid the staff of it lustily on the Jew's shoulders, had not the Black Knight stopped the blow, and thereby transferred the Holy Clerk's resentment to himself.

"By Saint Thomas of Kent," said he, "an I buckle to my gear, I will teach thee, sir lazy lover, to mell with thine own matters, maugre? thine iron case there!"

"Nay, be not wroth with me," said the Knight; "thou knowest I am thy sworn friend and comrade."

"I know no such thing," answered the Friar; "and defy thee for a meddling coxcomb!"

"Nay, but," said the Knight, who seemed to take a pleasure in provoking his quondam host, "hast thou forgotten how, that for my sake (for I say nothing of the temptation of the flagon and the pasty) thou didst break thy vow of fast and vigil?"

"Truly, friend," said the Friar, clenching his huge fist, "I will bestow a buffet on thee."

"I accept of no such presents," said the Knight; "I am content to take thy cuff as a loan, but I will repay thee with usury as deep as ever thy prisoner there exacted in his traffic."

"I will prove that presently," said the Friar.

"Hola!" cried the Captain, "what art thou after, mad Friar? brawling beneath our Trysting-tree?"

"No brawling," said the Knight, "it is but a friendly interchange of courtesy. — Friar, strike an thou darest — I will stand thy blow, if thou wilt stand mine."

"Thou hast the advantage with that iron pot on thy head," said the churchman; "but have at thee — Down thou goest, an thou wert Goliath of Gath in his brazen helmet."

The Friar bared his brawny arm up to the elbow, and putting his full strength to the blow, gave the Knight a buffet that might have felled an ox. But his adversary stood firm as a rock. A loud shout was uttered by all the yeomen around; for

the Clerk's cuff was proverbial amongst them, and there were few who, in jest or earnest, had not had occasion to know its vigor.

"Now, Priest," said the Knight, pulling off his gauntlet, "if I had vantage on my head, I will have none on my hand — stand fast as a true man."

"*Genam meam dedi vapulatori* — I have given my cheek to the smiter," said the Priest; "an thou canst stir me from the spot, fellow, I will freely bestow on thee the Jew's ransom."

So spoke the burly Priest, assuming, on his part, high defiance. But who may resist his fate? The buffet of the Knight was given with such strength and good-will, that the Friar rolled head over heels upon the plain, to the great amazement of all the spectators. But he arose neither angry nor crestfallen.

"Brother," said he to the Knight, "thou shouldst have used thy strength with more discretion. I had mumbled but a lame mass an thou hast broken my jaw, for the piper plays ill that wants the nether chops. Nevertheless, there is my hand, in friendly witness that I will exchange no more cuffs with thee, having been a loser by the barter. End now all unkindness. Let us put the Jew to ransom, since the leopard will not change his spots, and a Jew he will continue to be."

"The Priest," said Clement, "is not half so confident of the Jew's conversion, since he received that buffet on the ear."

"Go to, knave, what pratest thou of conversions? — what, is there no respect? — all masters and no men? — I tell thee, fellow, I was somewhat totty when I received the good knight's blow, or I had kept my ground under it. But an thou gibest more of it, thou shalt learn I can give as well as take."

"Peace all!" said the Captain. "And thou, Jew, think of thy ransom; thou needest not be told that thy race are held to be accursed in all Christian communities, and trust me that we cannot endure thy presence among us. Think, therefore, of an offer, while I examine a prisoner of another cast."

"Were many of Front-de-Bœuf's men taken?" demanded the Black Knight.

"None of note enough, if put to ransom," answered the Captain; "a set of hilding fellows there were, whom we dis-

missed to find them a new master — enough had been done for revenge and profit; the bunch of them were not worth a cardecu. The prisoner I speak of is better booty — a jolly monk riding to visit his leman, an I may judge by his horse-gear and wearing-apparel. Here cometh the worthy prelate, as pert as a pyet." And, between two yeomen, was brought before the sylvan throne of the outlaw Chief, our old friend, Prior Aymer of Jorvaulx.

The captive Abbot's features and manners exhibited a whimsical mixture of offended pride and deranged foppery and bodily terror.

"Why, how now, my masters?" said he, with a voice in which all three emotions were blended. "What order is this among ye? Be ye Turks or Christians, that handle a churchman? — Know ye what it is, *manus imponere in servos Domini?* Ye have plundered my mails — torn my cope of curious cut lace, which might have served a cardinal! — Another in my place would have been at his *excommunicabo vos;* but I am placable, and if ye order forth my palfreys, release my brethren, and restore my mails, tell down with all speed a hundred crowns to be expended in masses at the high altar of Jorvaulx Abbey, and make your vow to eat no venison until next Pentecost, it may be you shall hear little more of this mad frolic."

"Holy Father," said the chief Outlaw, "it grieves me to think that you have met with such usage from any of my followers as calls for your fatherly reprehension."

"Usage!" echoed the priest, encouraged by the mild tone of the sylvan leader; "it were usage fit for no hound of good race — much less for a Christian — far less for a priest — and least of all for the Prior of the holy community of Jorvaulx. Here is a profane and drunken minstrel, called Allan-a-Dale — *nebulo quidam* — who has menaced me with corporal punishment — nay, with death itself, an I pay not down four hundred crowns of ransom, to the boot of all the treasure he hath already robbed me of — gold chains and gymmal rings to an unknown value; besides what is broken and spoiled among their rude hands, such as my pouncet-box and silver crisping-tongs."

"It is impossible that Allan-a-Dale can have thus treated a man of your reverend bearing," replied the Captain.

"It is true as the gospel of Saint Nicodemus," said the Prior; "he swore, with many a cruel north-country oath, that he would hang me up on the highest tree in the greenwood."

"Did he so in very deed? Nay, then, reverend father, I think you had better comply with his demands — for Allan-a-Dale is the very man to abide by his word when he has so pledged it."

"You do but jest with me," said the astounded Prior, with a forced laugh; "and I love a good jest with all my heart. But, ha! ha! ha! when the mirth has lasted the livelong night, it is time to be grave in the morning."

"And I am as grave as a father confessor," replied the Outlaw; "you must pay a round ransom, Sir Prior, or your convent is likely to be called to a new election; for your place will know you no more."

"Are ye Christians," said the Prior, "and hold this language to a churchman?"

"Christians! aye, marry are we, and have divinity among us to boot," answered the Outlaw. "Let our buxom chaplain stand forth, and expound to this reverend father the texts which concern this matter."

The friar, half-drunk, half-sober, had huddled a friar's frock over his green cassock, and now summoning together whatever scraps of learning he had acquired by rote in former days, "Holy father," said he, "*Deus faciat salvam benignitatem vestram* — You are welcome to the greenwood."

"What profane mummery is this?" said the Prior. "Friend, if thou be'st indeed of the church, it were a better deed to show me how I may escape from these men's hands, than to stand ducking and grinning here like a morris-dancer."

"Truly, reverend father," said the Friar, "I know but one mode in which thou mayst escape. This is Saint Andrew's day with us; we are taking our tithes."

"But not of the church, then, I trust, my good brother?" said the Prior.

"Of church and lay," said the Friar; "and therefore, Sir Prior, *facite vobis amicos de Mammone iniquitatis* — Make yourselves friends of the Mammon of unrighteousness, for no other friendship is like to serve your turn."

"I love a jolly woodsman at heart," said the Prior, softening his tone; "come, ye must not deal too hard with me — I know well of woodcraft, and can wind a horn clear and lustily, and hollo till every oak rings again. — Come, ye must not deal too hard with me."

"Give him a horn," said the Outlaw; "we will prove the skill he boasts of."

The Prior Aymer winded a blast accordingly. The Captain shook his head.

"Sir Prior," he said, "thou blowest a merry note, but it may not ransom thee — we cannot afford, as the legend on a good knight's shield hath it, to set thee free for a blast. Moreover, I have found thee — thou art one of those who, with new French graces and Tra-li las, disturb the ancient English bugle notes. — Prior, that last flourish on the recheat hath added fifty crowns to thy ransom, for corrupting the true old manly blasts of venerie."

"Well, friend," said the Abbot, peevishly, "thou art ill to please with thy woodcraft. I pray thee be more conformable in this matter of my ransom. At a word — since I must needs, for once, hold a candle to the devil — what ransom am I to pay for walking on Watling-street without having fifty men at my back?"

"Were it not well," said the Lieutenant of the gang apart to the Captain, "that the Prior should name the Jew's ransom, and the Jew name the Prior's?"

"Thou art a mad knave," said the Captain, "but thy plan transcends! — Here, Jew, step forth — Look at that holy Father Aymer, Prior of the rich Abbey of Jorvaulx, and tell us at what ransom we should hold him? — Thou knowest the income of his convent, I warrant thee."

"Oh, assuredly," said Isaac. "I have trafficked with the good fathers, and bought wheat and barley, and fruits of the earth, and also much wool. O, it is a rich abbey-stede, and they do live upon the fat, and drink the sweet wines upon the lees, these good fathers of Jorvaulx. Ah, if an outcast like me had such a home to go to, and such incomings by the year and by the month, I would pay much gold and silver to redeem my captivity."

"Hound of a Jew!" exclaimed the Prior, "no one knows better than thy own cursed self, that our holy house of God is indebted for the finishing of our chancel ——"

"And for the storing of your cellars in the last season with the due allowance of Gascon wine," interrupted the Jew; "but that — that is small matters."

"Hear the infidel dog!" said the churchman; "he jangles as if our holy community did come under debts for the wines we have a license to drink, *propter necessitatem et ad frigus depellendum.* The circumcised villain blasphemeth the holy Church, and Christian men listen and rebuke him not!"

"All this helps nothing," said the leader. — "Isaac, pronounce what he may pay, without flaying both hide and hair."

"An six hundred crowns," said Isaac, "the good Prior might well pay to your honored valors, and never sit less soft in his stall."

"Six hundred crowns," said the leader, gravely; "I am contented — thou hast well spoken, Isaac — six hundred crowns. — It is a sentence, Sir Prior."

"A sentence! — a sentence!" exclaimed the band; "Solomon had not done it better."

"Thou hearest thy doom, Prior," said the leader.

"Ye are mad, my masters," said the Prior; "where am I to find such a sum? If I sell the very pyx and candlesticks on the altar at Jorvaulx, I shall scarce raise the half; and it will be necessary for that purpose that I go to Jorvaulx myself; ye may retain as borrows my two priests."

"That will be but blind trust," said the Outlaw; "we will retain thee, Prior, and send them to fetch thy ransom. Thou shalt not want a cup of wine and a collop of venison the while; and if thou lovest woodcraft, thou shalt see such as your north country never witnessed."

"Or, if so please you," said Isaac, willing to curry favor with the outlaws, "I can send to York for the six hundred crowns, out of certain moneys in my hands, if so be that the most reverend Prior present will grant me a quittance."

"He shall grant thee whatever thou dost list, Isaac," said the Captain; "and thou shalt lay down the redemption money for Prior Aymer as well as for thyself."

"For myself! ah, courageous sirs," said the Jew; "I am a broken and impoverished man; a beggar's staff must be my portion through life, supposing I were to pay you fifty crowns."

"The Prior shall judge of that matter," replied the Captain. — "How say you, Father Aymer? Can the Jew afford a good ransom?"

"*Can* he afford a ransom?" answered the Prior. — "Is he not Isaac of York, rich enough to redeem the captivity of the ten tribes of Israel, who were led into Assyrian bondage? — I have seen but little of him myself, but our cellarer and treasurer have dealt largely with him, and report says that his house at York is so full of gold and silver as is a shame in any Christian land. Marvel it is to all living Christian hearts that such gnawing adders should be suffered to eat into the bowels of the state, and even of the holy Church herself, with foul usuries and extortions."

"Hold, father," said the Jew, "mitigate and assuage your choler. I pray of your reverence to remember that I force my moneys upon no one. But when churchman and layman, prince and prior, knight and priest, come knocking to Isaac's door, they borrow not his shekels with these uncivil terms. It is then Friend Isaac, will you pleasure us in this matter, and our day shall be truly kept, so God sa' me? — and Kind Isaac, if ever you served man, show yourself a friend in this need! And when the day comes, and I ask my own, then what hear I but Damned Jew, and The Curse of Egypt on your tribe, and all that may stir up the rude and uncivil populace against poor strangers!"

"Prior," said the Captain, "Jew though he be, he hath in this spoken well. Do thou, therefore, name his ransom, as he named thine, without farther rude terms."

"None but *latro famosus* — the interpretation whereof," said the Prior, "will I give at some other time and tide —would place a Christian prelate and an unbaptized Jew upon the same bench. But since ye require me to put a price upon this caitiff, I tell you openly that ye will wrong yourselves if you take from him a penny under a thousand crowns."

"A sentence! — a sentence!" exclaimed the chief Outlaw.

"A sentence! — a sentence!" shouted his assessors; "the

Christian has shown his good nurture, and dealt with us more generously than the Jew."

"The God of my fathers help me!" said the Jew; "will ye bear to the ground an impoverished creature? — I am this day childless, and will ye deprive me of the means of livelihood?"

"Thou wilt have the less to provide for, Jew, if thou art childless," said Aymer.

"Alas! my lord," said Isaac, "your law permits you not to know how the child of our bosom is entwined with the strings of our heart. — O Rebecca! daughter of my beloved Rachel! were each leaf on that tree a zecchin, and each zecchin mine own, all that mass of wealth would I give to know whether thou art alive, and escaped the hands of the Nazarene!"

"Was not thy daughter dark haired?" said one of the outlaws; "and wore she not a veil of twisted sendal, broidered with silver?"

"She did! — she did!" said the old man, trembling with eagerness, as formerly with fear. "The blessing of Jacob be upon thee! canst thou tell me aught of her safety?"

"It was she, then," said the yeoman, "who was carried off by the proud Templar, when he broke through our ranks on yestereven. I had drawn my bow to send a shaft after him, but spared him even for the sake of the damsel, who I feared might take harm from the arrow."

"Oh!" answered the Jew, "I would to God thou hadst shot, though the arrow had pierced her bosom! — Better the tomb of her fathers than the dishonorable couch of the licentious and savage Templar. Ichabod! Ichabod! the glory hath departed from my house!"

"Friends," said the Chief, looking around, "the old man is but a Jew, natheless his grief touches me. — Deal uprightly with us, Isaac — will paying this ransom of a thousand crowns leave thee altogether penniless?"

Isaac, recalled to think of his worldly goods, the love of which, by dint of inveterate habit, contended even with his parental affection, grew pale, stammered, and could not deny there might be some small surplus.

"Well — go to — what though there be," said the Outlaw, "we will not reckon with thee too closely. Without treasure

thou mayest as well hope to redeem thy child from the clutches of Sir Brian de Bois-Guilbert, as to shoot a stag-royal with a headless shaft. — We will take thee at the same ransom with Prior Aymer, or rather at one hundred crowns lower, which hundred crowns shall be mine own peculiar loss, and not light upon this worshipful community; and so we shall avoid the heinous offense of rating a Jew merchant as high as a Christian prelate, and thou wilt have six hundred crowns remaining to treat for thy daughter's ransom. Templars love the glitter of silver shekels as well as the sparkle of black eyes. Hasten to make thy crowns chink in the ear of De Bois-Guilbert, ere worse comes of it. Thou wilt find him, as our scouts have brought notice, at the next Preceptory house of his Order. — Said I well, my merry mates?"

The yeomen expressed their wonted acquiescence in their leader's opinion; and Isaac, relieved of one-half of his apprehensions, by learning that his daughter lived, and might possibly be ransomed, threw himself at the feet of the generous Outlaw, and, rubbing his beard against his buskins, sought to kiss the hem of his green cassock. The Captain drew himself back, and extricated himself from the Jew's grasp, not without some marks of contempt.

"Nay, beshrew thee, man, up with thee! I am English born, and love no such Eastern prostrations. — Kneel to God, and not to a poor sinner, like me."

"Aye, Jew," said Prior Aymer; "kneel to God, as represented in the servant of his altar, and who knows, with thy sincere repentance and due gifts to the shrine of Saint Robert, what grace thou mayst acquire for thyself and thy daughter Rebecca? I grieve for the maiden, for she is of fair and comely countenance, — I beheld her in the lists of Ashby. Also, Brian de Bois-Guilbert is one with whom I may do much — bethink thee how thou mayst deserve my good word with him."

"Alas! alas!" said the Jew, "on every hand the spoilers arise against me. — I am given as a prey unto the Assyrian, and a prey unto him of Egypt."

"And what else should be the lot of thy accursed race?" answered the Prior; "for what saith holy writ, *verbum Domini projecerunt et sapientia est nulla in eis* — they have cast forth the

word of the Lord, and there is no wisdom in them; *propterea dabo mulieres eorum exteris* — I will give their women to strangers, that is to the Templar, as in the present matter; *et thesauros eorum hæredibus alienis*, and their treasures to others — as in the present case to these honest gentlemen."

Isaac groaned deeply, and began to wring his hands, and to relapse into his state of desolation and despair. But the leader of the yeomen led him aside.

"Advise thee well, Isaac," said Locksley, "what thou wilt do in this matter; my counsel to thee is to make a friend of this churchman. He is vain, Isaac, and he is covetous; at least he needs money to supply his profusion. Thou canst easily gratify his greed; for think not that I am blinded by thy pretexts of poverty. I am intimately acquainted, Isaac, with the very iron chest in which thou dost keep thy money-bags — What! know I not the great stone beneath the apple-tree, that leads into the vaulted chamber under thy garden at York?" The Jew grew as pale as death. — "But fear nothing from me," continued the yeoman, "for we are of old acquainted. Dost thou not remember the sick yeoman whom thy fair daughter Rebecca redeemed from the gyves at York, and kept him in thy house till his health was restored, when thou didst dismiss him recovered, and with a piece of money? — Usurer as thou art, thou didst never place coin at better interest than that poor silver mark, for it has this day saved thee five hundred crowns."

"And thou art he whom we call Diccon Bend-the-Bow?" said Isaac; "I thought ever I knew the accent of thy voice."

"I am Bend-the-Bow," said the Captain, "and Locksley, and have a good name besides all these."

"But thou art mistaken, good Bend-the-Bow, concerning that same vaulted apartment. So help me Heaven, as there is naught in it but some merchandises which I will gladly part with to you — one hundred yards of Lincoln green to make doublets to thy men, and a hundred staves of Spanish yew to make bows, and one hundred silken bow-strings, tough, round, and sound — these will I send thee for thy good-will, honest Diccon, an thou wilt keep silence about the vault, my good Diccon."

"Silent as a dormouse," said the outlaw; "and never trust me but I am grieved for thy daughter. But I may not help it. — The Templar's lances are too strong for my archery in the open field — they would scatter us like dust. Had I but known it was Rebecca when she was borne off, something might have been done; but now thou must needs proceed by policy. Come, shall I treat for thee with the Prior?"

"In God's name, Diccon, an thou canst, aid me to recover the child of my bosom!"

"Do not thou interrupt me with thine ill-timed avarice," said the Outlaw, "and I will deal with him in thy behalf."

He then turned from the Jew, who followed him, however, as closely as his shadow.

"Prior Aymer," said the Captain, "come apart with me under this tree. Men say thou dost love wine, and a lady's smile, better than beseems thy Order, Sir Priest; but with that I have naught to do. I have heard, too, thou dost love a brace of good dogs and a fleet horse, and it may well be that, loving things which are costly to come by, thou hatest not a purse of gold. But I have never heard that thou didst love oppression or cruelty. — Now, here is Isaac willing to give thee the means of pleasure and pastime in a bag containing one hundred marks of silver, if thy intercession with thine ally the Templar shall avail to procure the freedom of his daughter."

"In safety and honor, as when taken from me," said the Jew, "otherwise it is no bargain."

"Peace, Isaac," said the Outlaw, "or I give up thine interest. — What say you to this my purpose, Prior Aymer?"

"The matter," quoth the Prior, "is of a mixed condition; for, if I do a good deed on one hand, yet, on the other, it goeth to the vantage of a Jew, and in so much is against my conscience. Yet, if the Israelite will advantage the Church by giving me somewhat over to the building of our dortour, I will take it on my conscience to aid him in the matter of his daughter."

"For a score of marks to the dortour," said the Outlaw,— "Be still, I say, Isaac! — or for a brace of silver candlesticks to the altar, we will not stand with you."

"Nay, but, good Diccon Bend-the-Bow" — said Isaac, endeavoring to interpose.

"Good Jew — good beast — good earthworm!" said the yeoman, losing patience; "an thou dost go on to put thy filthy lucre here in the balance with thy daughter's life and honor, by Heaven, I will strip thee of every maravedi thou hast in the world, before three days are out!"

Isaac shrunk together, and was silent.

"And what pledge am I to have for all this?" said the Prior.

"When Isaac returns successful through your mediation," said the Outlaw, "I swear by Saint Hubert, I will see that he pays thee the money in good silver, or I will reckon with him for it in such sort, he had better have paid twenty such sums."

"Well then, Jew," said Aymer, "since I must needs meddle in this matter, let me have the use of thy writing-tables — though, hold — rather than use thy pen, I would fast for twenty-four hours, and where shall I find one?"

"If your holy scruples can dispense with using the Jew's tablets, for the pen I can find a remedy," said the yeoman; and bending his bow, he aimed his shaft at a wild goose which was soaring over their heads, the advanced-guard of a phalanx of his tribe, which were winging their way to the distant and solitary fens of Holderness. The bird came fluttering down, transfixed with the arrow.

"There, Prior," said the Captain, "are quills enow to supply all the monks of Jorvaulx for the next hundred years, an they take not to writing chronicles."

The Prior sat down, and at great leisure indited an epistle to Brian de Bois-Guilbert, and having carefully sealed up the tablets, delivered them to the Jew, saying, "This will be thy safe-conduct to the Preceptory of Templestowe, and, as I think, is most likely to accomplish the delivery of thy daughter, if it be well backed by proffers of advantage and commodity at thine own hand; for, trust me well, the good Knight Bois-Guilbert is of their confraternity that do naught for naught."

"Well, Prior," said the Outlaw, "I will detain thee no longer here than to give the Jew a quittance for the six hundred crowns at which thy ransom is fixed. — I accept of him for my paymaster; and if I hear that ye boggle at allowing him in his accompts the sum so paid by him, Saint Mary refuse me, an

I burn not the abbey over thine head, though I hang ten years the sooner!"

With a much worse grace than that wherewith he had penned the letter to Bois-Guilbert, the Prior wrote an acquittance, discharging Isaac of York of six hundred crowns, advanced to him in his need for acquittal of his ransom, and faithfully promising to hold true compt with him for that sum.

"And now," said Prior Aymer, "I will pray you of restitution of my mules and palfreys, and the freedom of the reverend brethren attending upon me, and also of the gymmal rings, jewels, and fair vestures, of which I have been despoiled, having now satisfied you for my ransom as a true prisoner."

"Touching your brethren, Sir Prior," said Locksley, "they shall have present freedom, it were unjust to detain them; touching your horses and mules, they shall also be restored, with such spending-money as may enable you to reach York, for it were cruel to deprive you of the means of journeying. — But as concerning rings, jewels, chains, and what else, you must understand that we are men of tender consciences, and will not yield to a venerable man like yourself, who should be dead to the vanities of this life, the strong temptation to break the rule of his foundation, by wearing rings, chains, or other vain gauds."

"Think what you do, my masters," said the Prior, "ere you put your hand on the church's patrimony. — These things are *inter res sacras*, and I wot not what judgment might ensue were they to be handled by laical hands."

"I will take care of that, reverend Prior," said the Hermit of Copmanhurst; "for I will wear them myself."

"Friend, or brother," said the Prior, in answer to this solution of his doubts, "if thou hast really taken religious orders, I pray thee to look how thou wilt answer to thine official for the share thou hast taken in this day's work."

"Friend Prior," returned the Hermit, "you are to know that I belong to a little diocese where I am my own diocesan, and care as little for the Bishop of York as I do for the Abbot of Jorvaulx, the Prior, and all the convent."

"Thou art utterly irregular," said the Prior; "one of those disorderly men, who, taking on them the sacred character with-

out due cause, profane the holy rites, and endanger the souls of those who take counsel at their hands; *lapides pro pane condonantes iis*, giving them stones instead of bread, as the Vulgate hath it."

"Nay," said the Friar, "an my brain-pan could have been broken by Latin, it had not held so long together. — I say, that easing a world of such misproud priests as thou art of their jewels and their gimcracks is a lawful spoiling of the Egyptians."

"Thou be'st a hedge-priest," said the Prior in great wrath, "*excommunicabo vos*."

"Thou be'st thyself more like a thief and a heretic," said the Friar, equally indignant; "I will pouch up no such affront before my parishioners, as thou thinkest it not shame to put upon me, although I be a reverend brother to thee. *Ossa ejus perfringam*, I will break your bones, as the Vulgate hath it."

"Hola!" cried the Captain, "come the reverend brethren to such terms? — Keep thine assurance of peace, Friar. — Prior, an thou hast not made thy peace perfect with God, provoke the Friar no further. — Hermit, let the reverend father depart in peace, as a ransomed man."

The yeoman separated the incensed priests, who continued to raise their voices, vituperating each other in bad Latin, which the Prior delivered the more fluently, and the Hermit with the greater vehemence. The Prior at length recollected himself sufficiently to be aware that he was compromising his dignity, by squabbling with such a hedge-priest as the Outlaw's chaplain, and being joined by his attendants, rode off with considerable less pomp, and in a much more apostolical condition, so far as worldly matters were concerned, than he had exhibited before this rencounter.

It remained that the Jew should produce some security for the ransom which he was to pay on the Prior's account, as well as upon his own. He gave, accordingly, an order sealed with his signet, to a brother of his tribe at York, requiring him to pay to the bearer the sum of a thousand crowns, and to deliver certain merchandises specified in the note.

"My brother Sheva," he said, groaning deeply, "hath the key of my warehouses."

"And of the vaulted chamber," whispered Locksley.

"No, no — may Heaven forefend!" said Isaac; "evil is the hour that let any one whomsoever into that secret!"

"It is safe with me," said the Outlaw, "so be that this thy scroll produce the sum therein nominated and set down. — But what now, Isaac? art dead? art stupefied? hath the payment of a thousand crowns put thy daughter's peril out of thy mind?"

The Jew started to his feet — "No, Diccon, no — I will presently set forth. — Farewell, thou whom I may not call good, and dare not and will not call evil."

Yet ere Isaac departed, the outlaw chief bestowed on him this parting advice: — "Be liberal of thine offers, Isaac, and spare not thy purse for thy daughter's safety. Credit me, that the gold thou shalt spare in her cause will hereafter give thee as much agony as if it were poured molten down thy throat."

Isaac acquiesced with a deep groan, and set forth on his journey, accompanied by two tall foresters, who were to be his guides, and at the same time his guards, through the wood.

The Black Knight, who had seen with no small interest these various proceedings, now took his leave of the outlaw in turn; nor could he avoid expressing his surprise at having witnessed so much of civil policy amongst persons cast out from all the ordinary protection and influence of the laws.

"Good fruit, Sir Knight," said the yeoman, "will sometimes grow on a sorry tree; and evil times are not always productive of evil alone and unmixed. Amongst those who are drawn into this lawless state, there are, doubtless, numbers who wish to exercise its license with some moderation, and some who regret, it may be, that they are obliged to follow such a trade at all."

"And to one of those," said the Knight, "I am now. I presume, speaking?"

"Sir Knight," said the Outlaw, "we have each our secret. You are welcome to form your judgment of me, and I may use my conjectures touching you, though neither of our shafts may hit the mark they are shot at. But as I do not pray to be admitted into your mystery, be not offended that I preserve my own."

"I crave pardon, brave Outlaw," said the Knight, "your

reproof is just. But it may be we shall meet hereafter with less of concealment on either side. — Meanwhile we part friends, do we not?"

"There is my hand upon it," said Locksley; "and I will call it the hand of a true Englishman, though an outlaw for the present."

"And there is mine in return," said the Knight, "and I hold it honored by being clasped with yours. For he that does good, having the unlimited power to do evil, deserves praise not only for the good which he performs, but for the evil which he forbears. Fare thee well, gallant Outlaw!"

Thus parted that fair fellowship; and He of the Fetterlock, mounting upon his strong war-horse, rode off through the forest.

EDMUND HAMILTON SEARS

EDMUND HAMILTON SEARS. Born at Sandisfield, Berkshire County, Massachusetts, April 6, 1810; died at Weston, January 14, 1876.

Author of "Athanasia, or Foregleams of Immortality," "Songs of the Christian Life." Dr. Sears' two Christmas hymns, "Calm on the listening ear of night" and "It came upon the midnight clear," rank with the best in the English language.

A CHRISTMAS HYMN

It came upon the midnight clear,
That glorious song of old,
From angels bending near the earth
To touch their harps of gold;
Peace on the earth, good-will to men,
From heaven's all-gracious King;
The world in solemn stillness lay
To hear the angels sing.

Still through the cloven skies they come,
With peaceful wings unfurl'd;
And still their heavenly music floats
O'er all the weary world:
Above its sad and lowly plains
They bend on hovering wing,

And ever o'er its Babel sounds
The blessed angels sing.

O ye beneath life's crushing load,
Whose forms are bending low,
Who toil along the climbing way
With painful steps and slow!
Look now, for glad and golden hours
Come swiftly on the wing:
O rest beside the weary road,
And hear the angels sing.

For lo, the days are hastening on,
By prophets seen of old,
When with the ever circling years
Shall come the time foretold,
When the new heaven and earth shall own
The Prince of Peace their King,
And the whole world send back the song
Which now the angels sing.

SENECA

SENECA, a Roman philosopher. Born at Corduba, in Spain, about the year 4 B.C.; died 65 A.D. Author of "Epistles," and essays relating to practical points in the conduct of life; and also the author of "Medea," and other tragedies. His life was most eventful. At one time banished to Corsica for eight years, he was recalled to Rome and appointed tutor to the future emperor, Nero. He was consul in 56 A.D.; but some years later he lost favor with his former imperial pupil, and was ordered by Nero to commit suicide, which he did by opening his veins in a hot bath, conversing with his friends to the last on philosophic subjects.

(From "SENECA'S MORALS BY WAY OF ABSTRACT")

OUR HAPPINESS DEPENDS IN A GREAT MEASURE UPON THE CHOICE OF OUR COMPANY

THE comfort of life depends upon conversation. Good offices and concord, and human society, is like the working of an arch of stone — all would fall to the ground if one piece did not

support another. Above all things let us have a tenderness for blood; and it is yet too little not to hurt, unless we profit one another. We are to relieve the distressed, to put the wanderer into his way, and to divide our bread with the hungry; which is but the doing of good to ourselves, for we are only several members of one great body. Nay, we are all of a consanguinity, formed of the same materials, and designed to the same end. This obliges us to a mutual tenderness and converse; and the other, to live with a regard to equity and justice. The love of society is natural, but the choice of our company is matter of virtue and prudence. Noble examples stir us up to noble actions, and the very history of large and public souls inspires a man with generous thoughts. It makes a man long to be in action, and doing of something, that the world may be the better for; as protecting the weak, delivering the oppressed, punishing the insolent. It is a great blessing, the very consciousness of giving a good example; beside that, it is the greatest obligation any man can lay upon the age he lives in. He that converses with the proud shall be puffed up; a lustful acquaintance makes a man lascivious; and the way to secure a man from wickedness is to withdraw from the examples of it. It is bad to have them near us, but worse to have them within us. Ill examples, pleasure, and ease are, no doubt of it, great corrupters of manners. A rocky ground hardens the horse's hoof; the mountaineer makes the best soldier; the miner makes the best pioneer; and severity of discipline fortifies the mind. In all excesses, and extremities of good and of ill fortune, let us have recourse to great examples that have contemned both. Those are the best instructors that teach in their lives, and prove their words by their actions.

PRACTICAL PHILOSOPHERS ARE THE BEST COMPANY

The best conversation is with the philosophers: that is to say, with such of them as teach us matter, not words; that preach to us things necessary, and keep us to the practice of them. There can be no peace in human life without the contempt of all events. There is nothing that either puts better thoughts into a man, or sooner sets him right that is out of the way, than a good companion; for the example has the force of a precept, and

touches the heart with an impulse to goodness. And not only the frequent hearing and seeing of a wise man delights us, but the very encounter of him suggests profitable contemplations, such as a man finds himself moved with when he goes into a holy place. I will take more care with whom I eat and drink than what, for without a friend the table is a manger. Writing does well, but personal discourse and conversation does better; for men give great credit to their ears, and take stronger impressions from example than precept.

THE BLESSINGS OF FRIENDSHIP

Of all felicities, the most charming is that of a firm and gentle friendship. It sweetens all our cares, dispels our sorrows, and counsels us in all extremities. Nay, if there were no other comfort in it than the bare exercise of so generous a virtue, even for that single reason a man would not be without it; besides that, it is a sovereign antidote against all calamities — even against the fear of death itself.

But we are not yet to number our friends by the visits that are made us, and to confound the decencies of ceremony and commerce with the offices of united affections.

THE CHOICE OF A FRIEND

The great difficulty rests in the choice of him; that is to say, in the first place, let him be virtuous, for vice is contagious, and there is no trusting of the sound and the sick together. And he ought to be a wise man, too, if a body knew where to find him. But, in this case, he that is least ill is best, and the highest degree of human prudence is only the most venial folly. That friendship, where men's affections are cemented by an equal and by a common love of goodness, it is not either hope, or fear, or any private interest that can ever dissolve it, but we carry it with us to our graves, and lay down our lives for it with satisfaction. Paulina's good, and mine, says our author, were so wrapped up together, that in consulting her comfort, I provided for my own; and when I could not prevail upon her to take less care for me, she prevailed upon me to take more care of myself. Some people make it a question whether it is the greater delight,

the enjoyment of an old friendship or the acquiring of a new one, but it is in the preparing of a friendship, and in the possession of it, as it is with a husbandman in sowing and reaping. His delight is the hope of his labor in the one case, and the fruit of it in the other. My conversation lies among my books, but yet in the letters of a friend methinks I have his company; and when I answer them I do not only write, but speak. And in effect a friend is an eye, a heart, a tongue, a hand, at all distances. When friends see one another personally they do not see one another as they do when they are divided, where the distance dignifies the prospect; but they are effectually in a great measure absent, even when they are present. Consider their nights apart, their private studies, their separate employments, and necessary visits, and they are almost as much together divided as present. True friends are the whole world to one another, and he that is a friend to himself is a friend to mankind. Even in my studies, the greatest delight I take in what I learn is the teaching of it to others; for there is no relish, methinks, in the possessing of anything without a partner; nay, if wisdom itself were offered me upon condition only of keeping it to myself, I should undoubtedly refuse it.

THERE MUST BE NO RESERVES IN FRIENDSHIPS

There must be no reserves in friendship: as much deliberation as you please before the league is struck, but no doubtings or jealousies after. It is a preposterous weakness to love a man before we know him, and not to care for him after. It requires time to consider of a friendship, but the resolution once taken entitles him to my very heart. I look upon my thoughts to be as safe in his breast as in my own; I shall, without any scruple, make him the confidant of my most secret cares and counsels. It goes a great way toward the making of a man faithful, to let him understand that you think him so; and he that does but so much as suspect that I will deceive him, gives me a kind of right to cozen him. When I am with my friend, methinks I am alone, and as much at liberty to speak anything as to think it; and as our hearts are one, so must be our interests and convenience; for friendship lays all things in common, and nothing

can be good to the one that is ill to the other. I do not speak of such a community as to destroy one another's individual rights, but as the father and the mother have a common interest in all their children.

A GENEROUS FRIENDSHIP

But let us have a care, above all things, that our kindness be rightfully founded, for where there is any other invitation to friendship itself, that friendship will be bought and sold. He derogates from the majesty of it that makes it only dependent on good fortune. It is a narrow consideration for a man to please himself in the thought of a friend, because, says he, I shall have one to help me when I am sick, in prison, or in want. A brave man should rather take delight in the contemplation of doing the same offices for another. He that loves a man for his own sake is in an error. A friendship of interest cannot last any longer than the interest itself; and this is the reason that men in prosperity are so much followed; and when a man goes down the wind nobody comes near him. Temporary friends will never stand the test. One man is forsaken for fear or profit, another is betrayed. It is a negotiation, not a friendship, that has an eye to advantages. Only through the corruption of times, that which was formerly a friendship is now become a design upon a booty. Alter your testament and you lose a friend. But my end of friendship is to have one dearer to me than myself, and for the saving of whose life I would cheerfully lay down my own; taking this along with me, that only wise men can be friends, others are but companions, and that there is a great difference also betwixt love and friendship. The one may sometime do us hurt, the other always does us good, for one friend is helpful to another in all cases, as well in prosperity as affliction. We receive comfort even at a distance from those we love, but then it is light and faint; whereas presence and conversation touches us to the quick, especially if we find the man we love to be such a person as we wish.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE, greatest of dramatists, and one of humanity's master minds. Born at Stratford-on-Avon, April 23, 1564; died there April 23, 1616. Author of "Love's Labour's Lost," "Two Gentlemen of Verona," "Comedy of Errors," "Romeo and Juliet," "Henry VI," "King Richard III," "Titus Andronicus," "A Merchant of Venice," "King John," "A Midsummer Night's Dream," "King Richard II," "All's Well that Ends Well," "The Taming of the Shrew," "Henry IV," "The Merry Wives of Windsor," "Henry V," "Much Ado About Nothing," "As You Like It," "Twelfth Night," "Julius Cæsar," "Hamlet," "Troilus and Cressida," "Othello," "Measure for Measure," "Macbeth," "King Lear," "Antony and Cleopatra," "Coriolanus," "Cymbeline," "A Winter's Tale," "The Tempest."

(From "HENRY IV, PART I")

London. An apartment of the Prince's

Enter the PRINCE OF WALES *and* FALSTAFF.

Fal. Now, Hal, what time of day is it, lad?

Prince. Thou art so fat-witted, with drinking of old sack and unbuttoning thee after supper and sleeping upon benches after noon, that thou hast forgotten to demand that truly which thou wouldst truly know. What a devil hast thou to do with the time of the day? Unless hours were cups of sack, and minutes capons, and clocks the tongues of bawds, and dials the signs of leaing-houses, and the blessed sun himself a fair hot wench in flame-colored taffeta, I see no reason why thou shouldst be so superfluous to demand the time of the day.

Fal. Indeed, you come near me now, Hal; for we that take purses go by the moon and the seven stars, and not by Phœbus, he, "that wandering knight so fair." And, I prithee, sweet wag, when thou art king, as, God save thy grace — majesty I should say, for grace thou wilt have none, —

Prince. What, none?

Fal. No, by my troth, not so much as will serve to be prologue to an egg and butter.

Prince. Well, how then? come, roundly, roundly.

Fal. Marry, then, sweet wag, when thou art king, let not us that are squires of the night's body be called thieves of the day's beauty: let us be Diana's foresters, gentlemen of the shade, minions of the moon; and let men say we be men of good government, being governed, as the sea is, by our noble and chaste mistress the moon, under whose countenance we steal.

Prince. Thou sayest well, and it holds well too; for the fortune of us that are the moon's men doth ebb and flow like the sea, being governed, as the sea is, by the moon. As, for proof, now: a purse of gold most resolutely snatched on Monday night and most dissolutely spent on Tuesday morning; got with swearing "Lay by" and spent with crying "Bring in"; now in as low an ebb as the foot of the ladder, and by and by in as high a flow as the ridge of the gallows.

Fal. By the Lord, thou sayest true, lad. And is not my hostess of the tavern a most sweet wench?

Prince. As the honey of Hybla, my old lad of the castle. And is not a buff jerkin a most sweet robe of durance?

Fal. How now, how now, mad wag! what, in thy quips and thy quiddities? what a plague have I to do with a buff jerkin?

Prince. Why, what a pox have I to do with my hostess of the tavern?

Fal. Well, thou hast called her to a reckoning many a time and oft.

Prince. Did I ever call for thee to pay thy part?

Fal. No; I'll give thee thy due, thou hast paid all there.

Prince. Yea, and elsewhere, so far as my coin would stretch; and where it would not, I have used my credit.

Fal. Yea, and so used it that, were it not here apparent that thou art heir apparent — But, I prithee, sweet wag, shall there be gallows standing in England when thou art king? and resolution thus fobbed as it is with the rusty curb of old father antic the law? Do not thou, when thou art king, hang a thief.

Prince. No; thou shalt.

Fal. Shall I? O rare! By the Lord, I'll be a brave judge.

Prince. Thou judgest false already: I mean, thou shalt have the hanging of the thieves and so become a rare hangman.

Fal. Well, Hal, well; and in some sort it jumps with my humor as well as waiting in the court, I can tell you.

Prince. For obtaining of suits?

Fal. Yea, for obtaining of suits, whereof the hangman hath no lean wardrobe. 'Sblood, I am as melancholy as a gib cat or a lugged bear.

Prince. Or an old lion, or a lover's lute.

Fal. Yea, or the drone of a Lincolnshire bagpipe.

Prince. What sayest thou to a hare, or the melancholy of Moor-ditch?

Fal. Thou hast the most unsavory similes, and art indeed the most comparative, rascalliest, sweet young prince. But, Hal, I prithee, trouble me no more with vanity. I would to God thou and I knew where a commodity of good names were to be bought. An old lord of the council rated me the other day in the street about you, sir, but I marked him not; and yet he talked very wisely, but I regarded him not; and yet he talked wisely, and in the street too.

Prince. Thou didst well; for wisdom cries out in the streets, and no man regards it.

Fal. O, thou hast damnable iteration, and art indeed able to corrupt a saint. Thou hast done much harm upon me, Hal; God forgive thee for it! Before I knew thee, Hal, I knew nothing; and now am I, if a man should speak truly, little better than one of the wicked. I must give over this life, and I will give it over: by the Lord, an I do not, I am a villain: I'll be damned for never a king's son in Christendom.

Prince. Where shall we take a purse to-morrow, Jack?

Fal. 'Zounds, where thou wilt, lad; I'll make one; an I do not, call me villain and baffle me.

Prince. I see a good amendment of life in thee; from praying to purse-taking.

Fal. Why, Hal, 'tis my vocation, Hal; 'tis no sin for a man to labor in his vocation.

Enter Poins.

Poins! Now shall we know if Gadshill have set a match. O if men were to be saved by merit, what hole in hell were hot enough for him? This is the most omnipotent villain that ever cried "Stand" to a true man.

Prince. Good morrow, Ned.

Poins. Good morrow, sweet Hal. What says Monsieur Remorse? what says Sir John Sack and Sugar? Jack! how agrees the devil and thee about thy soul, that thou soldest him on Good Friday last for a cup of Madeira and a cold capon's leg?

Prince. Sir John stands to his word, the devil shall have his bargain; for he was never yet a breaker of proverbs: he will give the devil his due.

Poins. Then art thou damned for keeping thy word with the devil.

Prince. Else he had been damned for cozening the devil.

Poins. But, my lads, my lads, to-morrow morning, by four o'clock, early at Gadshill! there are pilgrims going to Canterbury with rich offerings, and traders riding to London with fat purses: I have vizards for you all; you have horses for yourselves: Gadshill lies to-night in Rochester: I have bespoke supper to-morrow night in Eastcheap: we may do it as secure as sleep. If you will go, I will stuff your purses full of crowns; if you will not, tarry at home and be hanged.

Fal. Hear ye, Yedward; if I tarry at home and go not, I'll hang you for going.

Poins. You will, chops?

Fal. Hal, wilt thou make one?

Prince. Who, I rob? I a thief? not I, by my faith.

Fal. There's neither honesty, manhood, nor good fellowship in thee, nor thou camest not of the blood royal, if thou darest not stand for ten shillings.

Prince. Well, then, once in my days I'll be a madcap.

Fal. Why, that's well said.

Prince. Well, come what will, I'll tarry at home.

Fal. By the Lord, I'll be a traitor then, when thou art king.

Prince. I care not.

Poins. Sir John, I prithee, leave the prince and me alone: I will lay him down such reasons for this adventure that he shall go.

Fal. Well, God give thee the spirit of persuasion and him the ears of profiting, that what thou speakest may move and what he hears may be believed, that the true prince may, for recrea-

tion sake, prove a false thief; for the poor abuses of the time want countenance. Farewell: you shall find me in Eastcheap.

Prince. Farewell, thou latter spring! farewell, Allhallown summer! [*Exit* FALSTAFF.

Poins. Now, my good sweet honey lord, ride with us to-morrow: I have a jest to execute that I cannot manage alone. Falstaff, Bardolph, Peto, and Gadshill shall rob those men that we have already waylaid; yourself and I will not be there; and when they have the booty, if you and I do not rob them, cut this head off from my shoulders.

Prince. How shall we part with them in setting forth?

Poins. Why, we will set forth before or after them, and appoint them a place of meeting, wherein it is at our pleasure to fail, and then will they adventure upon the exploit themselves; which they shall have no sooner achieved, but we'll set upon them.

Prince. Yea, but 'tis like that they will know us by our horses, by our habits, and by every other appointment, to be ourselves.

Poins. Tut! our horses they shall not see; I'll tie them in the wood; our vizards we will change after we leave them: and, sirrah, I have cases of buckram for the nonce, to immask our noted outward garments.

Prince. Yea, but I doubt they will be too hard for us.

Poins. Well, for two of them, I know them to be as true-bred cowards as ever turned back; and for the third, if he fight longer than he sees reason, I'll forswear arms. The virtue of this jest will be, the incomprehensible lies that this same fat rogue will tell us when we meet at supper: how thirty, at least, he fought with; what wards, what blows, what extremities he endured; and in the reproof of this lies the jest.

Prince. Well, I'll go with thee: provide us all things necessary and meet me to-morrow night in Eastcheap; there I'll sup. Farewell.

Poins. Farewell, my lord. [*Exit.*

Prince. I know you all, and will awhile uphold
The unyoked humor of your idleness:
Yet herein will I imitate the sun,
Who doth permit the base contagious clouds
To smother up his beauty from the world,
That, when he please again to be himself,

Being wanted, he may be more wonder'd at,
By breaking through the foul and ugly mists
Of vapors that did seem to strangle him.
If all the year were playing holidays,
To sport would be as tedious as to work;
But when they seldom come, they wish'd for come,
And nothing pleaseth but rare accidents.
So, when this loose behavior I throw off
And pay the debt I never promised,
By how much better than my word I am,
By so much shall I falsify men's hopes;
And like bright metal on a sullen ground,
My reformation, glittering o'er my fault,
Shall show more goodly and attract more eyes
Than that which hath no foil to set it off.
I'll so offend, to make offense a skill;
Redeeming time when men think least I will. [*Exit.*

Rochester. An inn yard

Enter a CARRIER *with a lantern in his hand.*

First Car. Heigh-ho! an it be not four by the day, I'll be hanged: Charles' wain is over the new chimney, and yet our horse not packed. What, ostler!

Ost. (*within*). Anon, anon.

First Car. I prithee, Tom, beat Cut's saddle, put a few flocks in the point; poor jade, is wrung in the withers out of all cess.

Enter another CARRIER.

Sec. Car. Peas and beans are as dank here as a dog, and that is the next way to give poor jades the blots: this house is turned upside down since Robin Ostler died.

First Car. Poor fellow, never joyed since the price of oats rose; it was the death of him.

Sec. Car. I think this be the most villainous house in all London road for fleas: I am stung like a tench.

First Car. Like a tench! by the mass, there is ne'er a king christen could be better bit than I have been since the first cock.

Sec. Car. Why, they will allow us ne'er a jordan, and then we leak in your chimney; and your chamber-lie breeds fleas like a loach.

First Car. What, ostler! come away and be hanged! come away.

Sec. Car. I have a gammon of bacon and two razes of ginger, to be delivered as far as Charing-cross.

First Car. God's body! the turkeys in my pannier are quite starved. What, ostler! A plague on thee! hast thou never an eye in thy head? canst not hear? An 'twere not as good deed as drink, to break the pate on thee, I am a very villain. Come, and be hanged! hast no faith in thee?

Enter GADSHILL.

Gads. Good morrow, carriers. What's o'clock?

First Car. I think it be two o'clock.

Gads. I prithee, lend me thy lantern, to see my gelding in the stable.

First Car. Nay, by God, soft; I know a trick worth two of that, i' faith.

Gads. I pray thee, lend me thine.

Sec. Car. Aye, when? canst tell? Lend me thy lantern, quoth he? marry, I'll see thee hanged first.

Gads. Sirrah carrier, what time do you mean to come to London?

Sec. Car. Time enough to go to bed with a candle, I warrant thee. Come, neighbor Mugs, we'll call up the gentlemen; they will along with company, for they have great charge.

[*Exeunt* CARRIERS.

Gads. What, ho! chamberlain!

Cham. (*within*). At hand, quoth pick-purse.

Gads. That's even as fair as — at hand, quoth the chamberlain; for thou variest no more from picking of purses than giving direction doth from laboring; thou layest the plot how.

Enter CHAMBERLAIN.

Cham. Good morrow, Master Gadshill. It holds current that I told you yesternight: there's a franklin in the wild of Kent

hath brought three hundred marks with him in gold: I heard him tell it to one of his company last night at supper; a kind of auditor; one that hath abundance of charge too, God knows what. They are up already, and call for eggs and butter: they will away presently.

Gads. Sirrah, if they meet not with Saint Nicholas' clerks, I'll give thee this neck.

Cham. No, I'll none of it: I pray thee, keep that for the hangman; for I know thou worshipest Saint Nicholas as truly as a man of falsehood may.

Gads. What talkest thou to me of the hangman? if I hang, I'll make a fat pair of gallows; for if I hang, old Sir John hangs with me, and thou knowest he is no starveling. Tut! there are other Trojans that thou dreamest not of, the which for sport sake are content to do the profession some grace; that would, if matters should be looked into, for their own credit sake, make all whole. I am joined with no foot landrakers, no long-staff sixpenny strikers, none of these mad mustachio purple-hued malt-worms; but with nobility and tranquillity, burgo-masters and great oneyers, such as can hold in, such as will strike sooner than speak, and speak sooner than drink, and drink sooner than pray: and yet, 'zounds, I lie; for they pray continually to their saint, the commonwealth; or rather, not pray to her, but prey on her, for they ride up and down on her and make her their boots.

Cham. What, the commonwealth their boots? will she hold out water in foul way?

Gads. She will, she will; justice hath liquored her. We steal as in a castle, cock-sure; we have the receipt of fern-seed, we walk invisible.

Cham. Nay, by my faith, I think you are more beholding to the night than to fern-seed for your walking invisible.

Gads. Give me thy hand: thou shalt have a share in our purchase, as I am a true man.

Cham. Nay, rather let me have it, as you are a false thief.

Gads. Go to; "homo" is a common name to all men. Bid the ostler bring my gelding out of the stable. Farewell, you muddy knave. [*Exeunt.*

The highway, near Gadshill

Enter PRINCE HENRY *and* POINS.

Poins. Come, shelter, shelter: I have removed Falstaff's horse, and he frets like a gummed velvet.

Prince. Stand close.

Enter FALSTAFF.

Fal. Poins! Poins, and be hanged! Poins!

Prince. Peace, ye fat-kidneyed rascal! what a brawling dost thou keep!

Fal. Where's Poins, Hal?

Prince. He is walked up to the top of the hill: I'll go seek him.

Fal. I am accursed to rob in that thief's company: the rascal hath removed my horse, and tied him I know not where. If I travel but four foot by the squier further afoot, I shall break my wind. Well, I doubt not but to die a fair death for all this, if I 'scape hanging for killing that rogue. I have forsworn his company hourly any time this two and twenty years, and yet I am bewitched with the rogue's company. If the rascal have not given me medicines to make me love him, I'll be hanged; it could not be else; I have drunk medicines. Poins! Hal! a plague upon you both! Bardolph! Peto! I'll starve ere I'll rob a foot farther. An 'twere not as good a deed as drink, to turn true man and to leave these rogues, I am the veriest varlet that ever chewed with a tooth. Eight yards of uneven ground is threescore and ten miles afoot with me; and the stony-hearted villains know it well enough: a plague upon it when thieves cannot be true one to another! (*They whistle.*) Whew! A plague upon you all! Give me my horse, you rogues; give me my horse, and be hanged!

Prince. Peace, ye fat-guts! lie down; lay thine ear close to the ground and list if thou canst hear the tread of travelers.

Fal. Have you any levers to lift me up again, being down? 'Sblood, I'll not bear mine own flesh so far afoot again for all the coin in thy father's exchequer. What a plague mean ye to colt me thus?

Prince. Thou liest; thou art not colted, thou art uncolted.

Fal. I prithee, good prince Hal, help me to my horse, good king's son.

Prince. Out, ye rogue! shall I be your ostler?

Fal. Go hang thyself in thine own heir-apparent garters! If I be ta'en, I'll peach for this. An I have not ballads made on you all and sung to filthy tunes, let a cup of sack be my poison: when a jest is so forward, and afoot too! I hate it.

Enter GADSHILL, BARDOLPH, *and* PETO *with him.*

Gads. Stand.

Fal. So I do, against my will.

Poins. O, 'tis our setter: I know his voice. Bardolph, what news?

Bard. Case ye, case ye; on with your vizards: there's money of the king's coming down the hill; 'tis going to the king's exchequer.

Fal. You lie, ye rogue; 'tis going to the king's tavern.

Gads. There's enough to make us all.

Fal. To be hanged.

Prince. Sirs, you four shall front them in the narrow lane; Ned Poins and I will walk lower: if they 'scape from your encounter, then they light on us.

Peto. How many be there of them?

Gads. Some eight or ten.

Fal. 'Zounds, will they not rob us?

Prince. What, a coward, Sir John Paunch?

Fal. Indeed, I am not John of Gaunt, your grandfather; but yet no coward, Hal.

Prince. Well, we leave that to the proof.

Poins. Sirrah Jack, thy horse stands behind the hedge: when thou needest him, there thou shalt find him. Farewell, and stand fast.

Fal. Now cannot I strike him, if I should be hanged.

Prince. Ned, where are our disguises?

Poins. Here, hard by: stand close.

[*Exeunt* PRINCE *and* POINS.

Fal. Now, my masters, happy man be his dole, say I: every man to his business.

Enter the TRAVELERS.

First Trav. Come, neighbor: the boy shall lead our horses down the hill; we'll walk afoot awhile and ease our legs.

Thieves. Stand!

Travelers. Jesus bless us!

Fal. Strike; down with them; cut the villains' throats: ah! whoreson caterpillars! bacon-fed knaves! they hate us youth; down with them; fleece them.

Travelers. O, we are undone, both we and ours forever!

Fal. Hang ye, gorbellied knaves, are ye undone? No, ye fat chuffs; I would your store were here! On, bacons, on! What, ye knaves! young men must live. You are grand-jurors, are ye? we'll jure ye, 'faith.

[*Here they rob them and bind them. Exeunt.*

Reënter PRINCE HENRY *and* POINS *disguised.*

Prince. The thieves have bound the true men. Now could thou and I rob the thieves and go merrily to London, it would be argument for a week, laughter for a month, and a good jest forever.

Poins. Stand close; I hear them coming.

Enter the THIEVES *again.*

Fal. Come, my masters, let us share, and then to horse before day. An the Prince and Poins be not two arrant cowards, there's no equity stirring: there's no more valor in that Poins than in a wild-duck.

Prince. Your money!

Poins. Villains!

[*As they are sharing, the* PRINCE *and* POINS *set upon them; they all run away; and* FALSTAFF, *after a blow or two, runs away, too, leaving the booty behind them.*

Prince. Got with much ease. Now merrily to horse:
The thieves are all scatter'd and possess'd with fear
So strongly that they dare not meet each other;
Each takes his fellow for an officer.
Away, good Ned. Falstaff sweats to death,

And lards the lean earth as he walks along:
Were't not for laughing, I should pity him.

Poins. How the rogue roar'd! [*Exeunt.*

The Boar's-Head Tavern in Eastcheap

Enter the PRINCE *and* POINS.

Prince. Ned, prithee, come out of that fat room, and lend me thy hand to laugh a little.

Poins. Where hast been, Hal?

Prince. With three or four loggerheads amongst three or fourscore hogsheads. I have sounded the very base-string of humility. Sirrah, I am sworn brother to a leash of drawers; and can call them all by their christen names, as Tom, Dick, and Francis. They take it already upon their salvation, that though I be but Prince of Wales, yet I am the king of courtesy; and tell me flatly I am no proud Jack, like Falstaff, but a Corinthian, a lad of mettle, a good boy, by the Lord, so they call me, and when I am king of England, I shall command all the good lads in Eastcheap. They call drinking deep, dyeing scarlet; and when you breathe in your watering, they cry "hem!" and bid you play it off. To conclude, I am so good a proficient in one quarter of an hour, that I can drink with any tinker in his own language during my life. I tell thee, Ned, thou hast lost much honor, that thou wert not with me in this action. But, sweet Ned, — to sweeten which name of Ned, I give thee this pennyworth of sugar, clapped even now into my hand by an under-skinker, one that never spake other English in his life than "Eight shillings and sixpence," and "You are welcome," with this shrill addition, "Anon, anon, sir! Score a pint of bastard in the Half-moon," or so. But, Ned, to drive away the time till Falstaff come, I prithee, do thou stand in some by-room, while I question my puny drawer to what end he gave me the sugar; and do thou never leave calling "Francis," that his tale to me may be nothing but "Anon." Step inside, and I'll show thee a precedent.

Poins. Francis!

Prince. Thou art perfect.

Poins. Francis! [*Exit* POINS.

Enter FRANCIS.

Fran. Anon, anon, sir. Look down into the Pomgarnet, Ralph.

Prince. Come hither, Francis.

Fran. My lord?

Prince. How long hast thou to serve, Francis?

Fran. Forsooth, five years, and as much as to —

Poins (*within*). Francis!

Fran. Anon, anon, sir.

Prince. Five year! by'r lady, a long lease for the clinking of pewter. But, Francis, darest thou be so valiant as to play the coward with thy indenture and show it a fair pair of heels and run from it?

Fran. O Lord, sir, I'll be sworn upon all the books in England I could find in my heart.

Poins (*within*). Francis!

Fran. Anon, sir.

Prince. How old art thou, Francis?

Fran. Let me see — about Michaelmas next I shall be —

Poins (*within*). Francis!

Fran. Anon, sir. Pray stay a little, my lord.

Prince. Nay, but hark you, Francis: for the sugar thou gavest me, 'twas a pennyworth, was't not?

Fran. O Lord, I would it had been two!

Prince. I will give thee for it a thousand pound: ask me when thou wilt, and thou shalt have it.

Poins (*within*). Francis!

Fran. Anon, anon.

Prince. Anon, Francis? No, Francis; but to-morrow, Francis; or, Francis, o' Thursday; or, indeed, Francis, when thou wilt. But, Francis!

Fran. My lord?

Prince. Wilt thou rob this leathern jerkin, crystal-button, knot-pated, agate-ring, puke-stocking, caddis-garter, smooth-tongue, Spanish-pouch, —

Fran. O Lord, sir, who do you mean?

Prince. Why, then, your brown bastard is your only drink; for look you, Francis, your white canvas doublet will sully: in Barbary, sir, it cannot come to so much.

Fran. What, sir?

Poins (within). Francis!

Prince. Away, you rogue! dost thou not hear them call?

(*Here they both call him; the drawer stands amazed, not knowing which way to go.*)

Enter VINTNER.

Vint. What, standest thou still, and hearest such a calling? Look to the guests within. (*Exit* FRANCIS.) My lord, old Sir John, with half a dozen more, are at the door: shall I let them in?

Prince. Let them alone awhile, and then open the door. [*Exit* VINTNER.] Poins!

Reënter POINS

Poins. Anon, anon, sir.

Prince. Sirrah, Falstaff and the rest of the thieves are at the door: shall we be merry?

Poins. As merry as crickets, my lad. But hark ye; what cunning match have you made with this jest of the drawer? come, what's the issue?

Prince. I am now of all humors that have showed themselves humors since the old days of goodman Adam to the pupilage of this present twelve o'clock at midnight.

Reënter FRANCIS.

What's o'clock, Francis?

Fran. Anon, anon, sir. [*Exit.*

Prince. That ever this fellow should have fewer words than a parrot, and yet the son of a woman! His industry is upstairs and downstairs; his eloquence the parcel of a reckoning. I am not yet of Percy's mind, the Hotspur of the north; he that kills me some six or seven dozen of Scots at a breakfast, washes his hands, and says to his wife, "Fie upon this quiet life! I want work." "O my sweet Harry," says she, "how many hast thou killed to-day?" "Give my roan horse a drench," says he; and answers, "Some fourteen," an hour after; "a trifle, a trifle." I prithee, call in Falstaff: I'll play Percy, and that damned

brawn shall play Dame Mortimer his wife. "Rivo!" says the drunkard. Call in ribs, call in tallow.

Enter FALSTAFF, GADSHILL, BARDOLPH, *and* PETO; FRANCIS *following with wine.*

Poins. Welcome, Jack: where hast thou been?

Fal. A plague of all cowards, I say, and a vengeance too! marry, and amen! Give me a cup of sack, boy. Ere I lead this life long, I'll sew nether stocks and mend them and foot them too. A plague of all cowards! Give me a cup of sack, rogue. Is there no virtue extant? [*He drinks.*

Prince. Didst thou never see Titan kiss a dish of butter? pitiful-hearted Titan, that melted at the sweet tale of the sun's! if thou didst, then behold that compound.

Fal. You rogue, here's lime in this sack too: there is nothing but roguery to be found in villainous man: yet a coward is worse than a cup of sack with lime in it. A villainous coward! Go thy ways, old Jack; die when thou wilt, if manhood, good manhood, be not forgot upon the face of the earth, then am I a shotten herring. There lives not three good men unhanged in England; and one of them is fat, and grows old: God help the while! a bad world, I say. I would I were a weaver; I could sing psalms or anything. A plague of all cowards, I say still.

Prince. How now, wool-sack! what mutter you?

Fal. A king's son! If I do not beat thee out of thy kingdom with a dagger of lath, and drive all thy subjects afore thee like a flock of wild-geese, I'll never wear hair on my face more. You Prince of Wales!

Prince. Why, you whoreson round man, what's the matter?

Fal. Are not you a coward? answer me to that: and Poins there?

Poins. 'Zounds, ye fat paunch, an ye call me coward, by the Lord, I'll stab thee.

Fal. I call thee coward! I'll see thee damned ere I call thee coward: but I would give a thousand pound I could run as fast as thou canst. You are straight enough in the shoulders, you care not who sees your back: call you that backing of

your friends? A plague upon such backing! give me them that will face me. Give me a cup of sack: I am a rogue, if I drunk to-day.

Prince. O villain! thy lips are scarce wiped since thou drunkest last.

Fal. All's one for that. (*He drinks.*) A plague of all cowards, still say I.

Prince. What's the matter?

Fal. What's the matter! there be four of us here have ta'en a thousand pound this day morning.

Prince. Where is it, Jack? where is it?

Fal. Where is it! taken from us it is: a hundred upon poor four of us.

Prince. What, a hundred, man?

Fal. I am a rogue, if I were not at half-sword with a dozen of them two hours together. I have 'scaped by miracle. I am eight times thrust through the doublet, four through the hose; my buckler cut through and through; my sword hacked like a hand-saw — ecce signum! I never dealt better since I was a man: all would not do. A plague of all cowards! Let them speak: if they speak more or less than truth, they are villains and the sons of darkness.

Prince. Speak, sirs; how was it?

Gads. We four set upon some dozen —

Fal. Sixteen at least, my lord.

Gads. And bound them.

Peto. No, no, they were not bound.

Fal. You rogue, they were bound, every man of them; or I am a Jew else, an Ebrew Jew.

Gads. As we were sharing, some six or seven fresh men set upon us —

Fal. And unbound the rest, and then come in the other.

Prince. What, fought you with them all?

Fal. All! I know not what you call all; but if I fought not with fifty of them, I am a bunch of radish: if there were not two or three and fifty upon poor old Jack, then am I no two-legged creature.

Prince. Pray God you have not murdered some of them.

Fal. Nay, that's past praying for: I have peppered two of

them; two I am sure I have paid, two rogues in buckram suits. I tell thee what, Hal, if I tell thee a lie, spit in my face, call me horse. Thou knowest my old ward; here I lay, and thus I bore my point. Four rogues in buckram let drive at me —

Prince. What, four? thou saidst but two even now.

Fal. Four, Hal; I told thee four.

Poins. Aye, aye, he said four.

Fal. These four came all a-front, and mainly thrust at me. I made me no more ado, but took all their seven points in my target, thus.

Prince. Seven? why, there were but four even now.

Fal. In buckram?

Poins. Aye, four, in buckram suits.

Fal. Seven, by these hilts, or I am a villain else.

Prince. Prithee, let him alone; we shall have more anon.

Fal. Dost thou hear me, Hal?

Prince. Aye, and mark thee too, Jack.

Fal. Do so, for it is worth the listening to. These nine in buckram that I told thee of, —

Prince. So, two more already.

Fal. Their points being broken, —

Poins. Down fell their hose.

Fal. Began to give me ground: but I followed me close, came in foot and hand; and with a thought seven of the eleven I paid.

Prince. O monstrous! eleven buckram men grown out of two!

Fal. But, as the devil would have it, three misbegotten knaves in Kendal green came at my back and let drive at me; for it was so dark, Hal, that thou couldst not see thy hand.

Prince. These lies are like their father that begets them; gross as a mountain, open, palpable. Why, thou clay-brained guts, thou knotty-pated fool, thou whoreson, obscene, greasy tallow-catch, —

Fal. What, art thou mad? art thou mad? is not the truth the truth?

Prince. Why, how couldst thou know these men in Kendal green, when it was so dark thou couldst not see thy hand? come, tell us your reason: what sayest thou to this?

Poins. Come, your reason, Jack, your reason.

Fal. What, upon compulsion? 'Zounds, an I were at the strappado, or all the racks in the world, I would not tell you on compulsion. Give you a reason on compulsion! if reasons were as plentiful as blackberries, I would give no man a reason upon compulsion, I.

Prince. I'll be no longer guilty of this sin; this sanguine coward, this bed-presser, this horseback-breaker, this huge hill of flesh, —

Fal. 'Sblood, you starveling, you elf-skin, you dried neat's tongue, you bull's pizzle, you stock-fish! O for breath to utter what is like thee! you tailor's-yard, you sheath, you bow-case, you vile standing-tuck, —

Prince. Well, breathe awhile, and then to it again: and when thou hast tired thyself in base comparisons, hear me speak but this.

Poins. Mark, Jack.

Prince. We two saw you four set on four and bound them, and were masters of their wealth. Mark now, how a plain tale shall put you down. Then did we two set on you four; and, with a word, out-faced you from your price, and have it; yea, and can show it you here in the house: and, Falstaff, you carried your guts away as nimbly, with as quick dexterity, and roared for mercy, and still run and roared, as ever I heard bull-calf. What a slave art thou, to hack thy sword as thou hast done, and then say it was in fight! What trick, what device, what starting-hole, canst thou now find out to hide thee from this open and apparent shame?

Poins. Come, let's hear, Jack; what trick hast thou now?

Fal. By the Lord, I knew ye as well as he that made ye. Why, hear you, my masters: was it for me to kill the heir-apparent? should I turn upon the true prince? why, thou knowest I am as valiant as Hercules: but beware instinct; the lion will not touch the true prince. Instinct is a great matter; I was now a coward on instinct. I shall think the better of myself and thee during my life; I for a valiant lion, and thou for a true prince. But, by the Lord, lads, I am glad you have the money. Hostess, clap to the doors: watch to-night, pray to-morrow. Gallants, lads, boys, hearts of gold, all the titles

of good fellowship come to you! What, shall we be merry? shall we have a play extempore?

Prince. Content; and the argument shall be thy running away.

Fal. Ah, no more of that, Hal, an thou lovest me!

Enter HOSTESS.

Host. O Jesu, my lord the prince!

Prince. How now, my lady the hostess! what sayest thou to me?

Host. Marry, my lord, there is a nobleman of the court at door would speak with you: he says he comes from your father.

Prince. Give him as much as will make him a royal man, and send him back again to my mother.

Fal. What manner of man is he?

Host. An old man.

Fal. What doth gravity out of his bed at midnight? Shall I give him his answer?

Prince. Prithee, do, Jack.

Fal. Faith, and I'll send him packing. [*Exit.*

Prince. Now, sirs: by'r lady, you fought fair; so did you, Peto; so did you, Bardolph: you are lions too, you ran away upon instinct, you will not touch the true prince; no, fie!

Bard. Faith, I ran when I saw others run.

Prince. Faith, tell me now in earnest, how came Falstaff's sword so hacked?

Peto. Why, he hacked it with his dagger, and said he would swear truth out of England but he would make you believe it was done in fight, and persuaded us to do the like.

Bard. Yea, and to tickle our noses with spear-grass to make them bleed, and then to beslubber our garments with it and swear it was the blood of true men. I did that I did not this seven year before, I blushed to hear his monstrous devices.

Prince. O villain, thou stolest a cup of sack eighteen years ago, and wert taken with the manner, and ever since thou hast blushed extempore. Thou hadst fire and sword on thy side, and yet thou rannest away: what instinct hadst thou for it?

Bard. My lord, do you see these meteors? do you behold these exhalations?

Prince. I do.

Bard. What think you they portend?

Prince. Hot livers and cold purses.

Bard. Choler, my lord, if rightly taken.

Prince. No, if rightly taken, halter.

Reënter FALSTAFF.

Here comes lean Jack, here comes bare-bone. How now, my sweet creature of bombast! How long is't ago, Jack, since thou sawest thine own knee?

Fal. My own knee! when I was about thy years, Hal, I was not an eagle's talon in the waist; I could have crept into any alderman's thumb-ring: a plague of sighing and grief! it blows a man up like a bladder. There's villainous news abroad: here was Sir John Bracy from your father; you must to the court in the morning. That same mad fellow of the north, Percy, and he of Wales, that gave Amamon the bastinado, and made Lucifer cuckold, and swore the devil his true liegeman upon the cross of a Welsh hook — what a plague call you him?

Poins. O, Glendower.

Fal. Owen, Owen, the same; and his son-in-law Mortimer, and old Northumberland, and that sprightly Scot of Scots, Douglas, that runs o' horseback up a hill perpendicular, —

Prince. He that rides at high speed and with his pistol kills a sparrow flying.

Fal. You have hit it.

Prince. So did he never the sparrow.

Fal. Well, that rascal hath good mettle in him; he will not run.

Prince. Why, what a rascal art thou then, to praise him so for running!

Fal. O' horseback, ye cuckoo; but afoot he will not budge a foot.

Prince. Yes, Jack, upon instinct.

Fal. I grant ye, upon instinct. Well, he is there too, and one Mordake, and a thousand bluecaps more: Worcester is stolen

away to-night; thy father's beard is turned white with the news: you may buy land now as cheap as stinking mackerel.

Prince. Why, then, it is like, if there come a hot June and this civil buffeting hold, we shall buy maidenheads as they buy hob-nails, by the hundreds.

Fal. By the mass, lad, thou sayest true; it is like we shall have good trading that way. But tell me, Hal, art not thou horrible afeard? thou being heir-apparent, could the world pick thee out three such enemies again as that fiend Douglas, that spirit Percy, and that devil Glendower? art thou not horribly afraid? doth not thy blood thrill at it?

Prince. Not a whit, i' faith; I lack some of thy instinct.

Fal. Well, thou wilt be horribly chid to-morrow when thou comest to thy father: if thou love me, practise an answer.

Prince. Do thou stand for my father, and examine me upon the particulars of my life.

Fal. Shall I? content: this chair shall be my state, this dagger my scepter, and this cushion my crown.

Prince. Thy state is taken for a joined-stool, thy golden scepter for a leaden dagger, and thy precious rich crown for a pitiful bald crown!

Fal. Well, an the fire of grace be not quite out of thee, now shalt thou be moved. Give me a cup of sack to make my eyes look red, that it may be thought I have wept; for I must speak in passion, and I will do it in King Cambyses' vein.

Prince. Well, here is my leg.

Fal. And here is my speech. Stand aside, nobility.

Host. O Jesu, this is excellent sport, i' faith!

Fal. Weep not, sweet queen; for trickling tears are vain.

Host. O, the father, how he holds his countenance!

Fal. For God's sake, lords, convey my tristful queen;
For tears do stop the flood-gates of her eyes.

Host. O Jesu, he doth it as like one of these harlotry players as ever I see!

Fal. Peace, good pint-pot; peace, good tickle-brain. Harry, I do not only marvel where thou spendest thy time, but also how thou art accompanied: for though the camomile, the more it is trodden on the faster it grows, yet youth, the more it is wasted the sooner it wears. That thou art my son, I have

partly thy mother's word, partly my own opinion, but chiefly a villainous trick of thine eye, and a foolish hanging of thy nether lip, that doth warrant me. If then thou be son to me, here lies the point; why, being son to me, art thou so pointed at? Shall the blessed sun of heaven prove a micher and eat blackberries? a question not to be asked. Shall the son of England prove a thief and take purses? a question to be asked. There is one thing, Harry, which thou hast often heard of, and it is known to many in our land by the name of pitch: this pitch, as ancient writers do report, doth defile; so doth the company thou keepest: for, Harry, now I do not speak to thee in drink but in tears, not in pleasure but in passion, not in words only but in woes also: and yet there is a virtuous man whom I have often noted in thy company, but I know not his name.

Prince. What manner of man, an it like your majesty?

Fal. A goodly portly man, i' faith, and a corpulent; of a cheerful look, a pleasing eye, and a most noble carriage; and, as I think, his age some fifty, or by'r lady, inclining to threescore; and now I remember me, his name is Falstaff: if that man should be lewdly given, he deceiveth me; for, Harry, I see virtue in his looks. If then the tree may be known by the fruit, as the fruit by the tree, then, peremptorily I speak it, there is virtue in that Falstaff: him keep with, the rest banish. And tell me now, thou naughty varlet, tell me, where hast thou been this month?

Prince. Dost thou speak like a king? Do thou stand for me, and I'll play my father.

Fal. Depose me? if thou dost it half so gravely, so majestically, both in word and matter, hang me up by the heels for a rabbit-sucker or a poulter's hare.

Prince. Well, here I am set.

Fal. And here I stand: judge, my masters.

Prince. Now, Harry, whence come you?

Fal. My noble lord, from Eastcheap.

Prince. The complaints I hear of thee are grievous.

Fal. 'Sblood, my lord, they are false: nay, I'll tickle ye for a young prince, i' faith.

Prince. Swearest thou, ungracious boy? henceforth ne'er look on me. Thou art violently carried away from grace: there

is a devil haunts thee in the likeness of an old fat man; a tun of man is thy companion. Why dost thou converse with that trunk of humors, that bolting-hutch of beastliness, that swollen parcel of dropsies, that huge bombard of sack, that stuffed cloak-bag of guts, that roasted Manning-tree ox with the pudding in his belly, that reverend vice, that gray iniquity, that father ruffian, that vanity in years? Wherein is he good, but to taste sack and drink it? wherein neat and cleanly, but to carve a capon and eat it? wherein cunning, but in craft? wherein crafty, but in villainy? wherein villainous, but in all things? wherein worthy, but in nothing?

Fal. I would your grace would take me with you: whom means your grace?

Prince. That villainous abominable misleader of youth, Falstaff, that old white-bearded Satan.

Fal. My lord, the man I know.

Prince. I know thou dost.

Fal. But to say I know more harm in him than in myself, were to say more than I know. That he is old, the more the pity, his white hairs do witness it; but that he is, saving your reverence, a whoremaster, that I utterly deny. If sack and sugar be a fault, God help the wicked! if to be old and merry be a sin, then many an old host that I know is damned: if to be fat be to be hated, then Pharaoh's lean kine are to be loved. No, my good lord; banish Peto, banish Bardolph, banish Poins: but for sweet Jack Falstaff, kind Jack Falstaff, true Jack Falstaff, valiant Jack Falstaff, and therefore more valiant, being, as he is, old Jack Falstaff, banish not him thy Harry's company, banish not him thy Harry's company: banish plump Jack, and banish all the world.

Prince. I do, I will. [*A knocking heard.*

[*Exeunt* Hostess, Francis, *and* Bardolph.

Reënter Bardolph, *running.*

Bard. O, my lord, my lord! the sheriff with a most monstrous watch is at the door.

Fal. Out, ye rogue! Play out the play: I have much to say in the behalf of that Falstaff.

Reënter the HOSTESS.

Host. O Jesu, my lord, my lord! —

Prince. Heigh, heigh! the devil rides upon a fiddlestick: what's the matter?

Host. The sheriff and all the watch are at the door: they are come to search the house. Shall I let them in?

Fal. Dost thou hear, Hal? never call a true piece of gold a counterfeit: thou art essentially mad, without seeming so.

Prince. And thou a natural coward, without instinct.

Fal. I deny your major: if you will deny the sheriff, so; if not, let him enter: if I become not a cart as well as another man, a plague on my bringing up! I hope I shall as soon be strangled with a halter as another.

Prince. Go, hide thee behind the arras: the rest walk up above. Now, my masters, for a true face and good conscience.

Fal. Both which I have had: but their date is out, and therefore I'll hide me.

Prince. Call in the sheriff.

[*Exeunt all except the* PRINCE *and* PETO.

Enter SHERIFF *and the* CARRIER.

Now, master sheriff, what is your will with me?

Sher. First, pardon me, my lord. A hue and cry
Hath follow'd certain men unto this house.

Prince. What men?

Sher. One of them is well known, my gracious lord,
A gross fat man.

Car. As fat as butter.

Prince. The man, I do assure you, is not here;
For I myself at this time have employ'd him.
And, sheriff, I will engage my word to thee
That I will, by to-morrow dinner-time,
Send him to answer thee, or any man,
For anything he shall be charged withal:
And so let me entreat you leave the house.

Sher. I will, my lord. There are two gentlemen
Have in this robbery lost three hundred marks.

Prince. It may be so: if he have robb'd these men,
He shall be answerable; and so farewell.

Sher. Good night, my noble lord.

Prince. I think it is good morrow, is it not?

Sher. Indeed, my lord, I think it be two o'clock.

[*Exeunt* SHERIFF *and* CARRIER.

Prince. This oily rascal is known as well as Paul's. Go, call him forth.

Peto. Falstaff! — Fast asleep behind the arras, and snorting like a horse.

Prince. Hark, how hard he fetches breath. Search his pockets. (*He searcheth his pockets, and findeth certain papers.*) What hast thou found?

Peto. Nothing but papers, my lord.

Prince. Let's see what they be: read them.

Peto (*reads*).

Item, A capon . . .	2s. 2d.
Item, Sauce	4d.
Item, Sack, two gallons	5s. 8d.
Item, Anchovies and sack after supper .	2s. 6d.
Item, Bread	ob.

Prince. O monstrous! but one half-pennyworth of bread to this intolerable deal of sack! What there is else, keep close; we'll read it at more advantage: there let him sleep till day. I'll to the court in the morning. We must all to the wars, and thy place shall be honorable. I'll procure this fat rogue a charge of foot; and I know his death will be a march of twelvescore. The money shall be paid back again with advantage. Be with me betimes in the morning; and so, good morrow, Peto.

Peto. Good morrow, good my lord. [*Exeunt.*